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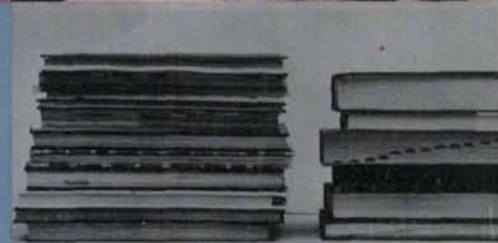
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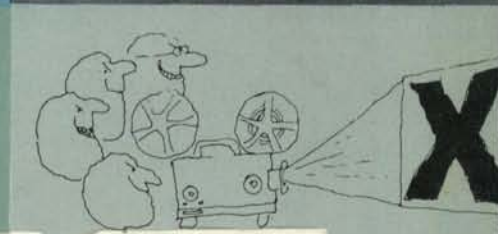
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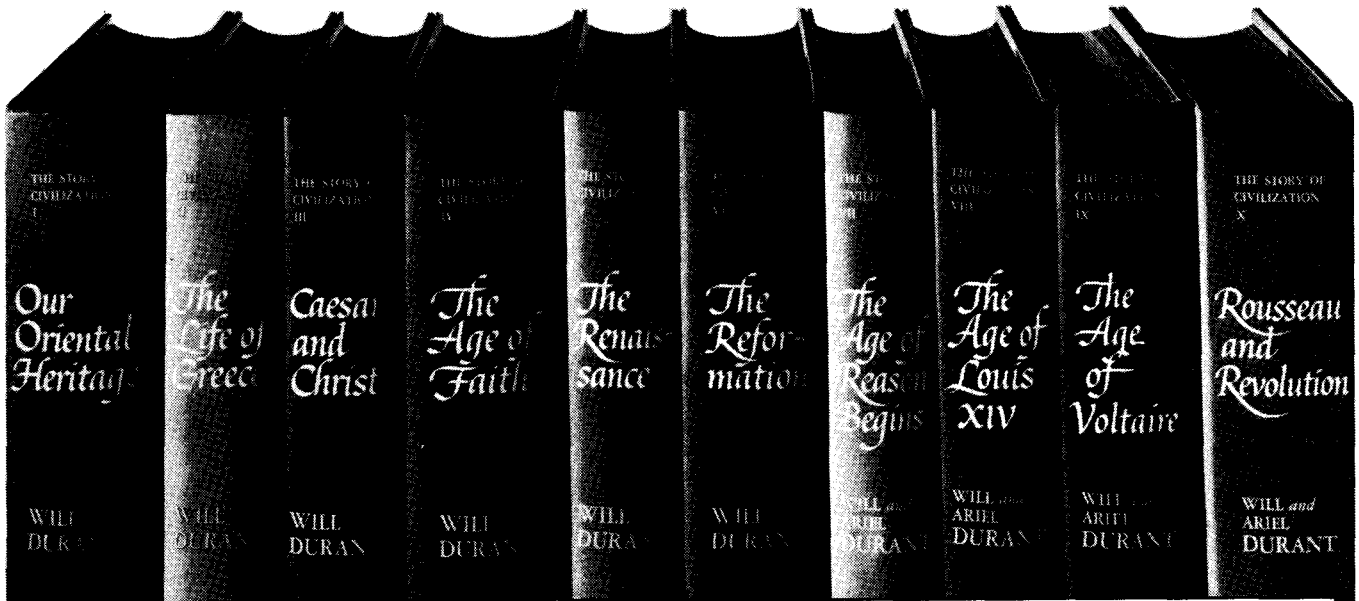
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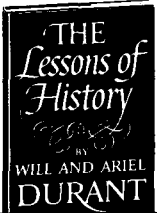
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REPORTS:

WASHINGTON

A key reason for President Nixon's decision to invade Cambodia, according to a number of government officials, was that as things were coming unglued in Cambodia, and as the Communists were being troublesome, and as the Lon Nol government was asking for help, Mr. Nixon felt impelled to *do something*.

At some point the pressures mount, and the impulse says, *do something*: send advisers to Vietnam; send the Marines to the Dominican Republic; send more troops to Vietnam and bomb the North; invade Cambodia. Some officials here are concerned that even though the United States is trying to extricate itself from Southeast Asia through troop withdrawals, it is also becoming, as they put it, "intricated." They worry that we are becoming more "intricated" than extricated.

Too public

Just how "intricated" in other nations' destinies the United States can become, and how it can become so, has been illuminated in hearings by the Senate Subcommittee on United States Security Agreements and Commitments Abroad. The subcommittee, headed by Senator Stuart Symington (Dem., Missouri), grew out of a concern on the part of a number of senators, particularly Symington and J. William Fulbright (Dem., Arkansas), at the rather loose use of the term "commitment" to justify what the executive branch wanted to do in foreign policy. A staff of two able men—Walter Pincus, an investigative reporter, and Roland Paul, a lawyer—has produced a devastating record over the last year and a half.

It is a record of arrangements

made with various nations, in secrecy, *ad hoc*, without regard to their implications or to the all-but-natural law that one commitment leads to another. It is a record of deception of the American public.

The hearings brought out, for example, that the "Free World Forces" of Thailand, Korea, and the Philippines that had "volunteered" to fight in Vietnam—bearing witness, we were told, to the importance they too attached to an independent South Vietnam—were having their way paid by the United States. All three countries, in fact, resisted sending troops to Vietnam until the United States agreed to buy their presence there. The price, beyond payment of the troops, included fringe benefits in weapons for the governments and private gain for government officials. After these arrangements were made, in secret, our government said that one reason we could not disengage from Vietnam was that we could not let down our free world allies. It appears that even the government began to believe this, turning the exercise of deceiving the public into one of self-delusion as well.

The senators discovered from the hearings that the American bombing in Laos, which had been portrayed as interdiction of the movement of men and supplies over the Ho Chi Minh Trail into Vietnam, was also taking place, heavily, in northern Laos as part of the Laotian war. They had not known that the CIA was running a military-assistance program in Laos, supporting and training a large Laotian irregular force. They had not known the extent of American military participation in the bombing by the Laotians themselves.

Following, for example, is a colloquy as it emerged after censorship by the Administration:

Mr. Paul. Do they [American air attachés in Laos] have great influence with respect to the day-to-day operation of the Laotian Air Force?

Colonel Tyrrell [Air Force Attaché in Vientiane, Laos]. Well, as far as assisting them, maintaining their equipment, and showing them how to do things properly. But as far as the combat sorties are concerned, target directions, they do not.

Senator Symington. Where do our pilots and their pilots get instructions as to what to hit?

Colonel Tyrrell. As to what they are hitting?

Senator Symington. As to what to hit?

Colonel Tyrrell. Their targets are generated at the joint operations center, and the military region commander and his staff and members of our staff and ARMA [Army Attaché] staff sit in on these meetings, and, at this time, targets are developed.

Senator Symington. Your people are in there at that time also?

Colonel Tyrrell. Yes, sir; they are.

And then the hearing brought out the versatility of the secret bombing in Laos:

Mr. Paul. Now, with respect to American aircraft, we have had a considerable amount of testimony with respect to strikes of the bombing types. Are there other flights such as reconnaissance and defoliation types also flown by American aircraft over Laos?

Colonel Tyrrell. Yes, sir; on occasion.

Mr. Paul. Is defoliation a rare event, speaking mainly of Northern Laos, not the trail?

Colonel Tyrrell. Is it a rare event?

Mr. Paul. Yes.

Colonel Tyrrell. Well, I believe since I returned to Laos in June of last year we have had four defoliation missions. . . .

Mr. Paul. Do American aircraft ever drop napalm over Northern Laos?

Know your enemies.

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YEAR	MURDERS	VIETNAM	DRUNK DRIVERS
1967	12,090	9,378	23,600
1968	13,650	14,592	25,000
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Know the score.

While Vietnam and murders have understandably been making the headlines, another enemy has been killing more Americans than all of them combined. The drunk driver.

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WASHINGTON

Colonel Tyrrell. Under certain restrictions; yes sir.

Mr. Paul. Would you develop what the conditions and restrictions are with respect to this ordinance.

Colonel Tyrrell. They are authorized to hit moving targets on approved armed reconce (reconnaissance) route which is an LOC (line of communication), and they are also authorized to use napalm against occupied and antiaircraft positions. All other targets have to be approved specifically by the ambassador.

American representatives in Laos told the subcommittee investigators that the way it was done in Laos was the way to run a war. The trouble with Vietnam, they said, was that it was too public.

The search for justifications for what we are doing led the subcommittee through the kind of labyrinthine reasoning that the government usually constructs when it has no coherent design. The subcommittee was told that the government's activities in Laos were justified "under the executive authority of the President to conduct foreign relations."

"Are you saying," asked Symington, "that the President of the United States, under our Constitution, can supply military spotters over a period for bombing a foreign country with which there has been no request from this government for declaring war; that he also has the right to put U.S. military troops in airplanes over a foreign country over a period and direct the bombing of that country; that he has that right under the Constitution?" The only precedent the government witnesses could supply for such extended action, without authorization by Congress, was when Thomas Jefferson sent the Navy against the Barbary Pirates. (The precedent, as it turns out, is not all that instructive, for Mr. Jefferson forbade the Navy to take offensive or retaliatory action until Congress had authorized it to do so.)

Movable menace

We are in Laos, the witnesses explained, "to preserve the integrity of the country," and also to protect Thailand. We are in Thailand, they

said, in order to conduct the wars in Laos and in Vietnam. We are also protecting Thailand against threats to its security, as we are bound to do by the SEATO treaty. The Americans are the only SEATO signers there, however, because of a subsequent bilateral agreement between the United States and the Thai government, an agreement that was never submitted to the Senate for approval.

The "threat" to Thailand was a movable menace—it was "internal subversion," it was North Vietnam, it was China.

"How can we judge," asked Senator Fulbright, "and how can anybody judge whether these activities are in our national interests when we do not know what we are doing?" That is a good question, and the hearings are as much a reflection on the prior failures of the Congress and the press as they are on the civilians and the military of the executive branch for moving in the freedom of inattention. The subcommittee's revelations of the elusive rationales, and the secrecy, have already had some effect. The hearings led to a secret session of the Senate late last year, during which the then-classified hearings on Laos were discussed, and this led in turn to Senate adoption of a restriction on the sending of ground troops into Laos and Thailand without the consent of Congress. It didn't seem necessary to include Cambodia, then, happily, neutral. It is believed in the Senate that there would be more American troops in Laos now if it hadn't been for the restriction. When it was announced that Thai "volunteers" would fight in Cambodia, there was questioning of the arrangement that would not have occurred a year ago. There is a deeper suspicion now of government operations abroad. "In terms of Cambodia," said a Senate man, "what the hearings show is that the Administration can be hiding all sorts of things nobody knows about, and chances are they are; they are free to make any sort of agreement with the Cambodian government, and chances are they are."

When the subcommittee's work is finished it will have raised questions about America's maintenance of so many military bases around the world, some constructed for the use of planes that are no longer flown.

There will be questions about our subsidies to countries like Spain, Greece, Turkey, and Ethiopia for their contributions to the defense of the free world. There will have to be explanations of our storage of nuclear weapons in the Far East and Europe—of what they are there for, of who maintains the controls.

What all of this really shows is the power of information. Senator Symington's role has been critical in this sense. It is not clear that the Symington subcommittee, particularly since it will expire when this Congress adjourns, will cause any serious disruption of the process and forces of intrication. Such forces have a way of surviving. But there has at least been a loss of innocence here that will never be recovered. The American Ambassador who tried to keep Senator Symington from coming to Laos to see what was going on made one of the great mistakes of his career. "People say I've changed," says Symington. "I haven't changed. I just began to get all the story."

"Thick of thin things"

These have been a tense few months in this city. The citizens who inhabit the political world here willingly preoccupy themselves with the large and small matters of national affairs, to the exclusion of some of the more pleasurable things in life, and at the cost of jangled nerves. It is all taken very seriously, and personally. Good spirits have not been fashionable here for some time. When there is not a major event to discuss, minor ones will do. "We are," it has been remarked, "in the thick of thin things."

The President's Cabinet changes provided the capital with badly needed new subjects for speculation. One of the continuing topics of conversation, because one has to know even less than usual to talk about it authoritatively, has been: Who is resigning from the government, or should resign? There are quite a few experts here on what other people should do about this kind of decision, which is, like love, one of those intensely personal things. It is debated whose resignation, when, and how, might have changed policy. McNamara's when he first began to have doubts? Rogers' when the President decided to go into Cambodia? When a more junior man leaves,

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does it make any difference? The press encourages resignation to some degree, because it is a good story. A well-staged exit, in turn, can transform a minor figure into an instant celebrity.

Many people in the government have been facing the question of resignation. Their friends tell them (a) they should get out, speak out, and thereby try to affect policy; (b) stay in, keep fighting, and thereby try to affect policy. People's reasons for leaving have to do with everything from their inability to explain themselves at cocktail parties and an interest (particularly for liberals, especially the few Democrats around) in keeping their credentials intact for the future, to serious reasons of conscience.

"Why are you in the government?" mused someone who was on the way out. "Private gain in the long run, personal satisfaction, and public service. You trot out all the reasons for playing it safe. At the same time, and it sounds self-serving, you test your own ethics and standards. It's easy to make judgments about the rest of the bureaucracy, and say you're impervious, but you find yourself compromised. It's not just a question of defending policy at dinner parties; you start to believe it yourself. The rationalizations are even easier to make at higher levels—salaries, perquisites, telling yourself you can still be effective help you. You defend things, saying it's not a matter of principle, and then you start to sound like the people you despise."

"At some point," said a troubled man who has elected to stay on, "you suffer a psychic defeat, but you never know until it has already happened. There is a very important argument that you should stay in because if and when policy does get changed by the outside you need people on the inside who can do it. Or is that a rationalization?" "There's work to be done," said another man, simply. "I'm staying." Meanwhile the government goes on.

The people in the White House who so seem to enjoy shuffling and carving up offices for the President's constantly growing staff are still at it. There are now two White House messes, access to them governed by a hierarchical caste system. The press corps still shows slight discomfort at

the plush new press quarters, with its suede sofas, thick carpets, and Muzak. There is debate whether the decor is more California-motel or bordello.

The President's smartly uniformed trumpeters, a Nixon innovation, still blow their medieval horns, draped with heraldry, to announce the imminent approach of the Chief Executive. Outside the West Wing, a sort of neo-Parthenon portico is being constructed. The Nixons are reported in the women's pages to be buying \$100,000 worth of new china, in a pattern they feel to be more suitable than that of the Johnsons' to the dignity of the office. . . . The vocational education officer still makes grants for vocational education, and the technical assistance representative to Botswana is still taking technical assistance to Botswana. . . . An Assistant Secretary of Commerce is trying to figure out how to make high tariffs an issue that will generate the enthusiasm of young people.

—ELIZABETH B. DREW

FRANCE AND THE MIDDLE EAST

French initiatives since 1967 have underscored a general European anxiety over the Middle East. As the Soviet fleet in the Mediterranean moves in and out of North African, Egyptian, and Syrian ports, and NATO ships maintain their own vigil, alarm bells ring in Paris, Madrid, and Rome. The practical interdependence of the modern Mediterranean world was never more plain. North African cities are an hour and a half from Marseilles and Rome. President Pompidou has said that Libya could become a Mediterranean Cuba.

Gaullism without De Gaulle has meant more concentration on the home front, which, for France, includes open trade routes and communications across the Mediterranean. Every country on its southern shores is important to France. In trade terms, France exported goods valued at about 2 billion francs in 1968 to the Arab states of the Middle East alone. In the same year exports to Israel returned about 490 million francs.

President Pompidou's government aims to make French industry com-

petitive by means of low-cost energy. This means almost complete dependence on Middle East and North African oil.

Laissez-faire

Cold-war maneuvers between the United States and the Soviets and hot-war clashes along the Suez cease-fire line menace not only France but all of industrial Europe. France was the first, however, to sense the way in which the Arab-Israeli struggle could polarize the major powers. De Gaulle believed that the only available strategy for France was to develop a third-force strategy. If the middle powers in Europe could form such a political force, not taking sides between the blocs, an insulation might be provided. This hope died with the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. France, though aloof and detached from NATO, has remained with the West.

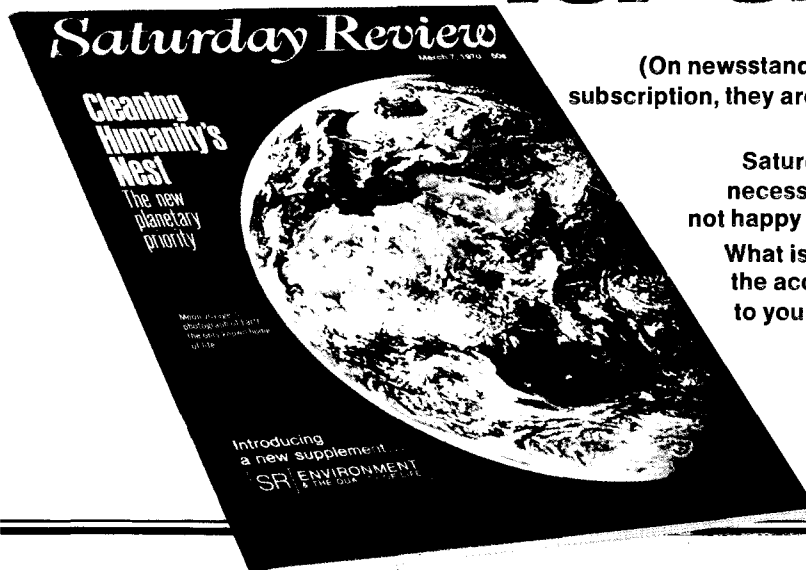
In the Mediterranean area France still has unique political assets. It has educated generations of Arab youth all across the southern shore, leaving an indelible impression on the thinking of many who are in power now. Recent difficulties notwithstanding, it has been a firm friend of Israel's. It has come to terms with nationalism in North Africa. Since the Évian agreements with Algeria in 1962, it has been possible to recast and reorganize relations with the rest of North Africa and the Arab states to the east. And in the cold-war context, it has given them a place to go. They could be nonaligned and still get Western support.

The Fifth Republic has made plain its interest in the fate of the evolving Third World. French overtures were welcome on this basis, particularly among its French-speaking former constituencies. It appeared as the least aggressive of possible Western patrons. It accepted the revolutionary character of the new African states with philosophic detachment. And its proposals for aid and trade were unambiguously based on clear self-interest, which could be understood and respected.

There was realism on both sides as France moved into the Middle East again. In Egypt, old quarrels such as that over Egyptian support of the FLN, and the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of Sinai in 1956, were

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But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk



supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month.

I enclose my first payment of \$_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7



AT 4080

FRANCE AND THE MIDDLE EAST

buried. Egypt eventually paid indemnities for French properties sequestered after the Suez affair. By 1963, diplomatic and trade relations were resumed. France had never ceased buying Egyptian cotton, a point which weighed heavily in its favor as relations improved.

By 1968, following Egypt's defeat in the Six-Day War, French aid had become even more welcome. Wheat shipments were continued, making up for the deficit caused by U.S. withdrawal of aid. French experts came to help on oil development. France agreed to supply half the cost of setting up a petroleum institute to serve the expanded oil and petrochemical industry as Egyptian oil discoveries increased. Most recently Compagnie de Pont-à-Mousson has taken the lead in organizing a European consortium to build a two-hundred-mile oil pipeline from the Gulf of Suez to Alexandria.

Arab visitors to Paris multiplied in the early sixties. Iraqi, Jordanian, and Syrian officials made pilgrimages which yielded arms, technical assistance, and a kind of clinical sympathy. France made no secret of its continuing close friendship with Israel, and Israel remained its best customer for arms. Nevertheless, France made progress in extending its interests in the Arab world. Saudi Arabia, for example, asked help in streamlining its communications. It bought armored cars for its small army and sent students on French scholarships for training in French industrial centers. Meanwhile, French geologists won contracts for aerial surveys of Saudi Arabia. The government oil concern, ERAP-ELF (Entreprise des Recherches et d'Activités Pétrolières), acquired a two-thirds interest in an oil-exploration operation in the Red Sea area. By 1969 some thirty-five French enterprises had moved into the Saudi Gulf.

Even so, France's oil position is still that of an uncomfortable minority shareholder in the international companies which dominate production in the Middle East. For this reason it has been willing to break out of the established pattern of concessions and join national companies

THE TYPEWRITER THAT BEAT THE ORINOCO RIVER.



In the dark heart of Venezuela flows a river of heavy green water. The Orinoco. On either bank, the jungle chokes on its own growth... plants soaking in the sun by day, sweating it out by night.

This steamy, uncomfortable, exotic place is the business address of missionary Nancy Dillin. As she works, she keeps notes and records for the outside world, typing them all up on her Hermes 3000.

Like Nancy, the Hermes is indomitable. Engineered in snowy Switzerland, it can equally stand up to the heat of the tropics... and to the eternal jungle humidity that saturates clothes, blankets, bones, metals.

The only permanent highway through that rampant vegetation is the river. So Nancy and her Hermes travel from village to village by boat. Up to a couple of years ago, the boat they were using was somewhat old—had grown old, in fact, in missionary service. One day, right in mid-stream, the worn timbers gave way and the boat began to sink fast. There was just enough time to save the passengers, but Nancy's Hermes went down to the bottom.

Now the Orinoco is deep, murky and dangerous, so Nancy gave her typewriter up for lost. It lay on the river bed for almost three months and then by a freakish piece of luck it was fished out. One look at the poor muddy, weedy thing and Nancy felt like throwing it right back. Still, she gave it a chance. She cleaned the river out of it and dried it in the sun and dabbed on a bit of oil. And to her perpetual astonishment, it thunked away as good as ever.

Nancy paid \$129.50 for her Hermes 3000. Admittedly, it is the most expensive manual portable in the world. But when service is unobtainable and

replacements take over a year, it's an investment that certainly pays off.

And consider: if it can do so well in a primeval jungle, in civilization it should last you a lifetime.

For the name of your nearest Hermes dealer, check the Yellow Pages or write to address below.

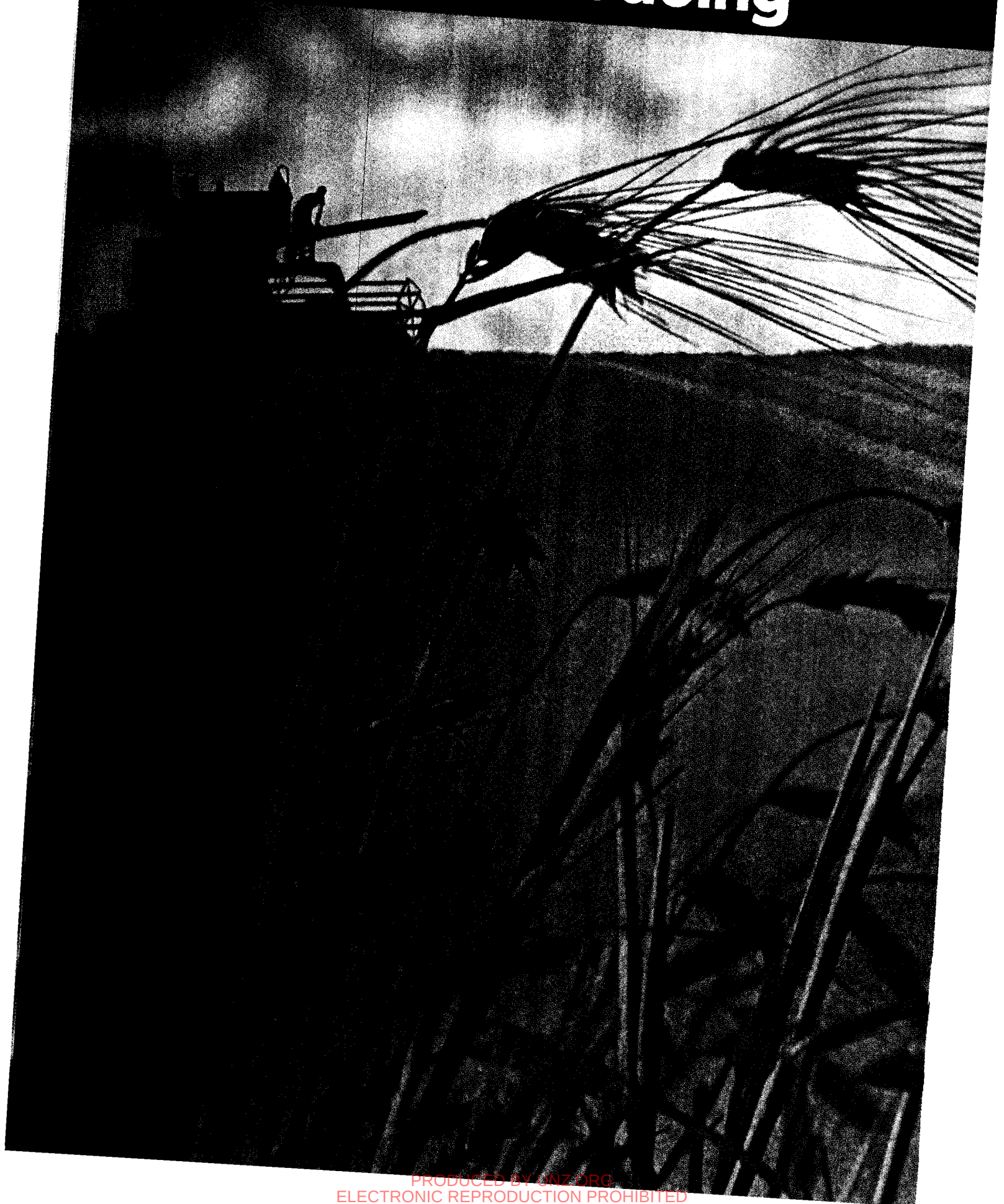
If you only want to buy a typewriter once, buy a Hermes.



HERMES

Paillard Incorporated
1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. 07036.
Other products: Bolex movie equipment,
Hasselblad cameras and accessories.

What is U.S. Steel doing



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to help grow more food?

In ten years there will be 25 million more Americans to feed. We'll either have to spread our food thinner and thinner, or produce much more.

U.S. Steel is helping to grow more food, through our Agri-Chemicals Division.

At the Atlanta research center, we do basic research using soil samples from across the country.

The samples are carefully analyzed to help tell us how to improve soil in different areas.

What we learn in the laboratory we put to work on farms coast to coast.

We'll take soil samples.

Analyze them.

Mix the specific nutrients the farmer needs.



USS is a registered trademark.



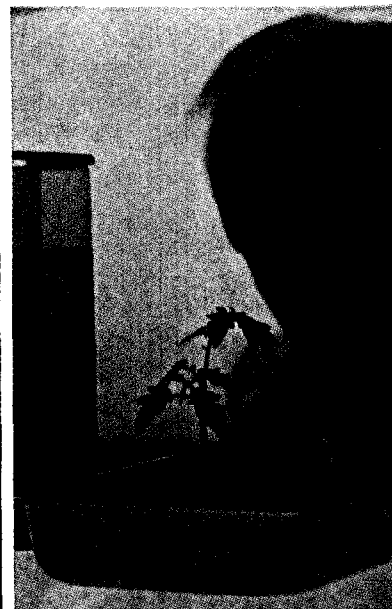
We'll even apply them. In the case of sophisticated chemical nutrients like anhydrous ammonia, the farmer may not have the specialized equipment it takes. So we use our own.

We're around throughout the growing season, too—making sure the nutrients are doing their job.

The results?

In many cases, the output of farm land can be easily doubled compared with untreated land. And our research continues. We're finding ways to help grow more food.

Which means that in the years to come you can still worry about *what* your next meal will be, instead of *when*.



We're involved.

FRANCE AND THE MIDDLE EAST

as a contracting operator in Iran, Saudi Arabia, and North Africa.

The same need has led to broadening of investments in other fields. French banks have recently gone into partnership with local investors and set up banks in Kuwait and Dubai. Bank Arabo-Française and Union de Banque Arab Française, two new entities with mixed French and Arab capital, have headquarters in Paris. French engineers are building canal systems for Kuwait, operating a scientific research center in Baghdad, and undertaking agricultural enterprises in Jordan.

The long-standing business connections between France and Lebanon continue. The Israeli retaliation raid on Beirut in December, 1968, set off alarms in Paris which resulted in a drastic French embargo on arms for Israel.

Cherchez le pétrole

Almost total dependence on oil from the Mediterranean basin has driven France toward every possible means of securing diversity of supply. Forty-five percent of its oil comes from the Middle East countries: Iraq, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and the Gulf states. Another 39 percent comes from Algeria and 17 percent from Libya. Remaining fractional amounts come from the Soviet Union, Venezuela, Nigeria, and Gabon. Its own production is only 2.5 million tons a year, whereas its imports add up to 86.3 million tons. So there is no mystery about its preoccupation with the Middle East. At the worst there could be, as there was for a few days in June, 1967, a total stoppage of Arab oil to the West. At best the uncertain political outlook requires a constant search for new supplies.

In 1968 two French oil concerns signed exploration contracts with the Libyan National Oil Company. King Idris let it be known that France was favored because of its "positive attitude" on Arab affairs. Libya's location west of Suez and closer to Europe than Algeria, the superior quality of its oil, and its low production cost made it all the more attractive (see Douglas Kiker's report from

Libya, the *Atlantic*, June, 1970). There was the added advantage of having a supplement to Algerian sources. The agreements under which France and Algeria operate together are up for negotiation this year.

Relations between France and Algeria are generally easier now than for some time. There is at the same time a massive Russian presence in Algeria. French teachers have returned to find themselves working along with Russians in French in secondary and technical schools. For the first time since 1962 Algeria has broken the Russian arms monopoly and ordered French planes. So French officers are training Algerians again. The Boumedienne government is intent now on economic reconstruction and is asking French, Italian, and American help and investment.

On the question of Mediterranean policy, Algeria, like France, wants this inland sea free of major power struggles. It is becoming increasingly platonic in its view of the Palestinian Arab effort and is focusing on a Maghreb association with Tunisia and Morocco. If Algerian influence should prevail in Libya, the young leaders there will be drawn into this association. In the much discussed Libyan arms request to France, Algerians seem to have paved the way for initial contacts. It is interesting, however, that President Nasser is also supposed to have urged the Libyans to get French rather than Russian arms.

If the French plane and tank contract with Libya goes through, this will be an indication of policy. France was a natural source to explore, since it is already a Libyan oil partner and customer. But the hasty assumption that the arms supply was aimed at Israel appears in fact to be a distortion which obscures its real meaning. Politically it is a part of France's action to head off big power rivalry in the Mediterranean. Economically it rescues the French arms industry with its payroll of some 250,000 workers. Strategically it cannot help the Arabs against Israel. It will take the Libyans about four years to learn to operate the French Mirages after they get them (Russian pilots in Egypt can't be much help in this regard). In addition, some seven hundred maintenance men must be trained.

The public outcry against the Libyan transaction seems in retrospect to be like the emotional reaction that all large arms deals arouse. Yet, as France points out, Washington is still filling orders for planes for Libya, even as it evacuates Wheelus Field. If the French inherit the American or British role in Libya, Washington in this time of trouble can at least hope for a cooling rather than a heating of the Mediterranean political atmosphere.

The economic reality which has compelled France in the last three years to cast its lot with the Arab world has not been faced without a sense of deprivation. So long as Israel's air force is flying French planes to hit Arab targets, France cannot afford the luxury of close military ties with Tel Aviv. Until 1967 France was Israel's chief supplier of planes and missiles. Israel was the only foreign country with a mission attached to the French Atomic Energy Commission and to the Ministry of Defense. The pooling of scientific talent between the two made possible some very advanced weapons research and trials in the early sixties. Much of this work was the outgrowth of the Anglo-French-Israeli collaboration against Egypt in 1956 when all three governments, for different reasons, thought to overwhelm the Nasser regime. For the French and Israelis, the habit of working together survived that debacle.

Aside from all this, France has half a million Jewish citizens, many with strong interest in Israel. There is a shared European outlook. But that harmonious spirit is now in question for the first time. The need has arisen during the long Arab-Israeli stalemate, and particularly as a result of the Israeli occupation policies, to examine the previous common assumptions of common interests.

French writers have been too much involved in this questioning to turn out the usual quickie non-books about the Six-Day War and its aftermath. *Les Temps Modernes* produced a special issue in 1967 examining the whole question of Israel's position at that time. Georges Friedmann asks in *Fin du Peuple Juif?* whether Frenchmen of his background must choose between the mystique of Zionism and the realities of Israeli nationalism and assimilation.

OUR NEW LITTLE CAR WILL GET 25 MPG, MORE OR LESS.

And you can quote us on that.

Actually, the reason we say 'more or less' is that we're still testing the Vega 2300, and can't be sure of the final mileage figures.

But we can tell you that it's going pretty darn good so far.

It'll sip, not guzzle.

Some of our men in white coats have been getting up to 32 miles per gallon in tests.

Then again, some have gotten 22.

It depends a lot on the test conditions. And, of course, on how you drive. No matter how you look at it, though, Vega's gas mileage will be in the same neighborhood as the best of the current crop of economy cars—and that's a very nice neighborhood.

It's particularly nice when you consider that unlike some little cars, ours will step right out when you step on the gas. Which is reassuring when you want to climb a steep hill or merge onto a freeway.

This happy combination of economy and performance is due mainly to a breakthrough in engine design.

140 CID-OHC 4, & other mysteries.

In all modesty, we can truthfully say that more research, more engineering know-how, and more tech-

nology went into this engine than into any other production engine in our history.

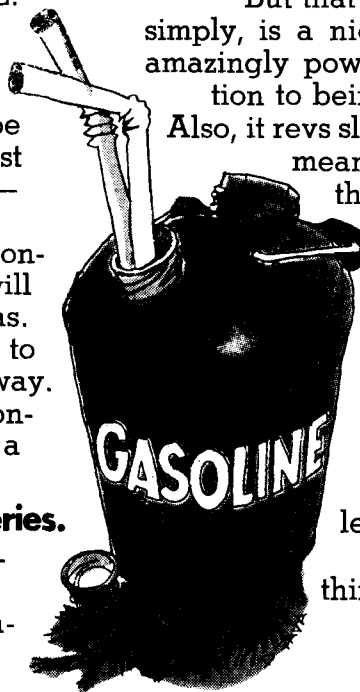
Basically, it's a 140-cubic-inch 90-horsepower overhead-cam four-cylinder engine. The block is die-cast aluminum—a high-silicon aluminum that allows the pistons to run up and down without the iron sleeves that were needed up until now.

The little engine that could.

But that's all technical. What it means, simply, is a nice lightweight engine that is amazingly powerful and responsive in addition to being highly economical.

Also, it revs slowly at cruising speeds, which means that it's quiet. Besides, with the parts moving slower, they don't wear out as fast. The engine has open-design combustion chambers, to help the fuel burn more completely. And that in turn reduces pollutants in the exhaust. The overhead cam means one third fewer moving parts in the valve train. Fewer parts, less trouble.

The engine isn't the only thing that makes Vega great. But that's another story.



This Year's

September **September 3** QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days from \$760. New York • London or Paris • New York.

September 5 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

September 12 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

September 17 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days from \$706. New York • London or Paris • New York.

September 19 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

September 26 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

October **October 1** QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 21 days from \$1008. New York. London or Paris • New York. Or London & Paris from \$1241.

October 3 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

October 10 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

October 17 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

October 23 QE2 Three Continent Holiday; 37 days from \$1675. New York • Las Palmas • Dakar • Luanda • Durban • Capetown • Rio de Janeiro • Bahia • Curacao • St. Thomas • New York.

October 24 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

October 31 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

November **November 7** Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$169. New York • Bermuda • New York.

November 14 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 6 days from \$124. New York • Bermuda • New York.

November 30 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 12 days from \$550. New York • St. Thomas • Martinique • Barbados • Trinidad • Curacao • New York.

December **December 12** QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 9 days from \$390. New York • Barbados • St. Lucia • St. Thomas • New York.

December 21 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 12 days from \$690. New York • St. Thomas • Barbados • Grenada • Curacao • Port au Prince • New York.

December 21 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 13 days from \$450. Port Everglades • Port au Prince • San Juan • Barbados • Guadeloupe • Antigua • St. Thomas • Port Everglades.

January **January 3** QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 13 days from \$625. New York • St. Thomas • St. Lucia • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • New York.

January 3 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 13 days from \$380. Port Everglades • St. Croix • Martinique • Barbados • Curacao • Port au Prince • Freeport • Port Everglades.

January 16 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 13 days from \$625. New York • Port au Prince • St. Thomas • Barbados • St. Vincent • Curacao • New York.

January 16 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • St. Thomas • Martinique • St. Vincent • Barbados • Aruba • Cartagena • Port Everglades.

January 23 Franconia Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • St. Thomas • San Juan • Martinique • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • Nassau • Port Everglades.

January 30 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$675. New York • Freeport • St. Thomas • Martinique • Barbados • Aruba • St. Croix • New York.

January 30 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • St. Croix • St. Lucia • Trinidad • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • Port au Prince • Port Everglades.

February **February 6** Franconia Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • St. Croix • San Juan • Guadeloupe • Barbados • Aruba • Port au Prince • Nassau • Port Everglades.

February 13 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 13 days from \$625. New York • St. Croix • Martinique • Grenada • Barbados • Aruba • New York.

February 13 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • St. Thomas • San Juan • Guadeloupe • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • Nassau • Port Everglades.

February 20 Franconia Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • San Juan • St. Croix • Antigua • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • Nassau • Port Everglades.

February 27 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$675. New York • St. Thomas • St. Lucia • Trinidad • Barbados • Curacao • Nassau • New York.

February 27 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • San Juan • St. Croix • St. Vincent • Barbados • La Guaira • Aruba • Port au Prince • Port Everglades.

March **March 6** Franconia Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • St. Thomas • San Juan • St. Lucia • Barbados • Trinidad • Aruba • Nassau • Port Everglades.

March 13 QE2 Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$675. New York • Aruba • St. Croix • Barbados • Grenada • St. Thomas • Bermuda • New York.

Vacations:

March 13 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • St. Thomas • Antigua • Trinidad • Barbados • Grenada • Curacao • Freeport • Port Everglades.

March 20 Franconia Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • St. Croix • San Juan • St. Vincent • Barbados • La Guaira • Aruba • Nassau • Port Everglades.

March 27 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • St. Croix • Martinique • Grenada • Barbados • La Guaira • Aruba • Port au Prince • Port Everglades.

March 27 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 5½ days from \$271. New York • France or England.

April **April 8** Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 8 days from \$210. New York • Bermuda • New York.

April 10 Carmania Caribbean Holiday; 14 days from \$410. Port Everglades • St. Croix • St. Lucia • Trinidad • Barbados • La Guaira • Curacao • Port au Prince • Port Everglades.

April 17 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

April 24 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

April 24 Carmania/QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 20 days. Port Everglades • London and Paris • New York.

April 27 Carmania/QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 17 days. New York • London and Paris • New York.

May **May 1** Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

May 8 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

May 14 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 12 days. New York • London or Paris • New York.

May 15 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

May 22 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

May 27 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days. New York • London or Paris • New York.

May 29 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

June **June 5** Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

June 10 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days. New York • London or Paris • New York.

June 12 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

June 19 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

June 24 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days. New York • London or Paris • New York.

June 26 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

July **July 3** Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

July 8 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days New York • London or Paris • New York.

July 10 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

July 17 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

July 22 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days New York • London or Paris • New York.

July 24 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

July 31 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

August **August 5** QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days New York • London or Paris • New York.

August 7 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

August 14 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

August 19 QE2 Atlantic Holiday; 13 days New York • London or Paris • New York.

August 21 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

August 28 Franconia Bermuda Holiday; 7 days from \$160. New York • Bermuda • New York.

The Queen Elizabeth 2, Carmania and Franconia are registered in Great Britain.

CUNARD

QE2 • FRANCONIA • CARMANIA

See your Travel Agent for more information about "This year's vacation" or write Cunard, 555 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

Maxime Rodinson writes of the resolution of the Jewish-Arab problem through a binational state, a distant, but to him inevitable, solution. Jean Lacouture foresees an eventual balance between Zionist and Arab claims in a pair of states such as India and Pakistan. On the far left sympathizers with the Palestinian guerrillas consign Israel to oblivion. More thoughtful writers, many of them Jewish by background if not by faith, analyze the dilemma which Zionism presents to liberal Europeans.

French policy on the Arab-Israel issue has been designed to prevent polarization between East and West, and, where possible, to introduce third-power initiatives. De Gaulle called for four-power talks in May, 1967, hoping that they might have some sort of moderating effect. On June 3 of that year he issued a communiqué laying down French policy. It stated that France had no binding ties with any Middle East country; that every state there had a right to exist; that the first to shoot would forfeit French support; that passage rights at the Strait of Tiran should be solved along with a general settlement, including that of refugees. The government called its position one of "active neutralism."

Up to this time France had sold Israel arms at the rate of \$60 million a year. French aircraft, helicopters, and rockets made Israel's quick victory possible. To this day they are vital elements along with the farther-ranging American Phantoms. But as the encounter became more inevitable, France warned Israel on June 3 that it would embargo arms to Israel, Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, and Iraq. On June 5, the day of the actual air attack, the embargo was officially announced. During the long stalemate it has been eased for spare parts for Israel and for noncombatants like Lebanon. The turning point in French policy came with Israel's raid on the Beirut airport in December, 1968, after which the embargo became complete.

In the political effort to reduce the crisis atmosphere and work toward a general settlement France has continued to play an active and imaginative role. It has remained on good if not intimate terms with Israel. Most recently it has helped Israel receive preferential status in the Common Market.

France's belief in the need for four-power consultation was persuasive with President Nixon when he visited Paris in February, 1969. For the last year and a half these meetings have been held at UN missions—with results still to be revealed.

French ideas of terms for settlement have been outlined, most recently by Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann in April. He listed two points on which he said there was general agreement among the four: one, that conquest does not confer rights, and that conquered territory must therefore be evacuated; two, that all evacuation should be supported by a set of guarantees of security for all countries in the region and in particular for Israel. France suggested a two-stage withdrawal plan tied to a two-stage demonstration of good faith on the Arab side.

The remaining French proposals are for security zones where UN forces responsible only to the Security Council would be installed on a permanent basis. Finally, on the Palestinian claims, France assumes those displaced in 1967 will return to their homes. For the 1948 refugees there would be the "choice" between return or compensation, which has remained embedded in long-standing UN resolutions. The practical procedures for carrying out these moves would be the responsibility of the UN Security Council after consultation with the refugees and all governments concerned.

La France parle

In the April statement Mr. Schumann offered an explanation for Israeli rejection of the whole four-power effort, and Israel's fundamental disagreement with France. He described what he called the key to the mystery of this opposition: "I believe that Israel has still not decided on an approach to the basic problem with which it is confronted by the occupation of territory inhabited by a million Arabs . . . the goal of a four-power concertation is evacuation under conditions such as to provide guarantees for security and peace."

Mr. Schumann stressed that the points of agreement to this end which he had listed had been found close to the ideas of the United States and the Soviet Union and acceptable to Egypt and Jordan. He asked how Israel could expect to find security

even within its presently held territories in the era of supersonic airplanes and missiles. As a way of insulating Israel during what he assumes to be a long period of mutual adjustment to peace, he cites the utility of past United Nations forces along the Gaza Strip and Israeli-Egyptian frontier for ten years. In urging this procedure Mr. Schumann repeated the idea that Israel requires borders of security which its present borders of conquest have failed to provide.

From all of this the role of France in the search for settlement is obvious. It speaks for Europe as far as the rest of Western Europe expresses itself. In the absence of a unified European voice there have been assenting gestures from Chancellor Willy Brandt. Spain, which has taken an all-out pro-Arab position, cannot help in peacemaking. Nor can Greece in its present isolation from Western Europe. Italy's internal problems deprive it of a strong voice in Mediterranean affairs. Each of these shares a common apprehension. But for the moment France can best speak for them.

—GEORGIANA G. STEVENS

CALIFORNIA

Once given to unconventional, nonpartisan whimsy, California politics this year are deadly serious. Republicans are grim. Democrats are glum. The only primary election flurry was created by the erratic genie, or genius, Norton Simon, millionaire industrialist who stirred up Republican serenity by an impudent and damaging thrust at U.S. Senator George Murphy.

The old California sense of boundless opportunity for the good life has been smudged away by urban existence, high taxes, and social discontent, all that people thought they fled moving west. Smog last year wiped out \$33.5 million worth of citrus orchards, blighted a million dollars' worth of vineyards and another million in ornamental trees. Up the mountainsides near Los Angeles, pine trees wither from the air's impurity. The most graphic symbol of California this year is the smudge line of thick black oil washing every secret tidal pool of the once lovely Santa Barbara shoreline.

Anger erupts, not just in the egg-



In three weeks he may be dead.

In the beautiful woods and valley of eastern Oklahoma time is running out. Up to fifty percent of the newborn fawns are being lost each year because of ticks.

When large numbers of these crab-like pests attack a healthy young deer, he cannot live for more than a few weeks.

And it isn't just deer that are affected. Ticks will attack virtually any land animal or bird they can get hold of.

But there is a way to control these marauders—kill them on the ground where they breed.

To do this, the Oklahoma Department of Wildlife Conservation together with Oklahoma State University are using Shell's Gardona®, an insecticide. A mere pound to an acre

can kill the resident tick population for up to nine weeks.

Yet it will not harm animals, birds, plants or people.

Shell has also funded a grant to Oklahoma State University's Department of Entomology for more intensive study on the control of ticks.

Shell's concern with wildlife is only part of an all-out program to help save our environment. So far we've backed our commitment with millions of dollars a year in the war against pollution.

And we're moving as fast as we can.

Because, like the fawn, we're all running short on time.



CALIFORNIA

throwing and rock-hurling that have greeted Governor Ronald Reagan in some campus environs; not just in worried city councils faced with unruly street people, or among aggrieved Chicanos or blacks. The polarized antagonisms are rubbed raw daily by a new bank burning, new window breaking or barrage of expletives. Here, too, students have been shot.

The central word in California political life is "fear." It spilled from both candidates for governor in their first appearance before the public on primary night. "There is nothing to be afraid of . . .," Governor Reagan reassured his listeners. And in his own headquarters before the midnight cameras Democrat Jess Unruh was promising "to free California from fear and hatred."

And yet Democrats must trade in fear too. They peg their chances for election on continuing economic decline. Can concern for the paycheck displace alarm at street violence as a vote-winner with Middle America?

Such debit factors are the ingredients of the state's political speculation. "I'd hope for a higher order of values than fear," said one Democratic congressman, "but let's face it, we need labor back, and we'll only get them if they think of their stomachs instead of the color of their skin."

The public is aware that California's unemployment is worse than the national average and that it involves men of higher skill, often professionals. When the rest of the nation had 4 percent of the work force job-hunting, California had 5 percent; when 5 percent became the national figure, California's was about 6 percent.

But people have not fully registered the fact that California's heady growth rate has hit the skids. People are no longer pouring in. This completely alters the economic climate. For the first time in twenty-two years, net immigration was barely 100,000 last year. That's about a third of what it used to be. Through the fifties California grew annually by 4 percent, through the sixties by about 3 percent. Last year's growth rate was 1.5 percent, and this year

it is down further. Unemployment has not yet replaced students, street violence, ecology, or taxes as the fear that touches people most; but it may by November, and this is a central calculation among both Republicans and Democrats.

These mood factors are more important than candidates to the California voter this fall. There are few new, engaging personalities among the office seekers. Ronald Reagan, for example, makes smaller impact campaigning as an incumbent governor answerable for tax increases and accelerating annoyances than as the refreshing newcomer he seemed in 1966. And there are small signs that he may have passed the peak of his popularity.

Jess Unruh is likewise no novelty. He has been the modern prototype of a political "boss," as ruthless, hard-fisted Speaker of the Assembly from 1961 to 1968, fighting everybody for power. He is now doggedly projecting a "new" image, a gentler Jess. Nobody, not even President Nixon, speaks softer these days than Unruh.

But the Democrats are scared,

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splintered, and stone broke. The only solid asset they have is numbers. They total 54 percent of the California electorate against the Republicans' 40 percent (4,347,406 Democrats; 3,197,815 Republicans). Getting them to vote this majority is another matter.

They do have an asset in Jess Unruh. Prior to June, it was impossible to find any Democrat who would concede as much. Unruh's leadership qualities, touted across the nation when he was "tough," became suspect when he turned soft-mannered and unassertive, listening to the young and the idealists and inviting suggestions instead of snapping commands. He downplayed his ability to lead the quarrelsome Democratic Party in California in the spring. His speeches were so moderate in tone, so non-newsworthy, that they filtered into back pages of the newspapers. He challenged no one. He bought no billboards, used no media, spent nothing for pre-primary advertising. He saw himself an easy winner over Los Angeles' mayor Sam Yorty, his primary opposition, and saved for the contest with Reagan.

This covert seclusion led to a dramatic effect. Political writers who had begun to dismiss him as a wash-out were stunned at the size of his vote. He swamped Yorty. That wasn't hard to do to a man who ran as far to the right as Yorty did last year in his blatantly racist campaign for re-election as mayor. But Unruh succeeded in making what ought to have been a routine primary seem a tremendous victory, catapulting this modest man, this new image, gentle Jess, into leadership of the Democrats. He has an attractive running mate in youthful congressman John Tunney, son of the prizefighter, winner of the Democratic senatorial primary.

Temptation

The stakes are high in this California election, for President Nixon is structuring his approach to re-election with the state as home base. He wants to make sure California remains an invincible Republican stronghold, and his very own. The first is possible; the second is doubtful. He has scheduled personal cam-

paing in the state this fall, especially to help that reliable ally on Vietnam War policy, Senator Murphy. California Republicans will find their own resources generally bulwarked by the national GOP through coming months with a parade of Washington's best.

Governor Reagan, though running for re-election, will have to accommodate his stage-center role to the presidential presence. It may be asking a lot of a star. In early summer, the odds looked about 60-40 that Reagan would be re-elected governor. But even if Reagan and Murphy win in 1970, California promises a host of troubles for Republican—and presidential—peace of mind.

The question is whether the far right will tempt Reagan again into some confrontation with President Nixon, reminiscent of his audacious bid for the presidency in Miami Beach two years ago. Reagan alone may not have the muscle to make a significant disturbance on the national scene, but his wealthy Los Angeles supporters could provide it. This archconservative band, so close to Governor Reagan that the press



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CALIFORNIA

labels it his “kitchen cabinet,” includes Leonard Firestone, tire company executive; Holmes Tuttle, Los Angeles auto dealer; Technicolor’s Patrick J. Frawley, Jr.; and, the most energetic politico among them, Henry Salvatori, oil exploration company chief. They have created uncomfortable contretemps among Republicans in California this year.

In the Republican primary this spring an avowed John Bircher, State Senator John G. Schmitz, won nomination for the congressional district which includes the Western White House. In another Southern California congressional district, a onetime high official of the John Birch Society, John H. Rousselot, defeated, among others, Patrick J. Hillings, a faithful Nixon associate.

In two other House seats, this right-wing faction undertook punitive efforts to beat incumbent Republicans who didn’t toe the conservative line. One they marked for defeat was Representative Alphonzo Bell of Beverly Hills, a Republican of solid enough credentials (he was state party chairman from 1956 to 1958). He happened to outrage Salvatori by favoring Negro City Councilman Thomas Bradley for mayor of Los Angeles last year against Sam Yorty. As a consequence, Bell had to fight off a well-financed threat this June from John La Follette, a Technicolor, Inc., director. Another man attacked by the right wing was Congressman Paul N. (“Pete”) McCloskey, Jr., an active dove since he first defeated Shirley Temple Black on the Vietnam issue.

It was obvious even to California Republicans that these races represented a reach for political mastery by the Los Angeles rich man’s cabal. The Republican Los Angeles *Times* editorialized, “We think a relatively small handful of wealthy kingmakers made a mistake. . . .”

The independent Sacramento *Bee* went further: “The Frawley-Salvatori axis is the first threat of party bossism, eastern-style, since the Hiram Johnson reform movement broke the back of the Southern Pacific machine.”

The worst rupture between left and right in the California GOP occurred in the U.S. Senate race. What the irreverent businessman Norton

Simon did, in just seventy-two days of political life, was to tether Republican U.S. Senator George Murphy to the right-wing post, ready for assault this fall by John Tunney.

Exposure of Senator Murphy's dependence on right-wing money, particularly that of Patrick Frawley, Jr., of Technicolor, Inc., is what hurt him most. Murphy was formerly employed full-time at \$40,000 a year by Technicolor, to assist in marketing and public relations. He shifted, upon election to the U.S. Senate six years ago, to \$20,000-a-year status as consultant for the company, a task, he said, which took about one percent of his time. In addition, he drew \$4000 a year as company director, got use of the company's credit card for cross-country trips, and Technicolor, Inc., paid half the rent on his \$530-a-month Washington apartment. None of this was publicly known until a few months ago. The senator described it all as inconsequential, without effect upon his vote. Technicolor's private revolution, which removed Murphy from these roles, won't erase for the Democrats the reality of his reliance on Technicolor's money through his first term as senator.

Just after the primary, it was further embarrassing to the senator to have to report to the Securities and Exchange Commission that he was returning to Technicolor, Inc., \$12,616 in profits he may have collected improperly from "insider" stock purchases and sales over a three-year period, which he had overlooked. Four days before, Simon had charged that Murphy broke the law in failing to file such reports; the senator's business manager later insisted it was her delinquency, not his.

Moving on impulse in the last hours before filing closed, and because no one else had ventured, the complete novice, Norton Simon, plunged in. He ran a strikingly individualistic campaign based entirely on media. That this impetuous soul gathered in his short run over 600,000 votes (to the incumbent senator's 1,200,000) indicates that a lot of Republicans welcomed the chance for a choice.

Sharpshooting

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welfare that Reagan appears to be positioning himself as a sharp-shooter, far apart from President Nixon. He has taken the initiative nationally in opposing the President's welfare program. He is against the family-assistance plan "philosophically." He estimates that Californians, paying 11 percent of all taxes, will put \$1.65 billion a year into welfare costs and says, "Over the long haul it would bankrupt us." He was one of the more visible sources of criticisms winged at Robert Finch, when the latter presided over the Health, Education, and Welfare empire.

His views might seem exceedingly unimportant to the White House, except that Reagan has facility for projecting the attitudes of Middle America. He excoriates the intellectuals, especially "the professors"; fumes at the poor who don't work for a living; lets slip the proposal that if it takes a "bloodbath" to quell rioters, then let's get on with it; and extols America's military might.

These are also the beliefs of his Los Angeles millionaire friends. How far these men might go in unsettling affairs for President Nixon is unclear, but they have presented the harassed President with uncomfortable crossfire in California this year. It will require an enormous amount of public smiling, hand clapping, dining together, and protestations of good fellowship in coming months to mask the subtle contest over who really runs the GOP in California—Nixon, Reagan, Salvatori, or Technicolor.

The central question important to the President must be whether he can build a convention delegation for 1972 which will be absolutely, unswervingly, faithful to him. The tradition of California governors in leading delegates as "favorite son" candidates is well entrenched. It was this role Reagan parlayed last time into a bid rivaling Nixon. Nixon was a New Yorker then. It will be a new ball game in 1972. But since Reagan cannot, by law, seek a third term in California and is commonly known to be "bored" with state affairs, the governor is likely to guard jealously the small prerogatives related to his role in choosing and leading the convention delegation. It may be the last hand he'll have to play.

—MARY ELLEN LEARY

NEPAL

Capturing Nepal's essence is like trying to muzzle a two-headed tiger: you have one of its heads secure, and the other bites you in the thigh. Many recent accounts of Nepal try to balance a picture of a medieval fairy-tale kingdom with references to the invasion of the twentieth century. The recent wedding of Nepal's Crown Prince Birendra produced a heavy crop of these accounts, generally explaining the incongruities as the result of sudden modernization, or Nepal's "strategic" position between India and China.

Nepal is more complicated than that. Even the "medieval" pageant of the wedding was not all the result of thousand-year-old custom. Some of it, like the leopard-skin-kilted Scottish bagpipe band playing "Swanee River," confused Hindus, Buddhists, and dignitaries alike as they sat reading their government booklets on Hindu marriage, trying to see patterns in the pageantry. Nepalese have a great sense of festivity, of pageant. In Nepal, it is said, there are about 150 possible festivals in a year. It is this love of holiday rather than specific inherited tradition which produced the great show.

It is easier to describe the incongruities of Nepal's history than to explain those of its present. Owing to its unusual geography, Nepal has, over the past 2500 years, become a repository for many different racial and ethnic groups, which have found niches in the almost inaccessible valleys, and for religious and cultural practices which have elsewhere disappeared. Within Nepal itself these ancient practices have developed with peculiarly Nepalese attributes.

For instance, animal sacrifice at Hindu temples, now almost nonexistent in India, still exists at Dakshin Kali, a temple just to the north of Katmandu. But what is interestingly Nepalese about it is its practicality and matter-of-factness. As in Homeric Greece, the temple serves as the local abattoir. If a family is to have a feast, or just a rare meal with meat, it brings its goat or chicken to the temple. There the most efficient of butchers passes his *khukuri* (a curved knife, the "na-

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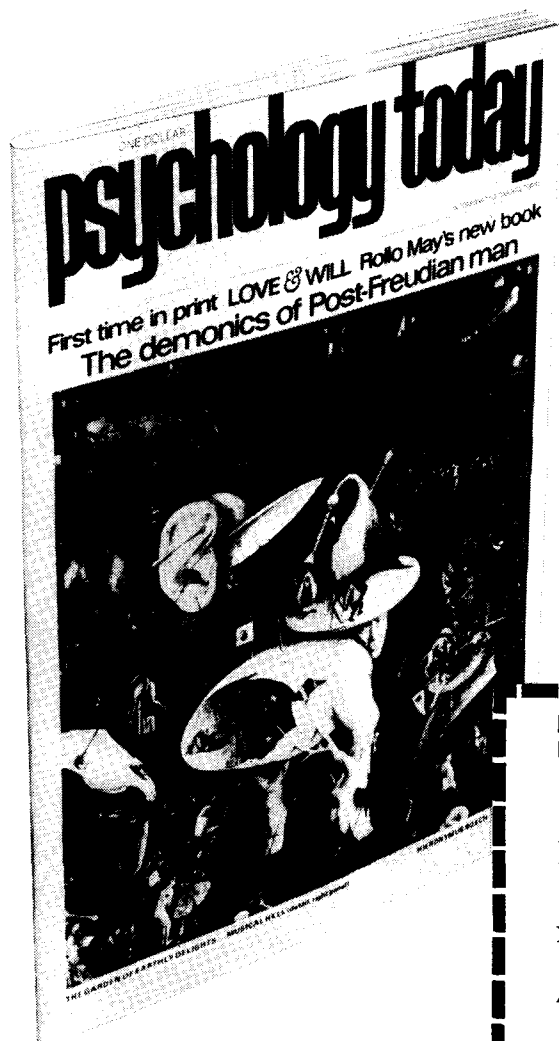
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NEPAL

tional weapon") over its throat, quickly decapitates it, and sprinkles the blood on the statues of the gods, before passing the carcass to the waiting woman, who takes it home for cooking. I saw three chickens and two goats cleanly slaughtered in the space of about ten minutes; and the families who brought them receive at once great benefits in heaven and the makings of a good dinner. Religion, even the rather restrictive Hindu religion, seems to serve, not dominate, Nepalese life.

Nepal's ten million people include, pure and in mixture, several strains of the Mongoloid race from different migrations in time and from different Asian areas, and several Caucasian strains. These racial groups are usually also ethnic groups, sharing a particular geographical area, a language or dialect, and social customs.

Mongoloid people came in the earliest waves of migration from the north and met Aryans from the south and west. Later, Rajput In-

dians intermarried and produced the present Hindu Nepalese tribes, who live chiefly in the lower valleys. The Magars, also Hindu, and the Gurungs are Mongoloid in origin and live higher up, but not as high as the Mongoloid Tamangs (lamas) who are Buddhist, or the Sherpas, of fairly recent Tibetan origin, who live higher still.

The Gurkhas are perhaps the most famous racial group in Nepal, but they are not a tribe: Gurkha is the name given to any of the martial tribes (Gurungs, Magars, Rais, Tamangs, Limbus) who joined the British or Indian armies. Gurkhas served in foreign armies until 1947 and are considered some of the best soldiers in the world.

Reverse democracy

Under the present king, Mahendra, the first election in Nepal took place in 1955, in which the country's Congress Party had a clear majority, opposed by the Gurkhas. But the Nepali Parliament was short-lived. In 1960, Mahendra dissolved Parliament and took over the controls, detaining his Prime Minister for "inefficiency and corruption." It is very hard to know the facts in this case: inefficiency and corruption are a way of political life in Nepal, and it is not likely that the Prime Minister was punished for these transgressions alone.

Repression is also part of the political landscape. All political parties were banished in 1960, and still are. Mahendra established a form of representation known as *panchayat* democracy. Reverse democracy would be more accurate. It is a system in which the King is represented among the people by district officers and locally elected representatives. It is a four-tier construction: villages or towns elect representatives to district *panchayats*, which elect representatives to zone *panchayats*, which in turn send representatives to the *rashtriya* (national) *panchayat*, which also has representatives of the King in its membership. The system is said to be working, but it suffers from the customary Nepalese problems of coordination and communication: valleys are cut off from each other, and remote places are reachable only by foot—by the feet of whoever happens to be walking. There is no regular postal arrange-

ment, let alone telephone or telegraph, for most hill areas.

The country is 90 percent agricultural, and an amazingly large product is grown for the primitive methods used. The Newari farmers in the Katmandu Valley are said to be some of the best in the world: they have tripled wheat production in the last two years, using methods little changed since the valley was first cultivated. In the hills, the paddies are terraced high up the slopes, and are well tilled. The only problem at present is erosion, which is eliminating valuable acreage.

Industry in Nepal is still minimal, but there are various Five-Year Plans, both to improve agricultural production and to increase industrialization. I visited the site of a gigantic power station being built for Nepal by the Chinese, and I saw a cigarette factory and textile mill. Few other projects are in the works.

In a country where subsistence farming is the main way of life, it is not surprising to find only about 2 to 8 percent literacy. (Nepalis give both figures confidently. You hear what your informer wants you to hear; thus the amount spent on the wedding was figured sometimes at \$2.5 million and sometimes \$9.5 million.) But in spite of this, and the very low national average income, again quoted as from \$40 to \$75 *per annum*, Nepal doesn't seem like a poverty-stricken, backward country. In terms of "modern civilization," of course, it is, but in terms of its own civilization, it is not—it is really a flowered civilization in a static state.

The real problems will come when modernization begins to make inroads, as it will. The chaos to come was suggested in a minor way by the first traffic jam ever in Nepal's history, on the first day of the Crown Prince's wedding. The King imported about 200 Japanese cars for his wedding guests to use while we were in Nepal. These were added to the small number of private cars and taxis already there, all of which were going to the same place—the Royal Palace—at the same time, and an extraordinary situation resulted in which everyone lost his cool. What we would call a commonsensical way to ease the jam—stop some lines of traffic, and let others by—did not immediately occur to the policemen in charge. These auto-

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mobiles, the pride of Nepalis seeking "modernity," had gone out of control—perhaps they hadn't been prayed over. (Once a year, owners of autos, trucks, and buses pray for the safety and mechanical health of their vehicles, decking them with flowers and red paint.)

To bend

The problems of all developing nations, how to absorb and adapt, to bend rather than be bent, will soon come to Nepal. Tourism, on which Nepal is counting as its major "bridge" industry to modernity, has been given a great boost by the Crown Prince's wedding.

But what will happen to Nepal if it becomes a prime tourist mecca? One of the great joys of Nepal is its freshness. Even people who were in the position of being servants and who would have been, in India or other formerly colonial lands, at once servile and distant, were open and forthcoming in Nepal. A man would bring tea and sit to chat; waiters would smile, bring flowers, make bawdy jokes. My driver helped me market, but while helping me, was quite firm about what ingredients to buy for what, changing my menu completely the day I wanted to try cooking in a Nepalese kitchen.

The only time I felt like a "tourist" was in a shop run by very cagey Indians. My Nepalese friend rushed us out, muttering under her breath about "those Indians." (There is much anti-Indian feeling; much more than anti-Chinese feeling.) In Nepal it is possible to stare and be stared at, and to take a picture of someone spinning wool and then, instead of being asked for money, be made a friend. In Nepal, as nowhere else, I felt the importance of being myself—the importance of *not* going self-consciously native. One is respected and even liked, if one respects one's own identity.

I did understand why the hundreds of Western hippies in Katmandu were so unpopular. At the first word of Nepalese scorn for them, it seemed as if a sort of intolerant Silent Majority reaction must be operative in Nepal too, and I was prepared to defend the hippies. The fact is that the hippies wear Nepalese or Tibetan dress constantly and take advantage of the opportunity for begging and cheap hashish, which



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sells for about 10 cents an ounce. Hash is not natively used by young people but is a privilege of the aged in Nepal. Old men meet in the temples in the evenings and smoke and have long "jam sessions" with flutes, drums, and stringed instruments. I sat in on one of these, and could see why old age, once achieved, is a blessed state in Nepal, and why young people who appropriate the privileges of age commit a gross act of disrespect in the eyes of the Nepalese.

In general, the Nepalese approach to modernity is to absorb it with almost defiant archaisms: a wonderful Newari waiter at my hotel took great pride in his recipe for instant coffee—a can of Nescafé stood on the table, and while in the States it would take perhaps 20 seconds to put the boiling water in a cup with the coffee and stir, he proudly beat the coffee and sugar into a remarkable meringue-like froth with a bit of hot water, working away for ten minutes at my elbow, before triumphantly topping it off with boiling water: a great tour de force, which produced a *cappuccino*-like appearance, and the same, unfortunate, instant taste. He would have been remiss in service if he did it any other way.

Places of life

Nepalese individualism, an institutionalized tolerance, extends to matters of caste and religion. In a country which is approximately 50 percent Hindu, 50 percent Buddhist, one would expect to find at least mutual recognition, whether hostile or not, but the actual degree of "intermarriage" between the two religions is striking. My guide's mother, a Hindu, often worshiped at a Buddhist temple. Buddhists visit Hindu temples when they can (some Hindu temples are closed to non-Hindus). Within a Hindu temple, one finds Buddhist statues and iconography, and vice versa.

The temples are places of life, whether Buddhist or Hindu: in their shadows or within their precincts, children play, women cook, men have haircuts. The gods, too, partake of life. Instead of dictating precepts, they offer exaggerated ex-

amples of human behavior of all sorts, from piety to lust. A story is told that Vishnu was making a distribution of wealth and jewels found when he drained the lake to make the valley, and gave away everything except a voluptuous maiden, whom he took for himself.

Buddhism teaches that all reality is in the afterlife, where human action will be rewarded and punished in subsequent incarnations, thus making social laws on earth less important. Hindu prescriptions for living are more detailed and restrictive than those of Buddhists; still, within the Hindu religion there is relative freedom. A man's relation with gods is his own private affair. The times and manner of his worship are his business alone. Nepal is pray with flowers, with red paint (also used for the *tika* on their foreheads), with incense, with music, seemingly at times of their own choosing (except for the critical rites of passage and important festivals).

The Hindu patron-god of Nepal, Lord Shiva, has his main shrine at Pashupatinath, an amazing collection of temples on the shores of the sacred Bagmati River. Here religion seems more ponderous, more serious, than elsewhere. It is said that here is where Shiva's phallus fell to earth, and there are many stone *lingams* in honor of this. Rows of nearly identical temples stretch along the river in a grayish vista. The river is paved on both sides near the temples, and on its banks people are washing, cooking, bathing, and dying. Many Hindus come here to die with their feet in the sacred river, and to be cremated on the bank. This shrine is a meeting place for Indian ascetics who make the pilgrimage here, especially at the beginning of March, for the Shivaratri, or Shiva Festival, when hundreds of naked holy men dance in the streets.

Nepal has the only Hindu monarchy in the world. In fact, Mahendra is said to be the reincarnation of Vishnu, a God-King, as Crown Prince Birendra will be when he inherits the throne. But this does not give the king dictatorial control over the religion of the people.

His political power is something else again. Since the dissolution of Parliament and the establishment of the *panchayat* system, factions and controversies have sprung up. The King has countered with repression.

Critics of the government are often jailed in midnight raids, no political meetings are allowed, and gatherings of any size are suspect. A strong Communist movement does exist, and many students are Maoists. This side of Nepal's political life was hidden from view during the wedding. Guests were discouraged from meeting liberals or other "controversial" individuals, and questions about political prisoners were fended off.

There has been some student unrest in Nepal, but the issues are confused. It is clear, though, that satisfactory opportunities for university graduates are few. The bureaucracy has stopped expanding, industry is too undeveloped, and teaching pays poorly. There are complaints in the university about the faculty and the examination system. Nepal has one university, Tribhuvan University, and several colleges. Young men and women often receive overseas education if they are wealthy enough. Both the Crown Prince and Princess received their early education at Darjeeling. The Prince was also educated at Eton, the University of Tokyo, and Harvard. He has been prepared for a kingship that is difficult to predict. King Mahendra is skillful in balancing factions—he is called a "Tammany Hall" politician. Birendra will be a gentler, perhaps more subtle king, but equally skilled.

Nepal presents problems to a God-King unsure of his charisma. A strong, confident man could, at least for the present, maintain the country's unsure balance between India and China, finance the beginnings of industrialization, and provide a focus of national pride and common feeling for the multiracial, multilingual people of the mountainsides and distant valleys of Nepal. In Nepal, greater incongruities have been resolved.

—MERRY I. WHITE

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth B. Drew is the *Atlantic's* Washington editor. Georgiana G. Stevens writes frequently from the Middle East for the *Atlantic*. Mary Ellen Leary, a frequent contributor, is a San Francisco-based political reporter. Merry I. White is a recent Radcliffe graduate who attended the royal wedding in Nepal as a guest of the Crown Prince.



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THE MAIL:

Radio Gospel

SIR: I have the impression that William C. Martin ("The God-Hucksters of Radio," June *Atlantic*) limited his article to "God-huckstering" by Caucasian evangelists, and totally neglected the rich field of religious quackery among Negroes.

I regret Dr. Martin's omission, because I have the odd idea that religion *matters*, and that religious fraud is worse than commercial misrepresentation. I also have the singular opinion that Negroes work hard for what money they earn, and shouldn't be cheated out of it by virtue of protective coloration—that is, because a critic or a public official is afraid to tackle a fraud who happens to be a Negro.

JAMES C. SWEENEY
Upper Darby, Penn.

SIR: William C. Martin has done a disservice to those ethical gospel broadcasters whose sole aim is to preach a nonsectarian, thoroughly biblical, and unemotional gospel, and who operate under meticulous fiscal policies as honest as the gospel itself.

ARNOLD E. JOHNSON
Wheaton, Ill.

SIR: Your title for my article in the June *Atlantic*, "The God-Hucksters of Radio," carries a blanket negative connotation that I did not intend. To be sure, most of the men discussed can probably be called hucksters in all good conscience, but to apply the label to all of them is unfair. As you will recall, I pointed out in some detail that the organization of Herbert W. Armstrong could not, in my opinion, be accused of any practices that are in the least unethical. There are several other

men mentioned in the article who, though perhaps not so scrupulous as the Armstrong organization, give no clear-cut evidence of willful fakery. I have tried to be as fair as possible in my writing, and I do not wish to offend or misrepresent people who are sincere and ethical in their religious beliefs and practices.

WILLIAM C. MARTIN
Houston, Tex.

Advice and Consent

SIR: Alvin M. Josephy's article "Indians in History" in your June issue is interesting in its claim that the Indian was important in American development. And it indicates that historians should chart that importance.

There are many groups, probably similar to the Indian in historiographic treatment, who have been ignored. The Swabs, 500,000 wiped out from 1944 to 1946; the Gypsy, untold numbers wiped out from 1943 to 1945. Yet, historians simply can't put every group into the flow of history because these people were exploited, abused, or exterminated.

To suggest that Schlesinger should have treated the Indian in *The Age of Jackson* is to indicate either a misreading or a nonreading of that book and to miss totally the approach needed to that age. With the country facing the many problems of the Jackson era, how in the world did the Indian become important except as an abstraction?

If Mr. Josephy has developed scholarship on the Indian that is significant, it will find its way into pertinent general works on history. Other people have done this, notably John Hope Franklin with his treatment of the American Negro.

ROBERT E. KLEIN
Kenilworth, Ill.

SIR: Ray Mungo's article in the May *Atlantic*, "If Mr. Thoreau Calls, Tell Him I've Left the Country," is lively and compelling, but it does contain one glaring error of fact.

A good deal more action than just "a whimper of protest" is taking place now in Portsmouth to save the splendid collection of architecturally and historically important buildings slated for demolition in the Vaughan Street Urban Renewal Area. Portsmouth Preservation, Inc., a profit-making realty development corporation, was formed in 1968 to purchase about 10 acres of land which includes some 50 significant old buildings on their original sites. This is not a proposal for another nontaxable historic museum for Portsmouth. We plan to sell these buildings for residential use and for professional offices and shops sympathetic to a residential area. Private financing and controls for restoration of the exterior facades of the buildings will guarantee that the tax base of the area will be raised to a level where the income to the city will be higher than that from almost any other form of modern construction after demolition.

ROBERT S. CHASE
Executive Director
Portsmouth Preservation, Inc.
Portsmouth, N.H.

SIR: In David Denby's otherwise interesting review of the movie *M*A*S*H* ("Breakthrough," May *Atlantic*), I was stunned by two bizarre statements. Referring to the behavior of the heroes, he admits their "wildness of adolescence"; then he adds, "Only the most unimaginative standards would find them disappointing; doubtless they aren't 'mature'—that insulting, coercive notion which requires us to give up so

much to succeed." Does Mr. Denby actually think of maturity as an insulting kind of repression needed to achieve success? In fact, why does he happen to associate a drive for success with maturity anyway? Comprehension of the meaning of the word might influence his perception of human behavior. Moreover, he adds, "Their wildness would be stupid and merely cruel if they weren't such good, competent surgeons." Here Mr. Denby strangely suggests that stupidity and cruelty do not apply to one's "wildness" if one is skilled in one's work. Let us fervently hope that in a democratic society a person's level of professional skill will never pardon his stupidity or cruelty to others.

CHARLES McCOWN
New York City

SIR: In her recent article ("Dam Outrage," April *Atlantic*) Elizabeth B. Drew states that the cost of Fort Peck Dam, on the Missouri River in Montana, was estimated at \$86 million when authorized during the thirties. She states that \$156 million had been spent on the project through fiscal year 1966, and uses the ballooning of costs to buttress her point that the Corps projects are underestimated to obtain authorization and construction funds.

The example is poorly chosen. The higher costs were incurred principally by construction of additional and sorely needed generating facilities during the fifties. You cannot build an addition to a house—or a generating plant—without spending some money. And it is difficult to put a price tag on some benefits of Fort Peck Dam.

It may be wise public policy to install even more hydroelectric capacity at Fort Peck and other Corps of Engineer dams on the Missouri. Hydroelectricity, unlike energy produced by fossil fuels and nuclear fuel, pollutes neither water nor air. When generated at existing reservoirs this additional power will not require inundation of valleys and relocation of people.

In summary, Fort Peck Dam, constructed by the Corps, has been a good investment. It may provide further benefits that were not foreseen when it was authorized.

SENATOR LEE METCALF
(Dem., Montana)
Washington, D.C.

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The "High" Cost of Drugs

SIR: Criticizing Michael Crichton's article "The High Cost of Cure" (March *Atlantic*) in "The Mail" for June, Squibb's public affairs director, Norman Ritter, gives four "explanations" of the high cost of drugs. Drugs cost so much, he implies, because large drug companies (1) "maintain exacting (and costly) quality-control systems," (2) "invest heavily in research in order to develop new and improved drugs," (3) "[make] drugs available to virtually everyone in the United States at any hour of the day or night," and (4) "advise doctors under what conditions they should—and should not—prescribe their products."

Last June, Senator Gaylord Nelson's Monopoly Subcommittee released the testimony of Dr. A. Dale Console, a former medical director at E.R. Squibb & Sons. Of Squibb's "exacting (and costly) quality-control systems" he said:

"[A drug company doctor] must learn the many ways to deceive the FDA and, failing in this, how to seduce, manipulate, or threaten the physician assigned to the New Drug Application [for marketing] into approving it even if it is incomplete. He must learn that anything that helps to sell a drug is valid, even if it is supported by the crudest testimonial, while anything that decreases sales must be suppressed, distorted and rejected because it is not absolutely conclusive proof. . . . There were proof-mills that would deliver data at so much per head and in extreme cases we used them. There were drugs that were declared useless after clinical trial by experts that subsequently became marketable using the testimonials of less experienced physicians to prepare a New Drug Application [for marketing]. I have adequate reason to believe that other firms were less fastidious than we were and purchased favorable reports."

Of Squibb's heavy investment in research to develop new and improved drugs, Dr. Console tells us the following:

"Many research programs were instituted not because they promised a worthwhile drug, but because they promised profit. . . . In my opinion, about 20 to 25 per cent of the total Research and Development Budget

was spent on worthwhile projects."

Mr. Ritter's statement that major drug manufacturers make drugs available to virtually everyone in the United States at any hour of the day or night is astounding on its face. What is the meaning of the word "available"? How many of the people who desperately need drugs are able to afford them?

It is simply laughable for Mr. Ritter to tell us that major drug companies advise doctors "under what conditions they should—and should not—prescribe their products." Dr. Console estimates that "the chance that an average patient will get the right drug, in the right amount, at the right time is in the order of 50 per cent. . . . The unluckiest patient of all is the one who needs no drugs, since, if he has a complaint, it is almost impossible to get out of the average practitioner's office without a prescription." Certainly the shocking experience of most of the eight million women who are presently using oral contraceptives—with little or no warning, from either the prescribing physician or the manufacturer, of the pill's serious dangers (though the FDA announced in June that a warning will be required in all further packaging of birth control pills)—and the drug manufacturers' strong opposition to any warning packaged with the pill are evidence that drug companies are not prepared to advise drug consumers of the dangers of a drug if such a warning might jeopardize their high profits.

Drugs cost too much here because the drug companies are in business to make money. If people must be deceived about the efficacy of a drug, if they must be convinced to take drugs which they not only do not need but which actually harm them, if simple inexpensive drugs can be sold under a brand name instead of under their generic name, and thus cost the consumer more—well, that is what free enterprise is all about.

CAROLYN D. SMITH
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Ritter replies:

Carolyn Smith neglects to point out that Dr. Console, former associate medical director of E.R. Squibb & Sons, had not been actively employed by the pharmaceutical in-

dustry for twelve years when he wrote his critical statement. He resigned from Squibb on August 31, 1957, after a long illness, and entered private practice in psychiatry in Princeton, New Jersey.

As far as Squibb is concerned, Dr. Console's charges simply have no basis in fact. While we do not speak for either the pharmaceutical industry as a whole or the medical profession, both of which Dr. Console attacks, we know of no justification for the negative statements he has made concerning the many fine research programs conducted jointly by drug companies and physicians.

With respect to Mrs. Smith's comments about "high" drug prices, it may interest her to learn that the Bureau of Labor Standards' consumer price index for spending on prescription drugs has declined in the past decade.

Indeed, the latest price index for prescription drugs shows a 10.3 percent drop since 1957-1959. In contrast, the overall consumer price index has gone up 33.2 percent in the same period.

We stand by our previous statement that, as part of the cost of doing business, the major pharmaceutical manufacturers make drugs available to virtually everyone in the United States regardless of the hour. By "available," we mean obtainable or accessible, both standard dictionary definitions of the word in question. Although the industry each year donates millions of dollars' worth of drugs to worthy causes, it can hardly be expected to become a charitable institution and give away all of its products. To paraphrase Mrs. Smith, that is not what free enterprise is all about.

* * *

A selection of letters in response to Charles Silberman's *Murder in the Schoolroom* series will appear shortly in the *Atlantic*. —THE EDITOR

PHOTO AND DRAWING CREDITS

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city planning.

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THANKSGIVING IN PARIS-1964

by Mary McCarthy

A haruspex peering into the entrails of the sacrificed traditional bird would have warned one Peter Levi to beware of divisive controversy on the feast of Thanksgiving. Holidays, as he ought to know, were unlucky for him anyway. Instead of obeying the summons to partake of turkey 'n' trimmings with the other waifs assembled by the general's wife, he would have done better to stay home, with the door bolted, holding no communications. Holidays brought out the worst in everybody; the Last Supper, terminating in the Agony in the Garden, was par for the course. As they struggled out of their coats with the aid of the Spanish maid in the vestibule of the general's pad in Neuilly, the motley crew viewed each other with a natural suspicion. Besides the male strays, readily identifiable in their unwanted ties and sports jackets, there was a functionary from the Embassy and his family, who had inescapably put the finger on Peter in the close confinement of the elevator ("I guess we all want the fifth, don't we?"), a tall fresh-faced girl with long American feet, an Air Force wife minus a husband, and some middle-aged French reactionaries, military, with their unattractive daughter, who were supposed to be getting a free glimpse of real American hospitality. After the vast repast, preceded by bourbon and laced with sparkling Vouvray, they all had to go and play softball in the Bois.

There were fourteen at table, which led Peter to speculate that one of their number had been recruited at the last minute to take the jinx off. The general normally was a fairly affable guy, with a

white fat baby face, black eyebrows, and a peculiar haircut, shaved on the sides and standing up on top in short black bristles, which made him look like a convict. He was attached to NATO, Peter gleaned today, and was an expert on supply and procurement. His wife, named Letitia (pronounced Leteetia by her husband), was small, Southern, and friendly. "Can I sweeten your drink, honey?" was her usual soft refrain. None of the guests, it appeared, had met each other before, and some were meeting the host for the first time. His daughter led them up. "Dad, this is Jay Williams. Dad, this is Roberta Scott." "Good to know you, Jay. Good to know you, Roberta. Glad to have you with us." Peter he greeted by his last name, which perhaps indicated a promotion. "How's it going, Levi? Have you sold that motor bike yet?"

If this had been an all-American get-together, conversation might have found its natural level, albeit low. But during the cocktail period, just as people were starting to relax, daughter Jean, prodded by the Frenchwoman, initiated a tour of the art in the apartment from which, like lifeboat drill, nobody was excused. Freighted with drinks and cigarettes, searching furtively for ashtrays or frankly using a trouser cuff or the wall-to-wall carpeting, the straggling troops inspected Korean graphics and Puerto Rican oils, Japanese ivories, Taiwan scrolls, Spanish fans, German beer steins, Italian majolica, hanging on the walls or installed in cabinets with interior lighting—the general, needless to say, had served in all those places on the

U.S. defense perimeter and enjoyed a perfect recollection of the circumstances of each purchase, with emphasis, naturally, on the haggling.

Then, at table, his wife actually *explained* the principle of Thanksgiving to the French. "It isn't a social event with us, you see. It isn't exactly a family event either, like Christmas, which I always think should be for the children. It's the day when we Americans—oh, help me, Chuck—as we thank God for our blessings, try to gather under our roof some of our fellow countrymen who might be lonely or homesick. And all over the world, Americans are sitting down to the same meal the Pilgrims ate: turkey and fixings, giblet gravy, creamed onions, mashed turnips or rutabagas . . . Why, I'd feel like a heretic if I served duck or Rock Cornish game hen. Though I was reading the menus in the *Herald-Tribune*—" "The stranger at the gate," interrupted the general. "Yes, thank you, Chuck! I was coming to that. We always make sure to have some foreign guests with us. Last year, when we were back home at the Academy, we had this lovely Japanese couple." "It's just a harvest festival, isn't it?" Peter said, tired of feeling like the Hundred Neediest Cases reduced to capsule form. As far as he could see, what was happening was that Americans were giving loud thanks for being Americans, and, as the hostess said, this was going on all over the world concurrently—allowing for the time difference; the orgy had not as yet started in New York.

To Peter, slightly drunk, the meal seemed like a grotesque parody of his mother's annual bounty. The general's wife had the same idea as his mother, only his mother was more refined about it. Identifying with the French couple, whom he disliked on sight, he could not help seeing it as a gross and stupid debauch. Yet "Leteetia" was a perfectly nice woman, according to her lights. She had made that awful speech like a nervous recitation; maybe service wives abroad got directives from the Pentagon on what to tell the natives about Thanksgiving. The poor creature looked exhausted, having no doubt spent the morning basting the turkey with her bulb-baster. The rouge stood out on her inflamed cheeks. The work she and daughter Jean, with whom she seemed to have a good relationship, had put into the food and the table setting, down to the last nut cup, was begging pathetically for notice. The art that conceals art, Peter reflected glumly, was not an American specialty. With his thumbnail, unobtrusively, he peeled off the price tag from his handcrafted napkin.

As for "Chuck," he was in a critical mood. He

ordered the carving knife back to the kitchen to be sharpened and dismissed the autumnal centerpiece, which was obstructing his view, to the sideboard. Listening to the rasp of the combination can opener and knife sharpener in the pantry, Peter surmised that they had had a family difference this morning. Had the general been issuing the invitations, he suspected, there might have been fewer under-age dead-heads on the list.

If you could ignore the commercials, the food was not too bad. Frankly Peter would not have guessed that the turkey was frozen, from the PX, if the hostess had not announced the fact with what he supposed was pride. In her place, he would have omitted the marshmallows from the candied sweet potatoes, but he approved of the hot Parker House rolls Jean had baked herself this morning, and the stuffing spiked with brandy was OK. The dinner plates, with the Air Force Academy coat of arms, were duly warmed in a sort of electric blanket on a tea wagon at the hostess' left. It was not her fault that, on this of all days, one of the waifs she had collected proved to be a vegetarian.

"Dark or light, Roberta?" queried the general, spearing a slice of breast on the point of his antlered knife. His daughter was holding out a plate destined for the tall girl on Peter's right. "I won't take any, General Lammers." It was as if an infernal machine, quietly ticking, had been planted in the room. The appalled general looked at his wife. He set down the carving knife. "No turkey?" "But honey, you didn't eat your shrimp cocktail either!" moaned Letitia. It was true, Peter realized: his neighbor had left a neat little pile of shrimps in her monogrammed glass goblet and eaten only the lettuce ribbons and the chili sauce. But the significance of it had escaped him. "Is it Paris tummy, honey? We've got just what you need. Jeanie, dear, run and get the Vioform from my medicine cabinet." "She's a vegetarian, Mama," said Jean. "I forgot." "Oh, come on," said the general. "This is Thanksgiving!" His white hands, with black hairs on the knuckles, played impatiently with the carving implements. The girl held her ground. "No, thank you. I won't. Really." The rest of the company looked away. He essayed playfulness. "I'm in command here. Mess Sergeant Jean, hold that plate where I can reach it." "She doesn't *want* any, Dad. Don't force her." "Pshaw!" He laid the slice of breast on the plate, which was already heaped with onions, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, and so on, placed there by his wife at the other end of the table. "Take that to the young lady."

Now everybody was watching her, some, like Peter, covertly. She had a long nose and short boyish-cut hair that rose in a crest over a "noble" brow. Her eyes were gray, somewhat close together, and she had large appealing ears that reddened

This is a chapter from *Birds of America*, Mary McCarthy's new novel, which is to be published later this year by Harcourt, Brace & World. Her most recent books include *The Group*, *Vietnam*, and *The Writing on the Wall*.

easily, as if people were talking about her, which might well be the case. She wore a gray dress made of wool, with a round white collar and a string of pearls, which had been appraised with care by the Frenchwoman, who had eyes like a customs inspector. Peter searched his memory for when or how he had met this dauntless girl before. Maybe in another incarnation. She looked like the title of a book the *babbo* was fond of recommending—*The Protestant Ethic*—but with pink cheeks and a shy grin. If he put a tricorn on her head, he could picture her as a revolutionary patriot dumping tea into Boston Harbor. He felt sure he had seen her portrait, maybe in male attire, in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum or in some history textbook.

"The stuffing, Chuck. Give Miss Scott some stuffing." The girl opened her thin pink lips as if to protest, then bit the lower one and said nothing. Her plate was returned to the head of the table. The general spooned some stuffing onto it, and taking possession of the gravy boat, rapidly ladled giblet gravy onto her mashed potatoes. "There!"

As her desecrated plate came back, she and Peter exchanged a dismal look. Catching the distress signal, he quickly passed her the cranberry jelly and looked around for olives and celery. "Here, have some." Angry with the general, he gulped down his Vouvray. Nobody would convince him that "Chuck" was just insensitive, incapable of understanding that his own food habits might not be acceptable to the entire human race. Or that he was hurt by the girl's rejection of the sacred fowl, though that no doubt played a part. Unless Peter had gone stir crazy in his solitary cell on the rue Monsieur le Prince, at the head of the table sat a vicious sadist wearing the jovial mask of hospitality. He had seized that gravy boat like a weapon in hand-to-hand combat. No wonder they had made him a brigadier general—at least that mystery was solved. Peter wished he had the strength to pass up the turkey himself, when his turn came, as an act of solidarity. But there were always others to consider, in this case Letitia, who had been toiling harmlessly in the kitchen.

As an animal-lover, Peter had sometimes wondered whether he ought not to become a vegetarian. In Perugia he had been nauseated by those poor crumpled little birds the Italians loved to serve—the brain, believe it or not, was the choice morsel. Yet whenever he had feebly tried to interest himself in a naturist diet of fruit and raw vegetables, he had come up against his juvenile gluttony. He could live without steak and chicken, he had decided, but he doubted his present ability to forgo lobster and tuna fish. What he had not taken into account was the social pressures he would have to resist. He would need to be a hero, he now saw.

His other neighbor, a blue-eyed leathery lady with long earrings and gray hair cut in a fluffy bang, was waiting to engage him in conversation. During the

first course she had been filling him in on the fact that her husband had left her for a German girl he had picked up hitchhiking on the *autoroute*. She now recaptured the thread. "Letitia thinks I ought to go home to the States. But what the hell? I've gone to all the trouble to learn French, why *shouldn't* I stay here? He doesn't own Paris. He wants a divorce, but if I give him a divorce, they'll take away my PX card and my QC privileges. You can smile, Peter, but to me it's a tragedy. Twenty years as an Air Force dependent, and tomorrow, if I let him have his so-called freedom, the guards at the PX will tell me, 'Sorry, ma'am, we can't let you by. That card has expired.' Civilians don't dig what it means to us. Chuck and Letitia can entertain lavishly because, between you and me, they don't buy a thing on the French market. Not even a stick of celery."

Ordinarily Peter would have felt sorry for this coarse-grained Donna Elvira. Maybe she loved the guy and was ashamed to mention that; it was odd what people were ashamed of, sometimes the best part of themselves, which they looked on as "weakness," he guessed. But now, though he kept an ear politely bent in her direction, his eyes slid to his right. Roberta Scott had not succumbed to the appetizing slice of breast in its casing of crisp brown skin. Instead, she was eating carefully around it: the onions, the rutabagas, the sweet potatoes, the Ocean Spray cranberry jelly. She avoided the mashed potatoes polluted with gravy and the stuffing contaminated by animal fat and juices during its stay in the oven. He followed the progress of her fork as it constructed fortifications against the giblet gravy, which ran between the banks of vegetables, lapped at the base of the tottering tower of jelly, divided into rivulets, and finally congealed. Peter was fascinated by these maneuvers. It was like watching a game of jackstraws or a kid on the beach building a sand castle as the tide was coming in. Others were stealing looks too. Only the general, content with his petty tactical victory, disregarded what was happening on her plate.

"Somebody ought to tell her parents!" interjected the gray-haired lady, tracing Peter's wandering interest to its source. "Did you ever see anything like that? Look how thin she is." Actually, in Peter's estimation, Miss Scott was in the pink of condition, compared to the fat sallow French girl in a two-tone taffeta blouse and to Jean, who today had a sty. She might be underweight, but her eyes were clear, and her breasts made two modest rounds under the thin wool of her dress. An image jumped into his mind of a healthy well-cared-for animal. Her long nose, made for sniffing and scenting, would be cool to the touch, and her hair invited stroking, like a shining pelt. She had gone to Bryn Mawr, he ascertained, and was working at the Institut Pasteur.

She must be around twenty-three because after Bryn Mawr she had done a year of medical studies in Philadelphia, where her family lived. It was not hard to picture her as an intern, in a white coat, with a stethoscope.

Meanwhile the carnivores lifted forks that appeared to have grown heavy with their cargo of turkey and trimmings. They wiped grease from their mouths, quaffed wine, sought elusive food particles between their teeth with their tongues or a furtive fingernail; the older women's lipstick smeared. This Roberta did not seem to be wearing lipstick, and she was not drinking her wine. That did not long escape detection. "Don't you *drink* either, Miss Scott?" said the hostess, in a voice like the wringing of hands. "I used to sometimes. But I don't really like it." "Not even *wine*? But you're in *France*." "I know." "A glass of milk then?" It turned out that she did not drink milk either. "For Christ's sake, Letitia," said the general. "Let's hear about something else."

He got up and filled glasses all around, but since Roberta Scott's was already full, indeed brimming, there was nothing he could do about it. He sat down heavily in his place and fixed his light-green eyes, like two probes, on the girl, searching out her secret. "Roberta, Roberta," he chided. It could not be denied that this fasting vestal was putting quite a crimp in the festivities. "*Vous êtes une trouble-fête, mademoiselle*," the Frenchwoman said with a thin pretense of pleasantry. "What is that in English?" "A wet blanket. I know it," Roberta said seriously. "I'm really sorry, Mrs. Lammers." "Don't give it a second thought, sugar. Just enjoy yourself in your own way. If *you're* happy, *we're* happy." That, of course, was a lie. They would not be happy unless she conformed to their definition of enjoyment, which meant that she would have to be miserable to satisfy them.

Yet if she were old and decrepit or dying of stomach cancer or just unattractive, they would leave her in peace. The fact that she was cheerful and appealing, though not everybody's pinup, was what threw them into disarray. Peter did not except himself. One part of him—he hoped a small fraction—had been backing the general in that contest of wills. He admired her force of character, but why *come* to Thanksgiving dinner if you were determined not to eat like the rest of the tribe? She could make an exception, just once, to be polite. On the other hand, if she started breaking her rule to please other people, she might as well give up being a vegetarian, he supposed. She had a right to eat and drink whatever she wanted. The trouble was, when she started exercising that right in public, she infringed on the right of the rest of the company to have a good time.

Take him. Like the other castaways, he assumed, he had been looking forward to the occasion, spot-cleaning his jacket, shining his shoes, drinking a

liter of milk to line his stomach, hesitating over the choice of a tie. As the hostess had indicated, it was no fun to render thanks all by yourself in a crummy restaurant, which was the only kind a student could afford late in the month on his exhausted allowance. Now he felt like a dipsomaniac cannibal.

Her best solution, he meanly concluded, was to become a hermit. The Middle Ages had the right idea: anybody who wanted to mortify his flesh retired from the world to do it solo. She ought to live in a hut in the forest of Fontainebleau, eating wild berries and honey and wearing a shift made of bark. Even there, strangers would come to look at her, probably, and try to feed her, the way they did with animals in the zoo.

"How do you stand on honey?" he said abruptly. She turned her head, puzzled, chin drawn in, like a bird registering interrogation. "I mean," he said, goading, "it's cruel, isn't it, to take honey from bees?" She pondered. "I suppose it is," she said, knitting her brows. "I never thought about it. I'm not a strict vegetarian, though. With me, it's not a moral thing. When you study medicine, you learn not to worry too much about the sacredness of life. You have to experiment on animals in the laboratory. Anyway, golly, where do you draw the line? A tree is alive. How do we know it isn't conscious when we chop it down? It bleeds just like a human. I just know I feel better if I don't eat meat and some other animal foods."

On hearing that it was not a "moral thing," Peter felt immediately relieved, which was odd. He hoped she was telling the truth and not merely trying to make him feel comfortable in his carnivorous soul. The general's wife broke in. "Is this a health fad or what, honey? What made you decide to take up vegetarianism? I don't mean to be intrusive, but tell us, do you really think it's cruel to kill animals?" So it was not only him. Even the general, who was carving seconds, paused with his knife in midair to await the verdict.

The girl repeated, in substance, what she had just been saying to Peter. He wondered how many times a week she had to respond to that query, in short how often she was invited out to meals. In restaurants, did the waiters ask her? He ought to make her a present of his idea of a pocket tape recorder that furnished standard answers to standard questions. But she did not seem to mind explaining herself at length. Unlike most people, she spoke, he noticed, in paragraphs—some-what breathlessly.

"To answer your other question, Mrs. Lammers, I really don't know what made me take up being a vegetarian. You could call it a health fad, I guess. But I've had a sort of 'thing' about meat ever since I was little. They had to coax me to eat it. Then in boarding school I overcame my prejudice. You

know how hungry you get in school. The same in camp. And at home I have three younger brothers who aren't too fond of vegetables. My mother has to plan meals to suit the majority.

"But finally in college I started to think for myself. I got to understand body chemistry, and I realized that I was being poisoned by what I was eating. Literally. I would keep falling asleep in my after-lunch class; they gave us our heavy meal at noon. Senior year I skipped lunch and ate carrots and peanut butter and dried figs in my room, and right away my marks in Latin—that was my two-thirty class then—went from C-minus to B-plus. But then I lost weight. I wasn't getting enough calories. So when I came to Paris this fall, I saw that here was my chance to experiment. They have these terrific vegetables in the markets, and I found an apartment with a kitchen, where I could cook all sorts of messes. For me, that was real independence. Freedom, golly me!"

"Liberty Hall," said the general. "It's small, but it's home. What I'd like to know, is there some theory behind this? Anything to do with cholesterol?" This year, Peter had observed, all the *croulants* were talking with bated breath about cholesterol, as if it were some new weapon in biological warfare aimed at shortening their lives. The exception was his mother, he was glad to say.

Cholesterol was not really the point, said Roberta. If you eliminated animal foods from your diet, naturally you eliminated animal fats also, thus reducing the cholesterol level in the blood. "But the way vegetarians see it, a low cholesterol diet based on lean meat, poultry, and fish may be almost as harmful to the body as a high cholesterol diet. Man is descended from herbivores. His organs weren't designed for the absorption of animal flesh. We don't know when he became a hunter and an omnivore, but we know that the habit isn't natural to the order of primates, with the exception of some of the baboons. Why, some people actually claim that it's a flesh diet that's turned man into a killer of his own kind! He has the tiger's instincts without the tiger's taboos. Of course that's only a hypothesis. One way of testing it would be for humanity to practice vegetarianism for several generations. Maybe we'd find that war and murder would disappear."

"Do they have vegetarians in Russia?" the general demanded, emerging from a mental tunnel with a cunning look on his face. Nobody could enlighten him. Roberta guessed that most vegetarians in Russia had been Doukhobors and had emigrated to Canada a long time ago. Peter was interested in the Doukhobors. "They were fantastic," he said. "Completely nonviolent. They not only refused military service, they wouldn't even take up arms against wolves and bears. I read—" The general, with a chuckle, cut him off. "Say, Roberta, why don't you go to Russia and make some converts?"

That's the place to test your theory. Organize a vegetarian movement." "Don't tease her, Dad." "I'm not teasing. I'm serious. If she has a plan for changing human nature, let her tell this Kosygin about it. He's her boy. 'Everybody turn vegetarian or get sent to a slave labor camp.'" "Don't listen to him," cried Letitia. "Why, if you went there and tried to spread the message, they might arrest you as a spy." "'Antisocial element,'" muttered Peter. The general snorted. "'Might'! You bet they would. They're not interested in eliminating Ivan's fighting instinct. But in the States we've got a Vegetarian Party on the ballot. That shows the difference, doesn't it? Did you vote Vegetarian, Roberta?"

"I think you mean the Prohibition Party, General Lammers," she said mildly. "Actually, if you want to know, I voted for Johnson. I'm not a crank; at least I hope not. I don't believe you can legislate reforms in people's habits. It has to be voluntary. Of course, it's hard not to want to make converts when you see the change in yourself. I *feel* so much better physically and mentally since I gave up animal foods. It's amazing. My motor reactions are quicker. I need less sleep. There's a big improvement in my attention span. It's not just a subjective thing. Even my French teacher notices a difference. I honestly think my IQ must have gone up by several points."

"Well!" summed up the hostess. A pall settled again on the banquet, which was looking more and more like a replica of Belshazzar's Feast or the dream of the great king, his father, who was put out to eat grass. The *convives*, if Peter was a fair sample, had now started to worry about the damage they had been inflicting on their brains.

He stared at the huge drumstick bone, like a fossil remain, on his plate. A junior from Northwestern offered a ray of hope. "You've got to remember evolution. If eating meat was bad for man, he wouldn't have survived. Or he would have kicked the habit back in the Stone Age. Man evolved as a flesh-eating higher animal. Maybe he's more intelligent than the apes *because* he became a meat-eater."

"Hear, hear!" said the general. "Well, Roberta, you've certainly given us food for thought, ha ha. What about booze? Are you going to tell us that monkeys don't use fermented beverages?" The girl calmly declared that she had given up drinking *for pleasure*. "You'd be surprised. Truly. I have a much better time now than when I drank cocktails and wine. I like the taste of wine, but just one glass made me sluggish and torpid." "But you smoke," loyally prompted Jean. "Oh, yes. And I drink coffee and tea. Lots."

She had a high cheerful sturdy voice, somewhat childish for her age, as if she had been used to living with deaf people. It was true that her asser-

tions were falling on deaf ears. In this group of skeptics, nobody would buy the idea that her abstemiousness was just an innocent form of hedonism, which was the conclusion you would be driven to if you accepted her explanations. In fact, Peter did not buy it himself. If she smoked and drank coffee, it was just protective coloration—the homage virtue paid to vice. He bet she did not inhale.

On the other hand, he recalled, there was the precedent of Epicurus. “There was Epicurus,” he said, addressing the center of the table. “What about him?” Most people don’t realize he was an ascetic. I did a paper on him for a course in ethics. He lived on barley bread and cheese and water because he thought the simple life was the way to achieve happiness, which he considered the *sum-mum bonum*. Naturally nobody would believe that. Instead, they believed all the lies the Stoics spread about him being a gourmet and lecherous with women. So now Epicureanism means just the opposite of his teaching. But Roberta”—he stumbled—“I mean, Miss Scott, is a real Epicurean. She puts pleasure ahead of virtue, and nobody believes her because they identify pleasure with gross sensual satisfaction.” Everybody, including Miss Scott, was gazing at him in wonderment. “Epicurus cultivated serenity of mind. He died with great fortitude of the stone,” he concluded.

“The stone!” shrieked the hostess. “Do you mean gallstones? But that’s cholesterol!” Peter was not attending. As when he had delivered a short harangue in class, his own distant words roared in his ears like the pounding of the sea in a conch shell. Then slowly he began to pick up fragments of the surrounding chatter. “But what about your proteins?” “Vitamin A?” “Not even *cottage cheese*?” “Green noodles.” “But if you eat noodles, you’re eating eggs, aren’t you?” “Don’t you find it hard in the restaurants here? You never see a vegetable except in the markets. I always wonder what they do with them.” Peter recognized the languid voice of a Princetonian major in government studies. The clamor of agreement and laughter betrayed the anti-French sentiment ever ready to be mobilized when Americans in Paris got together. And as happened with anti-Semites merrily fraternizing, nobody at the table seemed to remember that there were French people present. “I mostly eat in Italian restaurants,” the girl said, when the chortles had died down. “They don’t mind if you only take spaghetti with tomato sauce and salad and fruit. At home, when I cook for myself, I use the Yoga cookbook.”

“I use that too!” cried Peter, who had bought his secondhand along the Seine. “It has some great recipes.” “Fantastic. Where in the world did you find yours? At Brentano’s?” Peter told her, “The guy let me have it for a franc.” “Me too!” she exclaimed, her eyes widening. “Isn’t that funny? Quai des Grands Augustins. I bargained.” “Me Quai

Voltaire.” “Do you have a Waring Blendor?” Peter did not have a Waring Blendor. “Golly, you ought to get one. They’re terrific for vegetable soups.”

Peter’s umbilicus registered a tug on the silver cord; his mother disapproved of traffic with blenders and Mixmasters; at that moment, in New York (9 A.M. Eastern Standard Time), she was doubtless pressing chestnuts or something through a sieve. “Jean can get you one at the PX,” the girl went on kindly. “You save a lot that way.” “Thanks. Maybe I’ll do that.” He must be out of his mind. His landlady would never let him have a blender, even if he were willing to scrap family principles and acquire one, and it would be a hard thing to hide in what passed for his closet. Yet could he ask this glorious crank to dinner and use a food mill? It came to him that he must be falling in love, but would she deign to notice a reedy college junior?

According to his mother, there was no such thing as unreciprocated love. Love was something that happened between two people. It was not a solitary affair. But even if that dictum could be trusted, he was not sure that it applied to him. *After adolescence*, the fair Rosamund had stipulated. Maybe he had not finished adolescence. He still had that croak in his voice.

A piece of pumpkin pie had materialized before him. Assuming that egg and milk had gone into its composition, he hardly dared turn his eyes to his right. His own appetite had left him; he shook his head to a scoop of vanilla ice cream. But Roberta Scott was eating the pie. She must be hungry. Her nut cup, he observed, was empty. Silently he exchanged it for his full one, which he had been saving for her—a present.

“Maybe you’d like to come to supper some night at my place. I could make some spaghetti and salad.” She considered this for nearly a minute, putting down her fork and chewing her lower lip; she had a way of looking you steadily in the eyes when you had made a remark, such as he had encountered among very poor people the summer before last in Umbria. “Why, yes, sure, I’d like to. Thanks a lot.” A friendly eager smile replaced the clouds of perplexity on her features. “Next week?” he said boldly. “What about Tuesday?”

But even as he spoke he became aware of a surrounding silence. The general was on his feet and tapping on his glass for attention. He was going to offer a toast. To a character called Benjy, aged about eighteen, who had passed most of the meal in speechless obscurity. Peter had been introduced to him in the elevator. “We’re Leonard and Alice Burnside, from the Embassy, and this is our son, Benjy. Benjy, put that cigarette out and shake hands.” At table his wine intake had been monitored by his mother, a big woman in a magenta wool dress. Now, amid general astonishment, wriggling and

pale, he was elevated to star billing. "Is it his birthday?" someone wondered. But it was not Benjy's birthday. The kid was volunteering to take up arms for his country. That was what the clinking of glasses was about.

Glances of disbelief passed between the other young males at the table, numbering three: Peter, the boy from Northwestern, and the ultra-WASP Princetonian, who bore the curious name of Silvanus Platt. They listed to Benjy's mother explaining to the French colonel that her son was so sold on the Vietnamese war that he could not wait to be drafted. "*Il s'est rallié aux couleurs.*" "*Il a devancé l'appel,*" absently corrected the Frenchman. "*Je vous félicite, jeune homme. Et vous surtout, madame.*" He raised his glass.

The mother drank to her son. "It was Benjy's own decision. 'I've got to go, Mom,' he said. Leonard wanted us to refuse our consent. Though he's only Benjy's stepfather. 'Let him wait till he's nineteen,' Leonard said. But I couldn't say no to Benjy. I never have been able to. I guess I've spoiled him. But he's my only child." Her face, which might have been pretty when she was young, crinkled and puckered like a wide seersucker bedspread.

During all this, her son had not opened his mouth except to engorge pie and ice cream. Benjy's worst fear, she went on, giggling, was that he might be sent to Germany, instead of out there, where the fighting was. At that point, the kid gave tongue. "Yeah," he said. "That's right."

Actually Peter felt a revolted pity for Benjy. As transpired somewhat later, the kid was a "problem" who had not been able to get into any college or find a job and had been hanging around Paris collecting traffic tickets while driving the family car—food for cannon, in the words of Falstaff. Yet it would be surprising if he passed his physical, he was so awful and pathetic. His hobby was collecting matchbook folders. On the mental plane, the only message that had got through to him was anti-Communism. He wanted to be able to kill Viet Cong. And his parents, probably, were letting the poor creep volunteer in the hope that the army would make a man of him—passing the buck to the Pentagon where they themselves had failed. Yet that woman must know that she was in line to be a Gold Star mother unless the war stopped.

It came to Peter that, contrary to what you would expect in such a milieu, Benjy's parents were far from being proud of the patriot they had fledged. Even if he came back covered with medals, he would not get the fatted calf. To hear his mother tell it, she spent most of her time on her knees praying for peace. "Though Benjy doesn't like me to. He hates it if I go into some little church and light a candle." "Yeah. I want to get some of those gorillas first." "*Guerrillas*, please, Benjy."

She gave the *l's* a Spanish pronunciation. "He used to think they were real gorillas," she explained, with a little gurgle of a laugh. "He got that from listening to the radio." "I guess a lot of people make that mistake," the general said easily. "Well, here's luck to you, Ben." He handed the boy a large non-Cuban cigar. "Hope you see some action if that's what you want. In an 'advisory' capacity, of course." He chuckled. From Benjy, a strange ack-ack sound issued; like a kid playing machine guns, he crouched in his chair, as if taking aim. "Here they come," he said, "in a human-wave assault!"

Silence followed. It became obvious that even Chuck was somewhat embarrassed by the potential hero in their midst. "I guess Ben saw too many World War II movies when he was younger," he suggested. "The little yellow men in the jungle." "That's what I used to say to Leonard," the boy's mother chimed in. "'I don't see why the Embassy keeps showing those old war movies. They ought to think of the effect on the children.' Didn't I say that, Leonard? And now look at the result. All he can think about is human waves and sharpshooters hiding in coconut palms and assassins in black pajamas."

"Holy cats, Mom," said Benjy, puffing on the general's cigar. "You sound as if I was a freak or something. Isn't a guy supposed to want to fight for his country?" "Personally I want to stay alive," said Silvanus Platt. "How about you, Jay?" "Me too," said the boy from Northwestern. "Me too," said Peter, though in fact he was not sure that this ought to be his prime aim. "Wouldn't you rather be dead than red?" said Benjy. "No," said Peter. "Practically nobody would, when it comes down to it. They just think they would. All those Poles and Hungarians would be committing suicide if that idea was true. Anyway, this war isn't stopping Communism, so far as I can see. It may even be helping Communism by making people hate Americans."

To his surprise, the general nodded. "This is the wrong war in the wrong place, the way I look at it. Nothing will suit the world Communist conspiracy better than to have us send a land army to get bogged down in those mangrove swamps. It's a decoy. We don't want to commit our manpower out there, and the sooner we wrap it up, the happier all concerned here at NATO will be. We know where the main enemy is located—at the same old address, the Kremlin, Moscow. The day we land ground forces on those Asian beaches, we surrender Western Europe to the Red Army."

Peter had not thought of it this way. Still he was glad to hear a militarist spouse getting out of Vietnam. "But won't Johnson have to face some pretty rough domestic criticism if we just pull out our advisers and leave the South Vietnamese to cope? I mean—" "For Christ's sake, Levi, I said

'wrap it up.' Hanoi has to come to its senses. We could knock out that little country with one punch tomorrow. You know that as well as I do. *They* know it."

At these words, suddenly, the party got rough. Practically everybody started shouting his opinion. The Frenchwoman was shrilling about Foster Dulles and the chronic "*lâcheté*" of the Americans. Always too little and too late. The betrayal at Dienbienphu. Suez. Her husband, more tactful, sought to divide the blame. The French had betrayed too. The Left. Mendès-France. Geneva. He barely stopped short of attacking De Gaulle, his own commander in chief. A parliament of fools was in session. Roberta Scott put her hands over her ears. "But what would you have us do now, sir?" said Silvanus Platt smoothly. "Granting that you're right in your analysis. That's all water over the dam now. Where do we go from here? How do we persuade Ho Chi Minh to call it quits?"

"*Mais la bombe, bien sûr,*" the colonel answered, throwing out his hands. "*Une seule suffirait.*" "Atomic or hydrogen?" Peter inquired coldly, getting in return a pitying look. "*Atomique, naturellement. N'exagérons pas.*" But the general was not sure that an atomic bomb on Hanoi would do the trick. You had to think of world opinion and what the Russian response would be. If you decided to use the bomb, it might make more sense to drop it on Peking, before the Chinese got theirs. That would give Ho something to think about, and the Russians would scarcely object. "*Ces Chinois s'en foutent,*" said the Frenchman. With the manpower the Chinese had, an atom bomb would be just a flea-bite.

On the whole, Chuck did not favor dropping atomic hardware on Hanoi. "We can do it with conventional stuff, if we have to." "But why should it be necessary, sir?" said Silvanus Platt. "Wouldn't a clear warning suffice? As you say, they know we have the wherewithal to wipe them out tomorrow." "Yeah," said Benjy. "But they don't think we'll use it. We've got to *show* them." "Benjy!" "*Mais votre fils a raison, madame,*" said the Frenchman. *Le pauvre papa* Khrushchev had been willing to listen to reason; when Kennedy threatened, he understood. But these Orientals were fanatics. . . .

"We can't bomb Hanoi!" Peter burst out. "I mean, it's impossible for us to do a thing like that." "Why not?" said Benjy's stepfather, a bald man who had something to do with trade or economics. "I don't say I favor it necessarily. I just want to know, why not? I was in the Air Force. We bombed Germany." "OK, OK," said Peter, feeling weary. "I agree, we had to do that. Though maybe I would have been against some of those raids if I'd been alive then. I think you can draw a line between bombing military targets and bombing civilians." "The Nazis didn't." "But they were *Nazis!* For Christ's sake, that was the point, wasn't it?" "What's

so sacred about a civilian?" said the general. "If he's working in a factory making war goods? Grow up, boy." "I think Peter's right, Dad," said Jean. "We have to be *better* than our enemy." "I agree," said Benjy's mother. "We *are* better than our enemy!" shouted the general. "I haven't finished what I was saying," objected Peter. "Let him talk, honey."

Peter started again. "So we bombed Germany. And Hiroshima and Nagasaki. My generation was born with that on its conscience. Actually I was ten months old when Hiroshima happened." "If it shortened the war, it was worth it," interrupted the general. "Saved American lives *and* Japanese lives. And if we hadn't bombed those dear German civilians, the Nazis would have had the bomb ahead of us. Put that in your pipe and smoke it." "Chuck!" "Don't you think Truman could have dropped one teensy atom bomb on a deserted atoll?" said the woman on Peter's left in dreamy tones. "That would have given the Japanese a chance to surrender when they knew what they were up against. If they didn't surrender then, it was their own responsibility." "'His blood be upon us and upon our children,'" muttered Peter. "Maybe that might have been the best way, Helen," said Mrs. Lammers soothingly. "But one man can't think of everything, you know, especially with a war on. We were certainly all grateful to President Truman when it was over. Now, let's go into the other room and let Peter Levi have his say."

"OK, skip Hiroshima. We'll never agree about that. About Germany, I'll even concede that maybe our saturation-bombing helped shut down the gas ovens, though my father claims it was the opposite—it stiffened German morale. But anyway the Nazis were bombing England, which was our ally. The North Vietnamese aren't bombing anybody." "Just minding their own business, eh?" said the general. "Are they helping the Viet Cong or aren't they?" put in Benjy's stepfather, getting excited. "Have you heard about infiltration? And atrocities? Civilians—women and children—ruthlessly murdered. Grenades tossed into theaters and other public places. Assassination of teachers and local officials." "Standard operating procedure," said the general, nodding. "Poisoned arrows," said Benjy. "And those punji stakes dipped in shit that they make traps out of. They don't abide by the rules of war." "Beheadings. Kidnappings. Standard operating procedure," repeated the general. "Do you approve of that kind of stuff, Levi?"

Peter groaned. "No." He was starting to feel sick. The general followed up. "Maybe you think it's all U. S. propaganda?" "No, I guess not. I guess those things happen." "*Happen!* Somebody does them. Somebody directed from Hanoi. Directed, supplied, and instigated. We have documentary proof and

plenty of it. Now, how are you going to put a stop to that?" "I don't know," said Peter.

He was getting the worst of the argument. Across the living room, Roberta Scott had her chin sunk in the palm of her hand, like a statue of dejection; no help there. He had been hoping that, coming from Philadelphia, she might be a Quaker. "Go ahead," insisted the general. "Give us your ideas. We're listening." Peter's head was buzzing. It was like one of those exam nightmares where you suddenly discover you have forgotten to do your class work. He tried to recall things his mother had said, things he himself had said, during the Goldwater campaign, which already seemed so long ago, like a golden age of clarity. And he remembered his father telling his mother that Peter might make a good judge but he could never be an advocate.

Put on the spot, he could not think of a single alternative to the unthinkable, which was bombing those frail little people in conical hats. The persuasive words "land reform" floated into his ken, like a broken slug of printer's type. Give the South Vietnamese peasants something to fight for—a stake in their government? But even if land distribution was possible, it would take a long time and might not end the war but actually intensify it, assuming both sides became equally determined—had anybody ever considered that?

"We should negotiate," he said at last. "Great. Hear, hear," said Mr. Burnside. "I couldn't agree more. But how are we going to get talks going? It takes two to negotiate. We're ready and willing to sit down and talk, but Hanoi claims there's nothing to talk about. We just withdraw our support and let the Viet Cong take over. Simple." Peter licked his lips. "But isn't that what we're saying ourselves? *They* should withdraw *their* support. Why should we have the right to demand that and not them? It's more their country than ours." "So you favor a Commie take-over," said the general. "No! But if I had to choose between that and bombing them, I guess I'd be for that." "So you favor it. You kids might have the guts to say what you think, instead of pussyfooting. Lay it on the line." "Maybe there wouldn't be a take-over," said Peter, voicing his deepest wish. The general then gave a bark of laughter. "Oh, God, friend, where have you been all my life?"

The other youths, with the exception of Benjy, had been quiet for a long time. It was impossible to tell on whose side they were now, apart from the question of their own personal survival.

Roberta Scott was studying some little ivory chessmen on the table beside her; she looked as if every word spoken were making her unhappy. "It's inconceivable!" Peter cried. "Don't you see that? Doesn't *anybody* see that?" "What's inconceivable,

honey?" said Letitia. "That we'll bomb North Vietnam. If we do that, I think I'll kill myself." "Is that a promise or a threat?" said Chuck, kidding. "Hey, take it easy." "Why are you getting so worked up?" said Donna Elvira kindly. "I don't like the idea myself, but it wouldn't be the end of the world, would it? What's so special about bombing Hanoi?" "They can't retaliate," said Peter, letting his breath out with a long sigh. "And that's *why* we'd do it. To prove to them how powerful we are. If we thought they could retaliate, we wouldn't."

Roberta raised her eyes and met his. She sighed too. "Yes. Golly, yes." "Since when is superior weaponry a reason for not using it?" inquired Chuck. "This is war, not a horse race, buddy." Peter had had enough. Tears rushed to his eyes. "You don't give a damn about your country, you stupid patriot. You don't care *what* it does. Or about its fair name. I *love* America or what I used to think was America. Listening to you, I don't recognize it anymore."

To his amazement, nobody moved to throw him out of the apartment. "I think Peter needs a little fresh air," Letitia said quickly. "We all do. Let's get our things on and go out and play softball now. It gets dark so early these days. Though we ought to be grateful to French Daylight Saving . . ." Still chattering, she was guiding him to the bathroom. She turned on the cold-water tap. "You just put this damp washcloth on your eyes and you'll feel better. We gave you too much bourbon. I always forget that it's a hundred proof." "I'd better go home now," said Peter, applying the cold cloth to his burning face. "I'm sorry I was rude." "Just a good clean argument, honey. Good for the digestion. You'll forget all about it when you've had some exercise. I know Chuck will. Between you and me, it kind of got under his skin to see that girl refusing to touch her food. I saw that right away. He's such a wonderful host, loves to entertain."

Peter nodded. "Tell me the truth, Mrs. Lammers. Are we going to bomb Hanoi?" "I don't know, Peter. I wouldn't know a thing like that. Chuck wouldn't either. He was just talking off the top of his head. Got carried away. And that Benjy upset him too. We've known him since he was a toddler, when we served with the Burnside's in Madrid. They're *beside* themselves with worry. When you see a boy like that *wanting* to go out and get killed in that crazy war, it makes you wonder. Underneath, Chuck would a lot rather see him sign up for the Peace Corps. I want you to believe that."

"OK, I believe you, Mrs. Lammers." Peter rested his head against the cold tiles of the bathroom wall. "Chuck agrees with you more than you realize. But we just can't walk away, can we? I mean, we have a commitment. If we walk out, our allies right here in NATO will start wondering whether they can trust us. There would be all these repercussions that the ordinary person doesn't think about. You *are* for

the NATO shield, aren't you?" As she took the washcloth from his hands, she darted an anxious glance into his eyes.

"I guess so," said Peter. His father said NATO was a necessary evil, which you could say about a lot of things without their becoming good. As a deterrent to the Russians, maybe it had served its purpose. Maybe the moment had come for it to fold its tents and silently steal away. But after the workout he had gotten, Peter's sweaty brain was unequal to arguing about the consequences of an Atlantic Treaty fadeaway. The Red Army at the Rhine? At the Marne? No more PX—that was for sure. Pity and weariness won the day. Let them keep their shield.

Out in the Bois, as Letitia had predicted, he felt somewhat better. He was on Chuck's team, and though he struck out his first time at bat, in the field he was fairly fast on his feet. The stars were the long-legged Roberta, in the pitcher's position, and the big Mrs. Burnside at bat. The French colonel, surprisingly, was an agile shortstop and outfielder and fleet on the bases. Benjy was terrible. He would never survive basic training, even if he passed his physical; his nicotine-stained fingers were all thumbs, and he panted noisily, trotting after an easy fly.

A small crowd of French children gathered to watch *les Américains* and to chase an occasional ball. Peter found he was enjoying himself and even enjoying the sense of being an American, as, waiting his turn at bat, he explained the idea of the game in French to the kids. Yet in the fourth inning, stationed in the outfield, he found he had the hiccups. Taking part in the national sport, on top of the national bird, had been too much. He tried holding his breath and swallowing accumulated saliva, hoping that they would pass before anybody noticed. Instead, they got worse. When Chuck waved him in at the end of the inning, he was hiccuping so loudly, like a drunkard in a play, that the French *gosses* began to imitate him, whirling around, jerking, and making whistling noises. He could not even get his breath to tell them to *foutre le camp*.

Various remedies were suggested: drinking from the wrong side of a glass, hanging his head and counting to a hundred, getting a sudden shock. He went in search of a drinking fountain. Needless to say, this being France, none materialized, though he walked for half a mile; the lake where he used to row, polluted naturally, rose before him like a cruel mirage. Chuck was at bat when he reappeared in their midst. "Hic!" The general, making a foul

tip, glanced at him with annoyance. Benjy offered to go with him and try to find a *café*.

When they finally found one and Peter had swallowed four glasses of Évian while holding his breath, the hiccups subsided. But then he had to wait for Benjy to finish a Pernod he had ordered. "Would you like to smoke some grass?" said Benjy, feeling in his pockets. Peter shook his head. "Let's get back to the ball game." But it was a long way from the *café*. By the time they got to the Bois, dusk was falling; the little meadow where they had been playing was empty, and all the players had fled. Peter was bitter. "Wouldn't you think they would have waited for us? Hiccups can be a serious thing. Christ, there've been cases of people who've had them for a year and finally croaked!" "Yeah. I read about one of those." "And that girl is supposed to be a *doctor*! Well, a medical student anyway." "But you're OK now, aren't you?" "But they don't *know* that." "I see what you mean. You can't rely on most people, that's for sure. That's what appeals to me about the army. The buddy system. Like today. You had it bad in the windpipe, and I stuck by you. You'd do the same for me."

Just then a voice called "Hi!" Jean had waited for them. She emerged from a sort of copse. "Mother was worried about you. She said to take you to the American Hospital if your hiccups hadn't stopped." "I'm OK now, thanks. It was nice of you to wait, though. What happened to the others?" "Benjy's parents went home. And Roberta had to go to a concert." "Oh . . . She didn't leave any message?" "No. But she agreed with Mother that you ought to go to the American Hospital. They could give you an anti-spasmodic, she said." "She didn't mention anything about dinner?" "*Dinner?* Gosh, can you still eat?" "I don't mean now. I asked her to dinner next week. A vegetarian meal." "Isn't that sweet of you, Peter! Do you know how to cook?" "Yes." "I love cooking myself. What kind of dishes can you make?" "Oh, *you* know, spaghetti . . ." The three started walking through the landscaped wood. Peter could see that if he were not careful he would be entertaining Jean for dinner soon. And smoking grass with Benjy. Those two seemed to be his real friends. A final hiccup issued from his craw. "Oops!" Jean giggled. "Dad is a card. He thinks you can cure hiccups by willpower. That's what he said, just now." "Maybe you can," muttered Peter. "What did Roberta have to say?" "She claims they're a medical mystery. Doctors don't know what causes them or why they go away." "Like love," said Benjy, astonishingly. "Something in your chemistry that you can't control. Yeah." They continued pensively walking in the direction, they hoped, of a Métro station. For a while they were lost in the wood. □

EPISODE IN TOKYO BAY

by Theodore H. White

There was little joy on that day in 1945. "I wanted to be out of Asia then, and hoped we would stay out until the end of time. If that happened the surrender would have meant something. . . ." So writes one of America's celebrated reporters in this memoir of the end of the war with Japan.

It is twenty-five years ago now; and as I see pictures of the Fair in Osaka, and listen to home-coming tourists talk of Japan, I keep trying to comb from memory Japan the way it was that September week of victory so long ago.

For it was not at all like the victory in Europe a few months before—ringing of parades and cheers. Japan had been destroyed completely. Yet those of us who were there to report the surrender had no joy in it. I remember mostly the grayness of the skies and the silence, broken only by that one morning on the decks of the *Missouri*. And by the end of that week, even as a junior correspondent, I knew that what we had seen was not the coming of peace but an episode in a pattern whose unfurling no one could then foresee. We had punched our way through only to the edge of another unknown. Asia lay beyond.

It was on August 10, 1945, four days after the Bomb hit, that Japan had said it was surrendering. The radio announced it as official. Yet nothing happened that any of us on the perimeter of war could detect in the routine either of base camps or headquarters.

Then, nine days later, a striped plane was circling over Nichols Field in Manila at dusk, our fighters were patrolling above it, and the plane from Japan was coming down on the runway. Until then there had been this ethereal nonreal quality stretching

over Asia-at-war: radio messages and their transcripts, which we tried to decipher for meaning. But now real live Japanese were stepping out of the plane, the first live Japanese any of us had seen, except across guns, for almost four years.

The first Japanese out was a general, Vice Chief of Staff of the Imperial Army, Kawabe Torashiro. A tiny man, three rows of bright ribbons across his chest, uniform spotless and pressed, but his face sleepless, sullen, and puffed. He dragged a long samurai sword behind from his belt. The second, a diplomat in civilian clothes, was a slob—white pith-helmet filthy, a soiled handkerchief tucked between throat and collar to soak up sweat. Behind followed other little men, one officer carrying a red satchel-bag, the civilians all carrying briefcases like Japanese salesmen. Most unimpressive.

General Kawabe put his hand out to shake with our colonel at the foot of the plane steps. Our colonel refused and jerked his thumb back like a traffic cop motioning someone to pull over, at which all our soldiers and air-force men, sitting on the wings of planes, on the roof of the tower, clustered and hanging from every ledge of the two-story operations shack, yelled "*Banzai! Banzai!*" It was the only moment of spontaneous exultation I heard in the war.

Whether Kawabe heard the GI's taunting or not, I don't know. His face was rock. He strode swiftly in the direction motioned and faced our general, Willoughby. This time he did not offer to shake hands. He saluted, Willoughby returned the salute, the *banzai* shouts died out, and a car drove them off. Through the shattered streets of Manila, by the shredded, smoke-black palm rows, he was driven to Manila's city hall, to let him see the destruction the Japanese had done only a few months before, when they gutted the city. At the battered city hall, MacArthur's staff dictated armistice terms; at 2 A.M. they gave the Japanese beer and sand-

wiches, brought the Japanese back the next morning, and sent them home at one o'clock the next day. Then the time of doubt began, eleven days of concern.

Was it a trap? Was this another false Japanese parley, like the Kurusu-Nomura talks just before Pearl Harbor? Or was it real?

The Japanese delegation had accepted, at MacArthur's dictation, his "GENERAL ORDER NUMBER ONE."

"The Imperial General Headquarters," it began,

by the direction of the Emperor, and pursuant to the surrender to the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers of all Japanese Armed Forces by the Emperor, hereby orders all of its Commanders in Japan and abroad to cause the Japanese Armed Forces and Japanese-controlled forces under their command to cease hostilities at once, to lay down their arms, to remain in their present location and to surrender unconditionally to Commanders acting on behalf of the United States, the Republic of China, the United Kingdom and British Empire and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics as indicated hereafter or as may be further indicated by the Supreme Commander . . .

Then it ran for four and a half pages of detail.

But when Kawabe took off again for Tokyo, there was this motionless moment, stretching on day after uncertain day, punctuated only by radio messages to and from Tokyo, and across the Pacific. Transcripts came fresh each morning to the press camp, and we tried to make sense of them.

Japanese submarines surfacing all over the Pacific, radioing in their coordinates, riding at night with their lights in the pattern we set.

A plaintive message from Tokyo; off Hokkaido, said the Japanese, a submarine was surfacing, "of small size, only of about 600 tons," shooting up Japanese merchant vessels for sport. The Japanese assumed this was a Russian submarine, but could we do something about it?

A freshet of messages gave us some sense of what the Communists and Nationalists were doing to each other in China, in their race to start the civil war. "The situation in China," began one Japanese message to us, "following the cessation of hostilities is as follows, 1. Various military authorities of Chungking and Yenan and troops under their command are rushing unwarrantedly and without discipline into the area under Japanese control; and separately demanding the Japanese

to disarm. 2. Meanwhile, the Japanese troops are executing their best efforts for the protection of the people as well as their own nationals, scarcely succeeding in preventing further aggravation of the confused situation. 3. . . ."

A sad message marked No. 22: From: Japanese Government, To: Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers. "Food supply on MINAMI TORIJIMA will be completely exhausted on the 26th August. We therefore desire to send a transport to send provisions and bring back the sick and wounded. Regarding the schedule of movement, markings etc. of the said transport we shall notify you later."

But did such radioed messages reflect reality or not? We sat in Manila for days, examining the transcripts, reading them as Romans read entrails. Were the Japanese trying to suck us in, then clobber our advance units when we had only two or three divisions ashore? Was there to be a final bloodbath? The Azabu regiment in Tokyo had a long history of indiscipline and political action in prewar Japan. We had bombed Mito to the ground just north of Tokyo; Mito was the hometown of the most radical religious-military groups in Japan. Just north of Mito was Sendai, another hotbed of military radicalism. Would they yield to the Emperor's edict, or would they rise to fight when we landed? We could not monitor internal Japanese instructions; we had lost 12,500 men taking Okinawa, the thin, outlying approach island to the main islands—how many more might we lose if Japan rose in resistance, flouting the Emperor?

The GI reaction to all this was simple. All my notes of conversations with the troops added up to the same statement: "Don't Trust the Sons of Bitches."

Headquarters had a cooler view: what we were pulling off, if it worked, was a coup d'etat. We had the Emperor. If the Emperor could hold his army and people in line, surrender might be real. But even if it *was* real, how did we handle it? Our bombers had broken all the roads and every railroad on the great Tokaido route, which runs from Tokyo west through Nagoya, Osaka, Kobe, Hiroshima, to Shimonoseki. The Japanese had no coal, no fuel, no oil, no clothes. And we had no policy. We had not planned to be in Japan until early winter. First, so our master plan had run, we would hit Kyushu, the southernmost of the main islands, in October. If that went well, we would hit Honshu, the central island, in November or December. The cost, it was estimated, might run to 100,000 American lives. But then the Bomb dropped; now we were to enter Japan in September with winter coming, ourselves unready; and starvation, mass disease, unemployment would be our chief problems. If we could not cope, the starving Japanese would be ripe for any form of sabotage, resistance, politics, or anarchy. Food was the pinch.

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We had to get food in quickly, for Japan could not feed itself; 50 percent of Japan's food had been extorted from China and Manchuria. This led to a consideration of shipping, the bleakest matter of all. Japan had begun the war, an intelligence officer told me, with 6,900,000 tons of shipping; it might possess now, at a maximum, 750,000 tons. With our men itching to get home, where would we get the bottoms to ship Japan the food so essential? It would be twenty or twenty-five years, he said, before Japanese shipping reached prewar levels. (Japan: 1970: 26,000,000 tons of shipping.)

The only man absolutely serene was Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Allied Commander. I had always been amused by Douglas MacArthur, and now that he is dead, it is probably safe to say that I liked him. He could be magnificently right and magnificently wrong at the same time. Talk with him was an audition of Ciceronian rhetoric. MacArthur had a priority of hatreds, and over the years, his bitterness, to me, seemed to run in this order: first, for Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom he loathed, but served because the American people had incomprehensibly voted him to sacred office; next, George Catlett Marshall, whom Douglas MacArthur considered overly ambitious; third, the United States Navy, which he had stigmatized at the beginning of the war as "a fourth-rate navy" and which he now felt was trying to steal the honor of victory from him.

But aside from these objects of wrath, he fought his war without hate. For him, the Japanese were simply errant Orientals who, certainly, had to be chastised; but for them, as for all Orientals, he had a paternal affection. His attitude to the Japanese was severe but benign. I had last seen him forty-eight hours after the dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima. His chain smoking was less conspicuous than usual that day, but one could tell he was upset that he, Douglas MacArthur, had not been informed in advance of the vast Manhattan bomb project. The day after the dropping of the bomb at Hiroshima, "they" had sent Karl Compton of MIT to Manila to brief him on the nature of nuclear weapons. I saw MacArthur the next day, and I remember him saying, "Wars are over, White, wars are over. There will never be another war. Men like me are obsolete, there can't be any more wars, White." Of course, in this, as in other assessments, MacArthur was both right and wrong at the same time. But MacArthur was in no doubt that the war with Japan was over. They had been defeated; they were surrendering; he would be stern but fair.

So sure was MacArthur that the Japanese *had* surrendered, that he planned to land at Atsugi field, between Tokyo and Yokohama, on the first day of our descent and occupation. It was a grand political gesture, yet, like so many of his gestures,

based on neat planning. Our first planes would land at dawn on Atsugi; they would be bearing the Eleventh Airborne Division from Okinawa; MacArthur would be coming in about ten o'clock—by which time we would know whether we were in a trap, or whether surrender was real. Time enough for his plane to turn back in flight, which was quite sensible planning. But no one really knew what waited for us.

Thus from Manila, I hitchhiked my way by plane north to Okinawa and an airstrip called Kadena, on Thursday, August 30.

On August 31, shortly after midnight, we would send the first echelon of ground and air-control personnel out of Okinawa, to land in Japan with the coming of the light. Okinawa, which is halfway on the line from the Philippines to Japan itself, had been secure for little over a month. It was a grubby, rocky island, blasted entirely to bits by our assault and the Japanese resistance. We had been bulldozing the southern half of the island into airstrips that seemed to link one to the other in almost continuous belts; and the bulldozers pushed dried-out bodies of Japanese to the side of the road along with the rubble, as if they were refuse. Our strip, Kadena, was wing tip to wing tip airplanes that night—planes from the Hump, planes from the North Atlantic run, planes from the Mid-Pacific and Mid-Africa runs had been flown in waiting for takeoff day. A typhoon had delayed takeoff by two days, but now ten beacon ships were strung out north from Okinawa to Sagami-Wan to blink us on our way.

The planes went off in the night, spitting back blue flame from their nacelles, as tightly timetabled as suburban trains out of Grand Central in those wonderful reliable prewar days. At Kadena our takeoff schedule was fifteen planes an hour. Our plane—and I cannot remember whether it was a C-46 or C-54—took off about an hour after the first contingent, and before anyone had yet landed at Atsugi. This gave us time enough to turn back if trouble developed at Atsugi, but enough honor to say we were in on the first landings—at least before MacArthur.

It was a short flight from Okinawa to Japan—no more than three hours on bucket seats, flying with troops of the Eleventh Airborne; and no one slept. The men fingered and picked at their guns, as troops always do getting ready. As dawn seeped in at six, we were flying under an overcast; below we could pick out the tips of the volcanic islands that lead to Tokyo Bay. Our plane rocked in a rain squall, bobbed about, then slipped into a patch of sun. And there in the sun, stretching as far as we could see in the inner arms of Tokyo Bay, was Halsey's Third Fleet—flattops and battleships, cruisers and destroyers, more than anyone had ever seen

except in toy stores at Christmas. Then, to our left, in the distance, an unmistakable mountain cone, Fujiyama. Then the surf breaking on sand shores, the green rice fields, nothing moving on any road below, and down to the landing at Atsugi, which is exactly twenty-two miles southwest of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo and perhaps twelve miles from Yokohama.

The first touchdowns could have preceded us by little more than an hour, but they had blunted the crisp edge of confrontation. Off at one end of the field crowded together, wing tips crazy-cocked to the sky, were the camouflaged green planes of the Japanese Air Force, stacked as junk. The Stars and Stripes was flying. Our planes were coming down at two-minute intervals; American ground-control jeeps led each plane to its stand-in, combat-packed troops unloaded, and then Japanese drivers, each with a Japanese interpreter, trucked them off to perimeter points. As we watched, we saw the perimeter of occupation swell; on hangars went up the signs: ATC; FEAF; Third Battalion; Seventh AACs. Headquarters and signal men began to communicate. The perimeter was soon far beyond the field, secure. Peace, wonderful.

It was ten in the morning before we felt the perimeter secure enough to test beyond, and I joined the Third Battalion, Eleventh Airborne as it pushed off in a column of Japanese trucks. Yellow and red ribbons marked our route. Japanese gendarmes and troops lined the roads, their backs to us, rifles slung across shoulders, scanning the countryside which they had swept clean. The fields empty, no farmers in sight, straw flats of grain drying in the sun; washing hanging on the line near the little wooden bungalows; but everyone indoors. It was silent all the way into Yokohama, the green paddies rising in crescents beyond the shrublike trees, but no one there. We came into Yokohama by the Sakuragicho station; and our battalion, the point of the occupation, made for the Grand Hotel on the Bund.

It might have been make-believe, it went so fast. Two American infantrymen, grenades at the belt, guns ready, took over the door. A few minutes later a sergeant and a captain, assisted by a Japanese girl with thick-lensed eyeglasses, were ready to billet arrivals. Then the assistant manager, in frock coat and striped trousers, made his appearance in the lounge—a huge room, wood-paneled, with overstuffed pink furniture—and, wringing his hands, tried to find out from us what General MacArthur would like to eat for dinner. The Supreme Commander would sleep here, this was to be first-night Occupation Headquarters.

We went out shortly to look around. Perhaps a quarter of a mile of the Bund was intact, and from the Bund we could see Yokohama's harbor—empty.

On the waterfront: burned-out fishing boats, abandoned lighters, decaying launches rising and falling with the lapping of the waves; a single Japanese warship, one turret half-blown upside, its guns poking askew like broken stems; beyond in the near distance, one clean American battleship and two escorts, guns leveled at the city.

There was no need to level any guns at Yokohama. It was desert. We had told each other for years that the wood-and-paper houses of the Japanese would burn at first touch of fire bombing. So they had. The city was horizontal—acre after acre of rubble, above which three features repeated themselves over and over again, signature against the sky of our triumph: the speckle of big iron safes, cubes intact on plots where shops, offices, factories had vanished; the stubble of brick smokestacks rising high across the horizon, a silhouette of accusatory fingers; and a crust of corrugated iron shacks, all of them rusting, where people tried to live.

That is all I remember of Yokohama—and dreary people trudging about in the ruins. But the city was dead. So was Japan.

I remember intermittent rain Friday night and Saturday as we probed both Yokohama and Tokyo for pockets of hate or resistance.

The rain and the mists fogged both cities' profiles, fogged the ruins, fogged the few trees still left, so that all the outlines were soft and blurred as in those Oriental paintings we see in museums. Both cities were soundless, no traffic horns, no screech of brakes, no whistles. It was the sound of children I missed most in the hush—all children had been evacuated. In Tokyo, St. Luke's Hospital was still standing, renamed the Greater East Asia Hospital. It was a hospital for the elite; their cases, however, were largely misery cases—malnutrition, edema, dysentery, respiratory infections, nephritis. No one there would guess how many had died. The Imperial Palace was intact behind its moat; the Emperor was said to be inside, behind the walls, but fog hung over the trees we could dimly see in the mystery beyond. Occasionally one could see soldiers, presumably demobilized, wandering the roads, going home, some pushing wheelbarrows, more often carrying what was theirs in a sack across the shoulders. In villages, when we drove through, young girls fled at sight. But the children gravely saluted us as they had been taught to salute all soldiers; so we saluted back.

When we paused to talk we found neither hate nor resistance—nor guilt. The Japanese soldier who drove us, for example, had been brought from Manchuria with his division for defense of the homeland. Then, on August 15, his battalion had been lined up in a circle to hear, on the radio, a message from the Emperor. They all knew the Emperor was going to ask them to fight to the end—death rather than surrender. When the Emperor,

instead, had said surrender they had cried. Cried. Now, not even the soldiers spoke to each other about it. It was over. There was no loss of face in surrendering to America, said our driver; America had the atom bomb. The Emperor had taken pity on his people.

There was a foreign office official in Tokyo. Wary of us. Japan's policy, he said, was now "international amity and goodwill." Japan would cooperate. "We are eager to join the United Nations," I find him saying in my notes.

There was the man we found in the House of Mitsui offices, his name Fujiro. Mitsui was high on the list of Japanese institutions we were going to abolish; its executives were prime candidates for war-criminal listings, as had been Krupps in Germany. When Fujiro found we were only reporters in uniform and had no intention of arresting him, he relaxed and broke out scotch for us. He passed from fear to graciousness in the first minute of talk. He was smart, and it is always a pleasure to hear a smart man talk; he detailed the breakdown as an industrialist would, his particular interest being shipping. It had been four months ago that the last oceangoing vessel of Japan's merchant marine had been able to get back to Yokohama safely. It was over a year ago since Kawasaki, the chief oil port of the nation, had berthed an oceangoing tanker from the South. All steel was destroyed. All industry

was destroyed. Yokohama, he thought, had lost 200,000 people, killed in the raids; 700,000 had fled under the bombings. For those who remained, there was no work; unemployment had begun to grow six months ago; now it was critical. Thus, to his plea: let Japan work to support itself, the textile factories, he said, could still make textiles—if America gave Japan cotton and let it sell the textiles abroad. Perhaps the shipyards could someday build ships again and pay their way, if America let them. "Frankly to speak, gentlemen," he said at one point, "there are no plans until your military tells us."

He was pleased by how we had behaved in the past twenty-four hours. He said the people had feared that American troops would come in, loot homes, rape women. Nothing of the sort had happened. He complimented us. We accepted the compliment. He poured another scotch from his silver flask and made a toast, "Gentlemen, to your safe arrival." We bowed and left.

Sunday was the day of formal surrender. A destroyer took us off the Bund in Yokohama in the early morning, and we climbed aboard the U.S.S. *Missouri* in the bay. The U.S.S. *Iowa* lay to one side, the *South Dakota* to the other. An old flag, with thirty-one stars, hung from one of the *Missouri's* turrets, the same flag that Commodore Perry had brought to Tokyo Bay when he opened Japan

"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

ALWAYS, PART OF THIS SECTION

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NEW YORK, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1945

LATE CITY EDITION

Clear and cool tonight;
Temperature today: High, 68, Low, 52;
Sunday: High, 64, Low, 50, Breeze, 1 to 3 M.

Section 1

JAPAN SURRENDERS TO ALLIES, SIGNS RIGID TERMS ON WARSHIP; TRUMAN SETS TODAY AS V-J DAY

HOLIDAY TRAFFIC NEAR 1941 LEVEL; 'CAS' IS PLENTIFUL

Since 1941 War Days but Congestion is Avoided

GOOD WEATHER PROMISED

Year-by-Resort Do Capacity Business—3 Persons Die in Queens Accidents

Times Sq. Takes V-J News Quietly

Times Square, the heart of the city, was quiet today as the news of Japan's surrender spread. The crowds that usually fill the square were sparse, and the atmosphere was one of somber reflection.

HAILE ERA OF PEACE

President Calls On U.S. to Stride On Toward a World of Good-Will

SALUTES HEROIC DEAD

Cautions Jubilant Nation Hard Jobs Ahead Need Same Zeal as War

JAPANESE FOREIGN MINISTER SIGNING SURRENDER ARTICLES



WAR COMES TO END

Articles of Capitulation Endorsed by Countries in Pacific Conflict

MARTIN LUTHER KING SEES PEACE

Emperor Orders Subjects to Obey All Commands Issued by General

PRESIDENT STRESSES LABOR DAY OF PEACE

President Truman today called for a "Labor Day of Peace" as the nation celebrated the end of World War II. He urged workers to continue their efforts in rebuilding the country.

BYRNES FORESEES Japan's Surrender Ordered TOKYO AIDES WEEP

Secretary of War Henry Stimson today announced that the Japanese government had agreed to the terms of unconditional surrender. The news was met with relief and joy in the United States.

to the West ninety-two years earlier. At the very top of the mainmast was the same flag, we were told, that flew over the Capitol on December 7, 1941.

The *Missouri* was heavy with people. The Marines had their generals there, the Navy had its admirals, the Army and Air Force their chiefs. From all over the world, military figurines had flown in—Russians, Chinese, British, Australians, Canadians, Dutchmen, French. The crush held everyone erect, each of us allotted two square feet of tiptoe space from which we could watch. No one could possibly have been left below. The sailors sat with their feet dangling from barrels of all the sixteen-inch guns; they hung from every line and sheet. None of us knew it then, but it was the last war America would cleanly, conclusively, win. We thought it was the last war ever, and wanted to watch.

The shrill piping announced the arrival of the Japanese. The first aboard was Mamoru Shigemitsu, the Japanese Foreign Minister, in silk hat and morning coat, striped trousers. He was a cripple; limping on his wooden leg and a cane, he pulled himself up the catwalk, clutching for a grip. He had lost the leg in some attempt to assassinate him before the war; the young radicals of pre-war Japan, believing then, as now, in direct action, had felt Shigemitsu was soft on Japan's destiny. Shigemitsu had wanted peace, not war; so they had tried to bomb him. But that was long before. Now we hated all Japs; so no one offered a hand or help to the crippled old man, as he dragged himself to the veranda deck where he would surrender.

Then came Japan's Chief of Staff, Yoshijiro Umezu. He was a sturdy man and easily hated. Solid, stiff, blank of face. His uniform, too, was absolutely crisp; ribbons on his chest; gold braid over his shoulder. I remember he had brown pocks on his cheek, and as he stood, after his arrival on the veranda deck, his teeth must have been tight-clenched, for as his muscles flexed, the brown pocks went in and out. He seemed to be a mean man; but he had the honor to commit suicide, I was told, later.

Other Japanese followed, perhaps five or six. When they were all there, at eight minutes past nine in the morning, Douglas MacArthur emerged from a cabin. MacArthur could always savor a moment, and this was a moment worth savoring. He was master of the Pacific. He had spent some time composing his remarks, but whenever MacArthur paused to write, it turned out as if his speeches had been written by William McKinley. His conversational style was much better. Out of respect, I shall not quote the purple passages that announced the end of the greatest war of all time.

His hands quivered as he held the text, and he gave his remarks full elocutionary form. Looking directly at Shigemitsu and Umezu, he concluded,

"I announce it my firm purpose . . . to insure that the terms of surrender are fully, promptly and faithfully complied with."

At this time, then, Shigemitsu took off his silk hat and limped forward to sign the document. Someone took pity and gave him a chair to sit on. He signed, withdrew. Umezu followed. Umezu took off his white gloves and refused the chair. He bent from the hips, like a folding rule; his stocky body was rigid for an instant; then, he signed, too.

MacArthur then handed the pen to a wasted figure behind him, Lieutenant General "Skinny" Wainwright, whom the Japanese had captured at Corregidor and abused in prison in Manchuria; and Wainwright signed for America. Then followed the others. Then MacArthur spoke again, "Let us pray that peace be now restored to the world, and that God will preserve it always." Then, turning directly to Umezu and Shigemitsu, he said: "These proceedings are closed"; and they were to go.

It was as they were going that the last thing happened, and happened to the split second, for our timing, in those days, was perfect. The skies had lightened, the rain of Saturday had stopped, and now the clouds above the ship were breaking when the drone sounded. There was a light buzzing in the distance, then a rumble, then the deafening tone of thousands of planes converging. Four hundred B-29's, the fire bombers that had leveled Japan, had taken off from Guam and Saipan hours before; the fleet carriers had coordinated their planes; they were to appear over the *Missouri* all at once. And they did. The four hundred B-29's came low, low over the *Missouri*, and the fifteen hundred fleet planes rose above, around them and on their wings; one should never use the phrase "a cloud of airplanes," but this time they were a cloud. They dipped over the *Missouri*, on to Yokohama, inland over Tokyo, then back out to sea again.

Ours had been Victory Through Air Power, and the planes paraded their triumph over Tokyo Bay, as Caesar's legionnaires had paraded theirs in Rome when the short sword was queen of the battlefield. It was the supreme moment of Air Power, and all Japan was in ruins beneath them. The memory of that power would seduce America to disaster in Asia in decades later; for such planes would be useless in the wars we were yet to face, which would be political wars. But we had no sense, then, or later, of the nature of politics in Asia.

A destroyer took us off the *Missouri*, to get us to a cablehead at Yokohama where we could file our stories. After that there was an evening by the bay-side, and I sat there with my old friend Robert Martin, who had come in with the fleet from the Pacific. As we dangled our legs over the wharf, I could see in the filthy water beneath Cracker Jack boxes that floated on the tide. Americans were landing safely in force. Martin said it must be the First Cavalry Division—they were coming in to occupy

from the seaside, and that was the kind of crap they were dumping. The wax packages of Cracker Jacks floated there, and I was suddenly tired of Japan. Let's feed the Japanese Cracker Jacks, I thought. Japan was through; it had become an administrative problem; and I ought to get back to China and let the Occupation revive Japan if it could.

A few days later, a four-engined C-54 was put at the disposal of the correspondents from China. It was not hard to persuade the crew, on picnic like ourselves, to go back to China via Shanghai, where there might be real fun. And so we were off in perfect skies for the first nonstop flight from Tokyo to Shanghai. On our way, as sightseers, we circled over Hiroshima—but it was so flat that there was nothing to describe, not even smokestacks; only the rivers running through the brown barrens below. It was not at all impressive from the air except for its neatness—the bomb had swept the heart of the town clean, like a broom.

Thus, at dusk into an airdrome near Shanghai. It was a close moment—we landed unannounced on the field, and when we pulled the door open there were bayoneted Japanese with guns pointed directly at us. They did not seem about to shoot, yet there was none of the obsequious friendliness I had known for three days in Japan. A young Japanese officer about my age came up the stairs to us, angry. He could speak no English. I no Japanese, so we tried to make ourselves understood in the broken Chinese we both spoke. I did my best to explain to him that Japan had surrendered, that I personally had just seen it in Tokyo. He said he had heard this only on the radio, that he had no orders to permit American planes to land here. But the heart had gone out of him; he did not want to shoot or seize us, only wanted us to go on our way. I insisted he give us trucks to take us to Shanghai and place his guards around our plane. Finally he gave in.

In Shanghai, it was as if no war had ever been. The Palace Hotel checked us in as if we were tourists; the steaks were a million dollars thick; wine, whiskey, beer, and brandy all there. The next morning we found we were not the first Americans to arrive; there had been Americans in ten days before to care for our prisoners of war in Japanese compounds. In the morning, when we woke, we could see our planes in the air dropping parachute packs of food and medicines on the prison compounds. Hordes of Chinese raced to retrieve what did not drop inside the compounds, and there were little carnivals where Chinese squabbled over drops. There were larger carnivals where we went in our trucks, and cheers for any American uniform. Along the waterfront, the peddlers were selling, along with their stinking dried fish, portraits of Chiang Kai-shek and Chinese and American flags. Sullenly, uniformed and armed Japanese held the city under discipline as it jubilated.

The news through that day was already making

the episode on board the *Missouri* smaller. In Shanghai one could catch up on cables missed in the two weeks of waiting for surrender. Chiang was demanding the Communists stand still in North China; the Communists were insisting they would take the Japanese surrender wherever they could, to fill the vacuum. Nationalist troops were due into Shanghai the next morning; but there was talk of a Communist uprising before they arrived.

I spent the entire afternoon trying to make contact with the Communists. And finally, because they trusted Americans then and my contacts were fairly good in those days, I found a lead, a clue, and a headquarters. The Communists calmed me. Yes, there had been a plan until just a day or two ago—not for an insurrection, but to pacify the city and take the Japanese surrender. They did have some of their own troops nearby. But now Yen-an had countermanded the plan and told them all to sit still. Mao Tse-tung himself was going to fly to Chungking, and there he would try to make peace with Chiang Kai-shek. So there would be no uprising. They were going to wait to see what happened. They could wait. They had time.

Their attitude bothered me. The surrender of Japan seemed to mean little to them; it was an episode in something larger, obscure.

That night I went to a nightclub with our crowd, and we were the first Americans to visit that particular nightclub. The owner was carried away by his first sight of the Liberators. Drinks were on the house, he said, so were the girls. My pick was a giantess, a White Russian lady in her middle thirties, well over six feet tall. She wanted to leave with me, and the owner gave special permission, so we went back to the Palace and had steak. Then we went up to my room; and late in the night, after she thought I had fallen asleep, I could hear her sobbing.

I, too, in the night realized I had no personal joy in this victory. I was content this war was over. It was right that the Japanese had been crushed. For the evil they had caused, they had been punished. Now, if they would only lock themselves up in their islands, and not bother anyone again, I would be pleased to see them spin silk, weave cotton, raise rice for the rest of my days. I wanted to be out of Asia then, and hoped we would stay out until the end of time. If that happened the surrender would have meant something; otherwise it would be only an episode in an unfurling story my son would have to finish.

We went on to Nanking the next day, and the day after that to Chungking. In Chungking, I wangled a number-two priority for a flight to the United States; and two weeks from the episode on the *Missouri* I was in Manhattan again, buying a brown pinstripe suit, walking out of a Seventh Avenue store as a civilian.

I have not seen Japan since, except on television and in picture magazines. It all looks quite different.

THE McCARTHY CAMPAIGN

by Abigail McCarthy

The (Gene) McCarthy-watchers have brought forth a stream of books attempting to solve the riddles of 1968. At the *Atlantic's* invitation, Mrs. McCarthy recorded some thoughts about the books and about her husband's campaign.

“**W**ho is right?” asked a puzzled lady at a dinner party the other night as people argued about the way change is effected in human history.

“Nobody yet,” said the man next to me, gratuitously answering the rhetorical question. I laughed and felt a sudden sense of relief. I had been trying for days to make sense of the campaign of 1968 in terms of the books written about it and the people who wrote them. It was like looking at maps of a well-known terrain. I found it hard to see the correspondence between the charted lines and the hills and woods I knew. Like the maps of early explorers, these books often have the proportions wildly wrong. (Or, like the New Yorker's map of the United States, they distort the whole in a myopic concentration on the author's particular thesis.)

Who has explained what happened in 1968? And who has done it best? *Nobody yet.*

Any survey of campaign books tells us as much about the varied authors as it does about the campaign. With the exception of the authors of *An American Melodrama*, who, like other foreign observers, sensed the importance of the McCarthy effort at the very beginning and had the advantage of British detachment, these authors have assumptions and reputations to defend. Theodore White, for example, had a best-selling format to maintain and also felt a personal devotion to the Kennedys. Richard Stout has labored by means of a year of research to give life to what he failed to see as a *Newsweek* reporter assigned to the campaign—the “coalition of conscience of citizens of all ages” which made up the McCarthy volunteer army. Ben Stavis

saw the campaign as a representative of the graduate student community who left academia to become part of the structure. Norman Mailer and Jeremy Lerner, one greater, one lesser, saw it as fiction writers, those who must, as a matter of art, impose form on the raw stuff of experience and whose every experience, and every view of other human beings, is fired in the crucible of imagination and comes out an artifact with perhaps a truth of its own, however it may vary from its model and subject. In Mailer this process produces a “sea change into something rich and strange”—pure Mailer; in Lerner it is photosynthesis and orchidaceous growth. Arthur Herzog is a free-lance writer who participated in the campaign as one of the more mature members of the McCarthy campaign's national staff. Bonnie Ritter Patton's thesis is an example of the rich vein academics have found to tap for dissertations past and dissertations to come for a long, long time. Jules Witcover's book is about Robert Kennedy, but it is valuable counterpoint and the most detached in its account of the McCarthy-Kennedy confrontation. Jay Sykes writes of the Wisconsin campaign from the perspective of the grass roots, consequently—it seems—with more bounce and verve than the others.

Of those books written by participants in the McCarthy campaign, the most measured and the most objective about the campaign itself is Herzog's. The most thorough study of the candidate, his development of thought on domestic and foreign policy, his speeches, and his congressional history is Stout's. It is difficult to make such a judgment because all these books, coming so soon after the campaign, suffer from the fact that many sources were not open to the authors. Thus, even those that are most objective are often mistaken. One fights one's way through a thicket of inaccuracies in each book, especially in the passages having to do with the McCarthy background before 1968. Anecdotes seem suspect history, probably because their sources are assistants without full information or bystanders who just like to seem knowledgeable. And they

change subtly from book to book, in the manner of the old children's game "Telephone," and quickly become myth. For example, a partly true anecdote (about Edward Kennedy's visit to McCarthy on the eve of Robert Kennedy's entry into the race), in which I figure, in *An American Melodrama* loses all its qualifying statements in Theodore White's version. So what is one to make of the fascinating tidbits about others? About Blair Clark, the campaign manager, for instance, in Herzog's account?

A Harvard classmate and friend of John Kennedy's, he had good connections in the world of society and money. ("We're a little too Ivy League for the campaign," he later told a friend.)

And about the senator's administrative aide, called roguish and lovable by Herzog, with this dismaying account to prove it:

(at a fund-raising meeting) Eller proceeded to deliver one of his pseudoserious political monologues. A "true believer" he said shouldn't spend all his time inquiring whether Senator McCarthy had a good voting record. Women became involved in a political movement such as this as a sex substitute like bowling, Eller said. Scholars, he insisted, handed over old theses and articles instead of trying to develop new ideas for position papers. The scholars screamed. The Republicans cried out that freedom of inquiry was being stifled in the heart of a people's democratic crusade, and the women stared quietly at their laps.

The sources were limited because many principal figures did not want to be interviewed; others had a particular case they wished to make. Still

AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA: The Presidential Campaign of 1968 by Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson, and Bruce Page. Viking, 1969.

MCCARTHY FOR PRESIDENT by Arthur Herzog. Viking, 1969.

NOBODY KNOWS: Reflections on the McCarthy Campaign of 1968 by Jeremy Lerner. Macmillan, 1969.

TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A TRAVEL AGENT by Joshua Leinsdorf. Unpublished manuscript, 1968-69.

MIAMI & THE SIEGE OF CHICAGO by Norman Mailer. World, 1968.

THE 1968 POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF SENATOR EUGENE J. MCCARTHY: A study of rhetorical choice by Bonnie Ritter Patton.

WE WERE THE CAMPAIGN: New Hampshire to Chicago for McCarthy by Ben Stavis. Beacon, 1969.

STORY OF THE MCCARTHY CAMPAIGN IN WISCONSIN by Jay Sykes (newspaper series in Madison *Capital Times*, May 26, 1969, to June 7, 1969).

PEOPLE by Richard T. Stout. Harper & Row, 1970.

85 DAYS: The Last Campaign of Robert Kennedy by Jules Witcover. Putnam's, 1969.

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968 by Theodore H. White. Atheneum, 1969.

others—reporters and representatives of various organizations—wanted their very personal involvement forgotten. Reading the books can become an exercise in gamesmanship. Who is this mysteriously anonymous "campaign aide"? Who are "those in Washington who say . . ."? Who is this loquacious "old friend"? and who is this "former McCarthy assistant"?

In general, those who seem to have contributed information most willingly are from the shadowy interlocking group of aides and influence men, who are so much a part of the Washington scene, indeed, of the scene of national politics everywhere. These are men who are content to work behind the scenes and who like to work through other men. As overviews, Herzog's book and Stout's suffer from having to depend so much on sources like these for information. Richard Stout, most at home in this world of secondary sources, uses them more skillfully, but where Herzog was eyewitness and actor, he is master of his material.

As one who was there, Herzog evokes the final excitement of New Hampshire:

The contradictions bothered no one and as the campaign progressed toward its denouement, McCarthy began collecting help from every side. Almost anybody, it seemed, who came near the candidate's Sheraton Wayfarer headquarters in Manchester caught the McCarthy bug, an illness which was to linger, month after month. The editor of the Harvard *Crimson* doing a story on the campaign dropped out of school; a *Newsweek* reporter covering McCarthy took a leave of absence. Howard Stein (president of the Dreyfus Fund) made calls from under a table in the pressroom as his elegant wife, Janet, cooked meals for the Senator and his family, while Robert Lowell talked verse with him and Mary Travers, of Peter, Paul, and Mary, sang songs. There were never enough rooms. People slept on floors, six to a room, in the hallways, anywhere, if they slept at all.

Understandably, to Ben Stavis (*We Were the Campaign*), whose whole experience was in one headquarters or another and who saw his candidate once at Keene, New Hampshire, and not again until Chicago, the campaign *was* the impressive student effort.

Almost a thousand young people worked on the campaign's national staff at some point. Certainly another five thousand to ten thousand people worked part time in storefronts in the primary states, campus headquarters, and nonprimary states. At least fifty thousand students joined in canvassing. Tens of thousands of others raised and gave money. This large group of novice political workers made up the campaign. They may be able to apply their skills and energies to politics in the coming decades on both the local and national level.

Joshua Leinsdorf, more of a loner, missed New Hampshire and spent his time either in the press-

room or in his self-developed transportation command post, where he chartered airplanes and buses with all the aplomb and assurance of his twenty-two years. He was not so sure about the students:

It was commonly held that the McCarthy campaign took the student radicals off the streets and restored their faith in the American political system. Nothing could be further from the truth. McCarthy merely brought those young people who were already interested in politics onto the national scene ten years earlier than usual. The Columbia riots occurred after McCarthy presented a viable alternative within the political system.

The truth about the student involvement probably lies between these two points of view. One remembers that James Kunen, of *The Strawberry Statement*, alternated between occupying buildings at Columbia and doing what he could for "Clean," as he called the candidate.

"The only free people are the students and the women," said Gene McCarthy in 1967. The women go unsung in these books except as individuals here and there. Stout cites them once in a list of committees; Herzog characterizes them as a minority group among other minorities; Stavis alone concedes that the women's committee in Portland "seemed to be the core of the campaign before store fronts were opened."

The students and young people who worked in the campaign, Richard Stout concluded, were little different in outlook from the adult volunteers. The young got all the headlines, "which was something of a journalistic oversight," although he concedes that the Children's Crusade remained the prime symbol of the spirit.

Of the approaches more fictional in method, Norman Mailer's has a flamboyant charm. I do not recognize myself, but I feel a little indebted to him for his rather flattering, double-edged description:

a warm-colored woman with a pleasant face full of the arch curves of a most critical lady of the gentry. Something in her expression spoke of uncharitable wit, but she was elegant. . . .

What a lot to see in someone standing at a distance on the back of a flatbed truck! Our daughter Mary insists that *she* said what *he* claims to have said in the conversation he reports, and that *he* said what *she* was supposed to have said. And he turned a tableful of genial Minnesota Germans and Swedes—one of them five feet two in his stocking feet—into Irishmen:

. . . some were big genial Irishmen with horn-rimmed glasses and some were lean Irishmen with craggy faces . . . the Senator's friends looked tough and were tough-minded.

Still, Mailer is some of the best reading in this collection. His reflections on the Anglican doctrine of exchange—could he, guilty sinner, sacrifice him-

self in some way to keep Robert Kennedy alive—is an astonishing sequence, however one may wonder about the narcissistic nature of such grief.

Jeremy Larner's publisher calls Larner's *Nobody Knows* "a novelistic report" and Jeremy "a principal speech writer," which he undoubtedly was, although he was in the campaign on a substantial retainer from one of the important contributors and not as a chosen aide of the candidate, facts which throw some light on their uneasy relations and his need to explain them. By his own admission Jeremy belonged to the tail end of the silent generation and is probably accurately described by Renata Adler's perceptive note about a few of that generation. "Some of us have dropped a generation back to lead a student movement that belies everything we are." And it is true that by his constant use of "we," he tends to co-opt the students; yet he lived and worked with the group the students called the Mandarins—Richard Goodwin, when he was with the campaign, and other top staff.

Though short (189 pages), Larner's book is rich in insights, perceptive about personal styles, and replete with deft word pictures. But in defense of his central thesis—that the candidate and the campaign were unsuited to each other—he allows himself to be both ill-humored and ill-informed.

"Our own candidate had no past for us," he says, and proceeds to provide him with one in a few pages which are an amazing mishmash of allegations about Catholic history and philosophy, ethnic background, and congressional record. Dates are wrong, decades are compressed—among other things, Minnesota's Stearns County Germans were robbed of thirty years of their history; anti-cold-war statements of the 1950s were adduced to prove that McCarthy is antipathetic to the great causes of race and poverty in the late 1960s.

Larner explains the candidate's character in terms of his nationality—the German half, at least. He ascribes McCarthy's political philosophy to his "belief that the power of reason can give some direction to human life and some direction to the movement of history itself." This belief he ascribes in turn to his religion.

Suffice it to say that such pop research does not illuminate anything. A thirty-year-old who is the product of one of our affluent neighborhoods or homogeneous suburbs *might* be defined by his ethnic background and the schooling of his first eighteen years. But not a man in his fifties from a state known for populism, third parties, the farm and labor upheavals of the Great Depression—a man who worked for the cooperative movement, voted for Norman Thomas rather than Roosevelt, who

Mrs. McCarthy taught in public schools and at her alma mater, the College of St. Catherine, before she married Eugene McCarthy in 1945. She is at work on her own book, to be published early next year.

has been in the forefront of liberal politics for twenty-odd years.

Perhaps it is just that Larner attempts too much. If read purely as an account of his six months with the campaign, of what he saw and heard and how it looked to him, how he felt about it, his little book is invaluable. Its highly subjective nature has its own validity; though Larner's final dictum about the man he worked for tells as much about himself as about his candidate:

All of this added up to a man whose concept of his own identity was so precious to himself, and so fragile, that he could not tolerate disagreement or equality, could not, in fact, work directly and openly with others.

For books concerned with a movement, these seem to dwell overlong on the character of the candidate. Each author has a long analysis. Richard Stout writes,

Though he usually kept his private thoughts and those things he considered his own to himself, there was never a McCarthy for public consumption particularly different from the man friends saw in private. He was essentially the same whether going into a funk in his office or on the campaign trail, whether criticizing a Kennedy in private or in public. . . .

McCarthy did in a real sense impose his personality on the campaign. It was the personality of a non-hero who, therefore, came off as a non-candidate.

After reading these books, in considering the writers' analyses, in sorting out their varied insights, the cases they make for one point of view or another, the amazingly different conclusions they come to about the same set of facts, one begins to apprehend, but dimly, a whole, a shape, a meaning beyond what they have found and which may safely be left to the historians and novelists of the future.

The father of modern sociology, Max Weber, cited in *An American Melodrama*, argued that human society exhibits only three "ultimate principles" of leadership: bureaucratic, traditional, and finally, charismatic authority, which arises where there are special needs which cannot be satisfied by the ordinary rules. The passage is worth rereading because of the uncanny parallels to the campaign of 1968. If we go back to Tolstoy we find still another kind of leadership: it is a leadership rooted in an inexorable movement of people, a leadership which recognizes a new point in the development of history and articulates the deepest aspirations and ideals of the people.

There was a new politics in the McCarthy campaign of 1968—and yes, there was a new constituency. Richard Stout, who inquired into the nature of this constituency through exhaustive questionnaires and interviews, states flatly that it was "probably the most intelligent and highly educated group of people who had ever joined together politically in the history of civilization." It is perhaps not his

fault that he cannot do it full justice. Only a Tolstoy could.

The constituency was bigger than the Movement so called, which unites the New Left and the civil rights and peace activists, although they were part of it. It was not just the reformers of politics, although they were part of it. It was more than academia united with the mobile society of scientists, educators, technologists, and the new post-World War II college class. It was more than the coalition of these and the liberals of the suburbs. The factory people of Berlin, New Hampshire, voted McCarthy, as did rural Wisconsin. By the time of the convention, Stout tells us, he was getting formidable support from blacks.

The constituency was, I think, the best of Middle America, in search of a new way of expressing itself as a consensus. It was not politic to call it the educated vote as Gene McCarthy did (and as these books tell us in shocked tones), but it was an educated vote in the most profound sense. It was a constituency of thoughtful America and troubled America. It was the America liberated enough by the good things democracy should provide all citizens that it had time to wonder and to question.

McCarthy, writes Arthur Herzog, "was a neo-Jeffersonian opposed to the coercive use of power and he was presenting the nation with the first serious political analysis it has heard in years." On this last point all the writers agree.

When the people are ready to move forward, says Tolstoy, they heed a leader evoking the best that is in them, "who will hear everything, remember everything, put everything in its place." Such a leader must feel at one with the great mass of people and know them in his very bones so that he can move ahead of them.

Alexander, the young czar of *War and Peace*, could not lead because he was surrounded by contending military theorists, activists, nationalists, compromisers, the "passionately devoted who saw in him all virtues all human capabilities, were enchanted with him for refusing to command yet blaming him for excessive modesty," and a final group interested only in advantage and pleasure. When he retired to the capital with this motley following, the general Kutuzov could and did spearhead the movement of the people to save Russia. Unfortunately, a presidential candidate is both ruler and general. Did the candidate in 1968 cease to believe in the constituency? These books describe him surrounded by groups vying for attention and influence—a Senate staff protective and seeking to keep him the inhabitant of their legend, two campaign staffs, theorists, activists, anxiety-ridden compromisers, contributors with aims and pet methods of their own, and an always tempting inner circle. Thus encompassed, it might be hard to believe in a constituency so amorphous on the one hand, so demanding on the other, but it was there. □

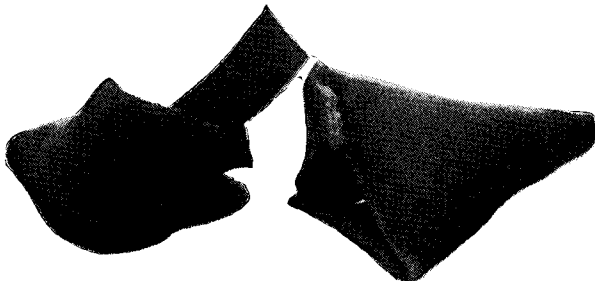
VARIATIONS ON THE ART OF WISHING

by Judith Rascoe



THE FIRST FORTUNE COOKIE

Your wish has been granted.
All your secrets are known.
Hungry peasants are eating your telephone wire
For noodles, your mail is published every day
In the papers, in the apartment below
The neighbors can hear your dreams.
Your bed has been carried
To the seaside ballroom:
A large crowd with box lunches is waiting . . .
Your parents have found the letters of your name
In national advertisements. They cut them out
To read your anonymous messages.



THE SECOND FORTUNE COOKIE

Your unfaithful lover loves you.
Do not be misled by lies or
By sorrow, by secrets. You have
Special small bones in your body,
Your doctor is writing about your case.
You are the missing heir.
You were the mystery witness.
No one understands you.
Your unfaithful lover loves you.



THE LAST FORTUNE COOKIE

You are the first victim
Of the Chinese Secret Death Campaign.
Do not cry out.
Finish your meal. Tip generously.
Send many copies of this letter:
Dear Name

Everything I have done is unforgivable.
I forgive you for everything.
I regret I wanted lots of dollars.
I love all men all beasts all plants.
Good-bye sincerely.

Unlock your door.
Remove your clothing in secret
Our agent will come to you.
You will not know.

WHEN THE PRESIDENT MEETS THE PRESS

by Hedrick Smith

Something ought to be done to bring the presidential news conference back to life. It has never been as lusty or exalted an instrument of democracy as its apologists and practitioners would have wished. But rarely has a news conference been as pallid or synthetic a ritual as the one last May 8, the night the White House was girding for mass demonstrations against President Nixon's Cambodian decision and the killings at Kent State.

When the President strode into the subdued elegance of the East Room that evening to confront several hundred newsmen, it was a moment of high drama. The nation was in agony. The campuses were aflame. The stock market was plummeting. Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel's letter of distress to President Nixon had exposed a split high within the Administration. Members of Congress, angered at not having been consulted about sending U.S. troops into Cambodia, were rising to challenge or limit the President's warmaking powers. Within hours, the White House itself would face a siege of protesters.

Rarely has a news conference promised so much but, alas, produced so little. That session in the East Room was a pale shadow of the passion and trauma of the nation. It was as real-life as a minuet, as illuminating as a multiplication table. President Nixon held the assembled reporters at bay as easily as

Cassius Clay dabbling with a clutch of welterweights.

Vice President Agnew has raised the specter of a hostile press shading the news to suit its prejudices and unwilling to give the Nixon Administration a fair shake. But many outsiders, on campus and elsewhere, worry about the opposite risk: that when the President actually meets the press, he finds it too deferential, too compliant, too harassed, or too disorganized to pose him a real challenge or to raise a serious and sustained critique. This is one reason why, in an age when all institutions are being questioned, the cream of the Washington press corps are viewed by many young skeptics as lapdogs rather than watchdogs of the government.

Questions

The favorite analogy among Washington reporters is that the presidential news conference is the American counterpart to Parliamentary Question Time for the British Prime Minister and Cabinet. It is supposed to help fill a gap in the American Constitution, which made no provision for calling the Chief Executive before either Congress or the public to give some accounting of his Administration between elections.

But the analogy with Parliament is false. Question Time in the British House of Commons is a much more

rigorous and risky affair. The exchange, often bristling with barbs, takes place between two groups of equals, the Ins and Outs, the elected adversaries of a two-party system. An American presidential news conference is an unequal contest from the start, for no newsman can stand toe-to-toe with the President in the way that the Opposition Leader can face the British Prime Minister.

Question Time also has a number of built-in procedures which help put the government on the spot. The inquiries are frequently very detailed and highly informed for they are as much a measure of the intelligence and ingenuity of the questioners as they are a test of the government's policies and its ability. Generally, they are submitted and printed in advance; but it is the supplementaries, the surprise follow-up questions, that add zing to Question Time and make it perilous for a clumsy minister. In a flash it can veer into gladiatorial combat, real rough-and-tumble debate. Another important difference is that Question Time is a regular affair, with an hour set aside four days a week. Cabinet ministers take it in rotation; the Prime Minister steps in only on the most crucial issues. The questions are grouped by subject and taken one at a time. This makes for continuity, in contrast to the frenetic, grab-bag, jack-in-the-box scramble of the televised quiz shows at the White House.

The American press cannot play

the role of an elected parliamentary opposition and debate the President. But it would profit by following a number of techniques from Question Time. At the May 8 conference, for example, many of the questions were vague or timid, possibly conjured up in some haste during the final minutes before the show went live. The net effect was more a fusillade of spitballs at 50 paces than a searching examination of the President's mood and motives at a moment of national crisis. Nothing caught Mr. Nixon off-guard or prodded him to acknowledge a shred of responsibility for the turmoil that was rolling over the nation. To wit: One reporter noted that some people were saying the United States was headed for revolution or repression and asked the President's view: true or false? Another invited Mr. Nixon to tell the public about the isolation of the presidency. A third inquired whether the President thought the Vietnam War worthwhile. A fourth wanted to know if the President was prepared to pursue a political settlement in Paris with fervor. A fifth asked for "comment" on the Hickel letter.

Any of these might have served well enough for a White House dinner guest with hours to chat with the President. But in the hothouse tautness of a news conference, cut to fit the TV schedule (one minute to answer each question), each was an easy and open invitation for Mr. Nixon to speechify or filibuster as he chose.

In fairness, there were—and always are—cunning efforts to probe the President's policies and frame of mind, but he deflected them, and other reporters failed to pursue them. About halfway through, for example, one dark-haired young man a few rows back recalled that Mr. Nixon, in his Inaugural Address, had promised to bring Americans together, to move from an era of confrontation to an era of negotiation, and to bring peace in Vietnam. "During the past two weeks it seems that we are farther than ever from those goals," the reporter observed; how could the President account for

this failure? Mr. Nixon, smooth as a cue ball and about as communicative, pointed proudly to the arms talk with the Soviet Union as evidence of serious and peaceful intent. A rush of jumping bodies spared him from having to go on and deal with Indochina or the troubled campuses, and no one later called Mr. Nixon back to this aching, unanswered question.

Another reporter asked the President why he had said on April 20 that Vietnamization was going so well that he could pull 150,000 American troops out of Vietnam, and yet just ten days later had to announce that Vietnamization was so seriously threatened that he was sending American forces into Cambodia. When Mr. Nixon replied that increased enemy action in Cambodia made the difference, no one asked him to explain precisely how and why. Given the enemy raids into Vietnam from sanctuaries in Cambodia for the past several years, how were the actions of the previous ten days suddenly so menacing to Americans in Vietnam—unless the Nixon Administration was trying to save the Cambodian government or saw a military opening in Cambodia and decided to take advantage of it?

Some crucial questions were left unasked: Why hadn't Congress been consulted before the Cambodian assault? Had he usurped the warmaking powers of Congress by sending American troops into a new country? And if not, did he recognize any restraint that the Constitution or Congress could impose on his powers as Commander in Chief? Since there had been no Cambodian request for American intervention, how did he answer the charge that it violated Cambodian neutrality or the United Nations Charter? Or, on the domestic side: What precautions had the Administration taken to prevent another Kent State tragedy, say by restricting the use of live ammunition by the National Guard on campuses? And so on.

It is fashionable among Washington reporters to lament the decline of eloquence in the halls of Congress, to murmur that the coin of political debate has been cheapened. But evidently there has also been a decline in the calculated aggressiveness and perseverance of the press

questioning the President. Few are the reporters who let fly blunt queries and then respectfully but firmly stand their ground before the President and their colleagues, demanding a responsive answer. It was not always thus. In November, 1962, several reporters closely hawked President Kennedy about the government's management of the news during the Cuban missile crisis. Three reporters pressed the President to relax administrative restrictions on the flow of news; finally one of them, Raymond P. Brandt of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, persisted through five questions, forcing the President to explain how and when he would amend the news management policies. His tenacity produced a real dialogue.

An even more classic example of relentless group questioning came during the Eisenhower Administration. President Eisenhower was called upon to explain Attorney General Herbert Brownell's charge that the late Harry Dexter White, appointed by President Truman to the International Monetary Fund, was a Communist spy, though a grand jury had previously refused to indict White on those charges. For almost the entire news conference—twenty questions—Mr. Eisenhower was pursued on this topic until, in the last two minutes, he asked to change the subject.

Many a White House regular has complained that the televised news conferences, initiated under Eisenhower and enshrined by Kennedy, are inevitably the President's show. Unquestionably the format favors him and handicaps the press. TV cameras draw an unwieldy crowd of several hundred reporters, and sheer numbers defeat the purpose of informative dialogue.

Answers

The crucial flaw is the failure of the press corps as a group to develop important lines of questioning. Most reporters recognize that it is the second or third question, like gang-tackling in football, that is likely to get results. If the President is to be enticed or provoked into some meaningful revelation, it usually takes a collective effort. But the White

Hedrick Smith has just returned to the Washington Bureau of the *New York Times* after completing a year as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard.

House news conference is a series of virtuoso performances.

The system, as now operated, puts the squeeze on the reporter, and President Nixon has tightened the vise by holding conferences while many newspapers are going to press in the evening hours. Some reporters have only minutes to file their stories. They must not only take detailed notes on the President's exact words but mentally organize their stories during the waning minutes of the news conference. Little chance is left for them to spot the holes in the President's earlier comments and to raise new questions. (One way of coping with these conflicting pressures is for large news organizations to send several reporters to the proceedings—one to follow the exchange and ask the pertinent questions, and the others to take notes and write stories.)

Finally, no White House regular is entirely free of some conflict of interest. He normally depends on the White House staff for much of his everyday news. This leaves the President's aides in excellent position to discipline him, if they wish, were he to ask too many impertinent questions of the President. No reporter welcomes the prospect of provoking the President's anger or scorn on national TV, where a large part of the audience is quickly hostile to any questioner who puts the President on the spot. Moreover, the White House regulars themselves live so much within the President's orbit that they rarely mix with people outside Washington or get a direct and palpable feel of the public's passions.

None of these ailments is brand-new, and none is of President Nixon's making. But Mr. Nixon has compounded them by becoming the most inaccessible President since Herbert Hoover. This adds to the hectic superficiality of the few news conferences that he does hold because reporters feel they have so much ground to cover. Inevitably when time is limited, the verbal melee is more confusing than ever.

No two Presidents have handled the press in the same way, though over the past four decades a loose tradition has been established—Mr. Nixon is quietly breaking it—that the President meets the press at least once every two weeks. That was the

interval adopted by Woodrow Wilson when he instituted news conferences with the White House reporters of his day. Franklin D. Roosevelt was the most accessible of all recent Presidents, a beguiling master of the press, whom he invited into his office for wide-ranging give-and-take sessions twice a week (998 sessions in just over twelve years). Harry Truman cut it to once every ten days or so (324 in eight years), and Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson each saw the collective press roughly every two weeks.

By comparison President Nixon has met with the press less than once a month (sixteen times in his first seventeen months—ten times on TV, six times off-camera and only one of those for direct quotation). The overall figures may be misleadingly generous, for he has been much less accessible this year than last. This from a President who sniped in his campaign at Lyndon Johnson with the ringing pledge that he would run an open Administration because, Mr. Nixon said, "The President cannot isolate himself from the great intellectual ferments of his time. On the contrary, he must consciously and deliberately place himself at their center."

Since the Cambodian venture, the President's isolation—his widely publicized penchant for going off with a yellow legal pad for solitary decision-making and speech-drafting—has become a matter of some concern. More news conferences are one answer. The press and public need, and by Mr. Nixon's own language are entitled to, a greater flow of give-and-take.

Some White House reporters have been pressing Mr. Nixon to hold regular, informal sessions, FDR-style, in his office. The President evidently feels more relaxed on these occasions, able to talk in greater depth, and the White House reporters find it easier to pursue questions in these smaller sessions. But there is no reason why the off-camera sessions cannot be vastly increased without cutting back on the televised news conferences that let the public view the President in the flesh.

Whether or not President Nixon does increase his press contacts, the basic responsibility for restoring the vigor of the White House news con-

ference rests with the correspondents themselves. The rigor of the questioning itself is vital. Without sliding into malevolent heckling or the rasping cross-examination of a district attorney, newsmen can confront the President with more daring and tenacity than they have done recently.

Changes are also necessary in the format of the televised news conferences if they are to give us insights into the Nixon presidency. No reform is surefire, but the White House Correspondents Association might consider these steps: (1) limiting questions at certain crucial conferences to a single broad topic. This, for example, would have ruled out inquiries on the Middle East on May 8, leaving more time to plumb the Cambodian operation and its domestic repercussions; (2) alternatively, asking reporters to group all questions on the main topic of the day during the first half of the news conference, and leaving the remainder for any other kind of question; (3) establishing a firm tradition that each questioner can follow up his own inquiry at least once; (4) finding a new way to determine who gets the floor to replace the present jumping match. One approach would be for reporters to draw random-numbered slips as they enter the conference room and then ask questions in numerical order. Another approach is for the White House reporters to write out questions and submit them to a pool of four or five newsmen. This panel, basing itself on all questions received, could then engage in coordinated questioning of the President on one or two major topics in the first half of the conference, throwing open the final half to everyone else.

The hitch is that these suggestions cut into the Washington reporter's prized independence, the foundation stone of the present system. But chaos and superficiality are the price paid for that freedom. Some independence must be voluntarily surrendered if there is to be a more orderly and cunning pursuit of the President.

None of these reforms will guarantee candor, or newsworthy admission on the part of the President. But they will tax him where he is most vulnerable—in the need to honor his accountability to the nation. □

THE INSCRUTABLE WEST

The following Chinese document, recently captured by French Intelligence, has fallen into the hands of our contributing editor **Ross Terrill**. It records a session of the high-level "Peking Special Group on Indochina" held last spring. Early pages of the document are missing, and the discussants are not named.

The topics under consideration seem to be (1) an evaluation of President Nixon's actions in Cambodia, (2) U.S. domestic developments as they affect U.S. foreign policy, and (3) the relation of Chinese policies to both. Dr. Terrill believes the identity of the discussants to be as follows:

Special Assistant Ch'en (America Desk, Foreign Ministry)

General Chu (Commandant, Preventive War Detachment, People's Liberation Army)

Director Lee (CIA-Chinese Intelligence Agency)

Dr. Hung (Office of the State Council)

Colonel Yang (Chief, Cambodianization Program)

COLONEL YANG: . . . Refugee accounts suggest U.S. foreign policy has fallen under the control of Madame Mi Ch'ueh-erh. Her two-pronged plan is to set up a dictatorship composed of military and Christian elements, with its capital at Little Rock, Arkansas Province, and to unleash Chiang Kai-shek upon China. Enjoying support from the Women's Liberation Movement (she recently delighted feminists by getting Ni K'e-hsun to appoint the first two women generals), Madame Mi Ch'ueh-erh will name Madame Shen Noh and Madame Lu Hsi as chief henchwomen in the Little Rock regime.

DIRECTOR LEE: We in the CIA see no reason to revise our view that (since the "wedding" with Chu Li Ni K'e-hsun) Da Wei Ai Sun Hao-wah is the real power in Washington. Bucharest reports definite physical deterioration of Ni K'e-hsun. He now eats only cottage cheese throughout the day. Ailing, he turns to the founder of the dynasty which plucked

him from obscurity, Ai Sun Hao-wah, and leans on the strong young man, Da Wei, who now represents that dynasty. Da Wei, operating from a village in Massachusetts Province, out of the reach of the Eastern Liberal Press, resurrected his grandfather's "Indochina First" policy.

ASSISTANT CH'EN: The America Desk favors the "Middle Republic" syndrome. Americans see themselves, not as one nation among others, but as the center of the world. They have a sense of mission. It doesn't matter who is purged and who comes out on top: the Southern Dynasty of Mi Ch'ueh-erh and the Northern Dynasty of K'an Na-di are equally messianic.

This explains both American ignorance of other countries and also their worldwide attempts at subversion in the name of what their own history has taught them is "freedom." Chan Hsun tried to do in Vietnam what he did in Texas Province. Ni K'e-hsun tries to do in Cambodia what he did in California Province.

Tirana Intelligence reports an official Washington tourist brochure which sums up the Middle Republic mentality.

In every age, there has been one city which has seemed to be the center of the world, which the Fates have chosen to be the guardian for the hopes of all men to hold and control their aspirations, to determine the probability of their glory, or their happiness, or their misery, their bondage or their freedom. That world city in our time is Washington.

GENERAL CHU: That is very speculative and pseudo-intellectual.

COLONEL YANG: It is no accident that Madame Mi Ch'ueh-erh's high school, in Arkansas Province, is less than forty miles from Madame Fu Bai-lai's high school. Therefore we expect no basic challenge to the war policy from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

It is also now clear that Madame K'an Na-di's visit to Cambodia in 1967 was the first perfidious step in a joint Democrat-Republican scheme to overthrow the Cambodian Prince and install Lon Nol. Lord Ha Li-k'e's presence—he never left her side in Cambodia—can be linked with the British running dog Wei Erh-hsun's support of Ni K'e-hsun in the spring of 1970.

DR. HUNG: The problem of ex-President Chan Hsun's continued absence from the public eye occupies our specialists on developments behind the Smog Curtain. Although the Ottawa Group says his last public appearance was five months ago, and it is known he has "chicken pox" (he relaxes at the Ranch with his chickens, addressing each by the name of a former U.S. President—"Come here, Ai Sun Hao-wah," "Eat up, T'u Erh-men"), it seems inconceivable that the Cambodian escalation was not in part his work. It continues his policy summarized as "We seek no wider war."

ASSISTANT CH'EN: The America Desk, contrary to Yang's views, sees a deep assault by the Democratic Party on the Republican Administration. The obvious pincer movement—Chan Hsun in Texas Province, K'an Na-di in Massachusetts Province—has, since the end of classes at Macalaster College, been turned into a triangular challenge by a bid from Professor Han Fu-rui, who is mustering a student army of 20,000 to march on Washington, claim the head of Madame Mi Ch'ueh-erh, and enter the White House. The two key posts will go to K'an Na-di (CIA) and Chan Hsun (FBI, replacing 175-year-old Hu Erh-wah, who has been blind since 1923).

DR. HUNG: Anyone who believes Hu Erh-wah is still alive could believe anything.

ASSISTANT CH'EN: Also, disunity tears at the Administration, and only the special intimacy (known in the West as "Greek" friendship) between Ni K'e-hsun and A Go-ni prevents a split between those educated as lawyers and those not educated at all. In May, A Go-ni attacked the director of the Peace Corps—under guise of an "accident" on the tennis court—and the director nearly lost face. Since then a bloody struggle has accelerated between the various factions of the regime. Even leaders within the same faction cannot understand each other's language: Li Chueh-hsun's "New England" dialect is known to be incomprehensible to Ni K'e-hsun, who speaks with a thick Californian accent.

DIRECTOR LEE: What is the Army view?

GENERAL CHU: The new escalation is more promising than any since the Year of the Hawk (1965). In Cambodia, U.S. troops, though driven fanatically by their fixation about property, are collecting only modest amounts of supplies. Meanwhile, the Sihanouk forces are pushed conveniently to the Pnompenh area, ready to take the capital at will, and getting closer and closer to Thailand. Enormous caches of marijuana and issues of *Playboy* have been

The identity of the persons referred to by the Chinese pronunciation of their names is thought to be as follows:

Madame Mi Ch'ueh-erh: Mrs. Martha Mitchell

Ni K'e-hsun: President Nixon

Madame Shen Noh: Mrs. Anna Chennault

Madame Lu Hsi: Mrs. Claire Boothe Luce

Chu Li Ni K'e-hsun: Mrs. Julie Eisenhower

Da Wei Ai Sun Hao-wah: Mr. David Eisenhower

K'an Na-di: Senator Kennedy

Chan Hsun: President Johnson

Madame Fu Bai-lai: Mrs. Fulbright

Lord Ha Li-k'e: Lord Harlech

Wei Erh-hsun: Prime Minister Wilson

T'u Erh-men: President Truman

Han Fu-rui: Vice President Humphrey

Hu Erh-wah: Mr. J. Edgar Hoover

A Go-ni: Vice President Agnew

Li Chueh-hsun: Secretary Elliot Richardson

T'u Erh-do: Prime Minister Trudeau

T'eh Erh-shah Ni K'e-hsun: Miss Tricia Nixon

Be-li Ge Erh-ma: Dr. Billy Graham

Be-be Ro Bo-tso: Mr. Bebe Rebozo

Ba K'e-lee: Mr. William Buckley

K'e Hsing-ge: Dr. Henry Kissinger

Ge Noh Sy K'e: Ambassador Gronouski

Ro Che-syh: Secretary Rogers

Lai Erh-deh: Secretary Laird

found. Both can be sold at good prices to the Hungarians.

Saigon no more believes in Vietnamization than Moscow believes in socialism. Therefore Ni K'e-hsun is locked in. Vietnamization will not take place. He will be scared to make further troop withdrawals. Pressure will then build up for a quick abandonment of Vietnam by the United States. Ni K'e-hsun is back where he started before his Great Leap Sideways on Vietnam of December, 1969.

Domestically, the Progressive Labor Party is an even mightier force than last year. According to refugees who fled America during the mail strike of March, 1970, the American proletariat is enraged. Ni K'e-hsun is afraid of being poisoned; he has dared to eat only one meal in a restaurant since entering the White House.

The undeveloped part of the country (for which the euphemism remains "Deep South") is almost as barbarous as before the European Civil War of 1914–1918. The intelligentsia of the North-Eastern Provinces is even less pacified than when Chan Hsun imprudently attempted a "Festival of the Arts" at the White House. Alcoholism still marks the way of life of the intelligentsia. With bizarre turmoil all over the country, the regime is more out of touch than ever with the world at large . . .

DIRECTOR LEE: Chiang Ching-kuo¹ told us, after his

¹ Son and political heir of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

visit to Washington, that even his father is less out of touch with developments in China than Ni K'e-hsun.

COLONEL YANG: This self-imposed isolation of the Washington regime explains the puzzle of why the U.S. does not capture Canada, as it easily could. The reason has been that the U.S. needed Canada as a window on Europe. But Canada, now in a Warring States phase, with "French" and "English" factions openly fighting, disengages from Europe, and is decreasingly useful to the U.S. as a source of information. The Ottawa Group also doubts how much longer Ni K'e-hsun can permit T'u Erh-do's "sexy" political style to bear open comparison with his own "used-car-salesman" style. These humiliations are difficult to endure for a man who has already had Six Breakdowns (known in imperialist jargon as "Crises"). Therefore Ni K'e-hsun may land marines at Vancouver and Newfoundland, to protect the lives of U.S. troops in Cambodia.

DIRECTOR LEE: A Go-ni observed in late June, when accepting the Walrus of the Year Award in "Canton" Mississippi Province . . .

DR. HUNG: You overestimate the influence of A Go-ni. He hasn't appeared publicly with Ai Sun Hao-wah since T'eh Erh-shah Ni K'e-hsun's Garden Party for the Daughters of Decency, in early May.

ASSISTANT CH'EN: A Go-ni is important. But the danger is the liberal press will humiliate him, and Ni K'e-hsun will stop him from speaking. If A Go-ni keeps trying to purge unorthodox elements, paralysis of the American political system will result, and Washington will not be able to take any decisive initiatives in foreign policy at all. Western Europe will find America more and more embarrassing. The capitalist monolith will crack further, and we will play one off against the other.

GENERAL CHU: Your smart Shanghai kids keep talking of the breakup of the Western monolith. But the West has never renounced the Christian goal of a New Heaven and a New Earth. You chatter optimistically about the fading of the Christian faith. Yet Ni K'e-hsun, like Chan Hsun, K'an Na-di, and Ai Sun Hao-wah before him, has stated he is a dedicated Christian. Whatever may divide them, Ni K'e-hsun, Chan Hsun, and the other Western leaders are baptized Christians. Ultimately, they take instructions from the Vatican and the Archbishop of Canterbury (and in the case of Ni K'e-hsun, from Reverend Be-li Ge Erh-ma—fervent ideologist who appears with him at mass rallies).

COLONEL YANG: To understand Cambodia, you have to go back to April. The panic was triggered by a Latin American crisis. Ni K'e-hsun went to Key Biscayne, his Latin American Situation Center, equipped with long-range telescopes. Not by chance, the decision to crush Cambodia came soon after. The mounting tide of the struggle of the revolutionary peoples on two continents had brought terror to the heart of the chieftain of imperialism.

His Commissar for Latin America, Be-be Ro Bo-tso was seen to sail toward Latin America (significantly accompanied by Ai Sun Hao-wah, both attempting a disguise with swimsuits and dark glasses). Ni K'e-hsun was forced, after only four days in Washington, to repair to his Asia Crisis Compound (San Clemente), a walled fortress with Filipino court-slaves on the Pacific Coast overlooking Shanghai.

DIRECTOR LEE: Correct. Then of course in mid-May, Ba K'e-lee, editor of the *National Review*, left by night on an official trip to Russia for the USIS, to rally his Russian friends to pressure Hanoi to give up the Chicken's Neck without a fight.

COLONEL YANG: Well, what should Chinese policy be?

DR. HUNG: Our Prime Minister said when welcoming the Pathet Lao Ping-Pong Troupe that he will go anywhere, anytime, to talk peace with Ni K'e-hsun. The same pledge is contained in the Canton Formula and the Chou Doctrine. Washington knows how to contact him if it wants to. He's been waiting by that phone for fifteen years now. There's not a man in China who wants peace more than the Prime Minister.

GENERAL CHU: We have *got* to send Volunteers into Cambodia. Otherwise our nation, the Han people with 4000 years of unbroken history, will seem a pitiful helpless dragon.

ASSISTANT CH'EN: Our long-term goal is unchanged: to bring America into the community of nations. Her isolation is bad for everyone. Her crusades polarize the world. We must encourage her toward prudence and pragmatism. The trouble is that she has little experience of dealing with the rest of the world. She became, after the victories of 1945, puffed up with power. Then she panicked, as we began to teach her that America is not the world, the Far East not America's Far West.

GENERAL CHU: But it's a question of our worldwide credibility. Our friends in Tirana assure us, and the People's Liberation Army has no doubt on this point, that had China not stood firm against feudalism in Tibet, the Hungarians would never have held the line against cryptofeudalist subversion in 1956, and one after another the republics of Eastern Europe would have been laid bare by the blistering winds of the international capitalist conspiracy.

COLONEL YANG: But there are dangers. Are the local people with us? Remember what happened in Lhasa.

GENERAL CHU: Yang, you carry the policy of "No More Tibets" to extremes. If we don't keep our commitments to Souphanouvong and clean out the Chicken's Neck in northern Laos, the Albanians will never believe our word again. The Preventive War Detachment also favors a new sweep through the southern tip of the Plain of Jars.

ASSISTANT CH'EN: Did we get anything in the last sweep?

GENERAL CHU: Limited success: 47 men, 24 women, 38 children, and 17 American anthropologists. But the monsoons were against us . . .

COLONEL YANG: Why send Chinese boys to do a job Laotian boys should do for themselves?

(A message is handed to Ch'en.)

ASSISTANT CH'EN: Ni K'e-hsun has just announced a new "peace package" in a message to the Pope. A thirteen-point plan.

DIRECTOR LEE: Thirteen points!

ASSISTANT CH'EN: He's already used all other numbers up to fourteen; except three, which is superstitious to him—that's how many elections he's lost.

DR. HUNG: Anything new?

ASSISTANT CH'EN: [reading] It offers Free Elections in Cambodia, supervised by a Neutral Commission composed of Thailand, Portugal, and South Africa. Six Harvard professors are on their way to Pnompenh to write a new constitution for Cambodia. It will guarantee the sanctity of private property and the right to bear arms. Every Cambodian who turns in a photo of Sihanouk or a Communist Weapon at a USIS office . . .

DR. HUNG: Confucius lives! Our weapons are nearly all made in *America* . . .

ASSISTANT CH'EN: [continues to read] . . . Anyone who turns in a photo of Sihanouk or a Communist Weapon before September 1 will receive in return a photo of A Go-ni, or a hard hat donated by "Construction Workers for Peace with Dignity," or an autographed copy of Ba K'e-lee's moving testimony *Up From Liberalism*.

COLONEL YANG: Does it mean war with us?

DIRECTOR LEE: Well, A Go-ni said last week, when opening a new Ax-Handle Factory in Georgia Province: "I have said before, and I say it again, he who lowers his voice will choke on his tongue." Now what is the meaning of that?

DR. HUNG: Need it have a meaning?

DIRECTOR LEE: Undoubtedly. "tongue" is a reference to our own Liuchow Peninsula. The day after the Ax-Handle speech, Madame Mi Ch'ueh-erh consulted with Madame Shen Noh at a dinner party in the Watergate Annex of the Pentagon, to secure her consent to the use of the Flying Tiger Line for bombing missions over Liuchow Peninsula.

GENERAL CHU: Captured documents make it irrefutably plain that Ni K'e-hsun invaded Cambodia by mistake. In his April 30 speech, he said he was going to the "heart of the matter." Now, Comrades, the center of the forces of freedom in Asia is Peking, not Pnompenh. American maps that have fallen into our possession show a juxtaposition of the two words "Pnompenh" and "Peiping" (the imperialist jargon for Peking).

COLONEL YANG: Our fishermen off San Clemente have found notes in K'e Hsing-ge's handwriting which read in part (rough translation from the German): "It is not certain that an invasion of

China at this time would be fully consistent with the Nixon Doctrine. . . . Foreign policy is difficult in a democracy." We also recall that they said in Warsaw they would not attack China unless it was essential to the protection of their troops in West Germany to do so . . .

DR. HUNG: Nothing they say in Warsaw is reliable. The Poles listen. There were microphones in the chopsticks at the Polish Hunting Lodge when I was there. At the Hunting Lodge, U.S. "China policy" consists largely of statements about their commitment to West Germany, for the benefit of the listening Poles. Ge Noh Sy K'e once talked for three hours without stopping about the importance of NATO. DIRECTOR LEE: Everything points to an invasion of China before Ai Sun Hao-wah leaves Washington in September (in May, he brazenly went to the capital to direct Indochina operations; the public was told he had a job with the "Senators," writing baseball biographies). Massive road building goes on in Thailand and Laos. Portable toilets and copies of the *National Review* have been placed at twenty-mile intervals along the K'e Hsing-ge Trail winding north from Luang Prabang. Secretary Ro Che-syh has just said to a Senate committee he can see no useful purpose that would be served by an invasion of China, which makes an invasion seem certain.

COLONEL YANG: What are the scholars saying?

DIRECTOR LEE: The latest paper of a key authority, the Strategist in Residence at Bee Deh-lai College² in South Dakota Province, suggests uncertainty. He writes in the *Quarterly Bulletin of Pacific Games*:

A technical incursion into the area presently occupied by the Chicoms could conceivably produce destabilization in the war incidence dimension of one issue-area. Our stability-polarity hypothesis for relevant subsystems, however, suggests that the application of multivariate procedures and cluster analysis could lead to a marginal net maximization of Free World alliance aggregation, in terms of military-strategic interaction targets, from a clinical non-permanent incursion.

COLONEL YANG: Ah so?

DR. HUNG: Comrades, to sum up. What should our America Policy be?

GENERAL CHU: This is no time for concessions. It never pays to reward aggression. There is in Imperialist America today a lawless government, dedicated to worldwide subversion. Volunteers should be ordered into the Chicken's Neck and the Buffalo's Stomach. Now, before the present Washington regime is replaced by the even more virulent Little Rock regime of Madame Mi Ch'ueh-erh.

COLONEL YANG: Our policy should be Enclosure without Suffocation.

ASSISTANT CH'EN: Give them plenty of rope; they'll do the rest. □

² General Beadle College.

NOVEL BITES MAN

by Dan Wakefield

In which a noted journalist and contributing editor of the *Atlantic* confesses the gory, personal details of writing (and not writing) his first novel. The novel itself, *Going All the Way*, has just been published by Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte Press, and is an August selection of the Literary Guild.

Thomas Wolfe once described the writing of a novel as being comparable to a bout with a long illness, which is apt in many ways but not completely fair. The creative process is not *all* suffering—there is beauty as well as pain, moments of ecstasy as well as stretches of agony and frustration. As an emotional experience, it seems more than anything else like love.

Writing about any love affair is a risky business, and no matter how much one pledges to Tell The Truth, much of it is a mystery; the matter is more in the realm of magic than of logic. Still, now that it's over and my long-suffered novel is out of my hands and (hopefully) into the bookstores, I feel a compulsion to look back and write about the ups and downs and outs of my tempestuous affair with it. Against the charge of self-indulgence, I rationalize that many others have been stricken by the passion to write a novel, and may find interest in the case history of someone who was bitten by the same creative bug. And survived.

I feel it's important not only to tell you of the time I actually wrote the novel but also of the times I didn't write it. If I left out those failures, then the process would sound deceptively simple and exciting good sport, the sort of thing imagined by a lady executive who remarked, on meeting a girl who had just written a novel: "Oh, how marvelous! That's what we're all going to do when we have the time!"

People ask me how long it took to write it, and I don't really know the answer. All my life, in one sense. If you date it from the time I first tried to

write it, then it would be a nice round decade; ten mothering years. But most of that time I wasn't writing it.

The first time I didn't write it was in 1959. I had just published a nonfiction book about Spanish Harlem, called *Island in the City*, which helped establish my "writer-hood" in my own mind. I had graduated four years before from Columbia, where, like so many others of my generation, I had fallen under the spell of that dynamic literary duo, Fitzgerald and Hemingway, and dreamed of growing up to write novels myself. But my only experience and possibility for earning a living were in journalism, and after six months on a weekly paper and another six months doing research for C. Wright Mills, I sold my first magazine articles and managed to make a shaky livelihood as a free-lance writer of articles, reports, essays, reviews—and now a real book!

So it wasn't a novel, and some people smiled (or sneered) about "mere journalism" and said that fiction was a "special" kind of writing that bore no relation to prosaic reporting. Still, I had written a book, hadn't I? Look: you could hold it in your hands, flip through its pages, stick it in your bookshelf. It was solid, hard-bound proof. My favorite review of it was not the one praising its compassion, or hailing its social value, or admiring its responsible muckraking quality, but the one that said I was "gifted with the pen of a novelist."

All right, I would take up that pen. The pen of a novelist. Now is the time.

* * *

Spring, in Greenwich Village, and the soot blowing in through my open crank-out windows on the top floor at 21 Jones Street collected over everything in gritty layers. The carpet, the mantel, my desk, my papers. Girls came and went, complaining of the grime; sometimes they made a few swipes at it. The thing about the grime was, it affected pieces of paper. If you started writing something and left it out on the desk a few days,

the paper would age very rapidly, becoming gray and stiff. You can't write on stiff paper. I was writing magazine articles, yes, but those you had to finish right away for a deadline, and the paper didn't have time to spoil.

I felt that the soot was clogging my mind, too.

I applied to go to Yaddo, haven of artists and writers in Saratoga Springs, where one could work in peaceful, clean, sootless surroundings, among like-minded, serious companions. I was accepted for the month of August, and resolved that I would then begin the novel. I told friends I had begun already; when writers who had been to Yaddo warned me that it was dangerous to go up there without any firm plan in mind, that it was best for finishing a piece of work you'd already started, I assured them I was well on my way with the novel. In my head, maybe that was true; I knew it was in there somewhere, if I could just get at it.

Yaddo itself is a mansion house on a large estate. I had a fine, clean room with a view of the rolling lawn and a fountain with—I think—a cherub in it. I ought to remember; I stared at it long enough. My worktable, with typewriter, faced through the great, clear windows onto the lawn. I rose and ate a hearty breakfast, returned to my room, and stared out over my typewriter into the shimmering green. Around noon, a lunch pail was placed outside my door with a thermos of coffee, two sandwiches, and a piece of fruit or cake. I was happy to knock off after my arduous morning of staring out the window into the blank green expanse of my unflowering mind. I ate leisurely, reading a magazine. After lunch I dutifully returned to the typewriter, and stared some more. Sometimes I wrote, just to hear the keys work. Letters to friends.

The dinners were large and I ate heartily. At night you could stay in and play Botticelli, or drink in your room, or walk into Saratoga. With Robert I would walk into town, and we would take in the local "night life." The one bar that had entertainment featured striptease performed by Negro transvestites. Rather specialized, but it was the only show in town.

I took to buying fifths of bourbon and drinking more in my room, starting with lunch. A dash or so in the coffee. Thus inspired, I began turning out pages of something, some story, some activity of characters. A boy there was, and for certain, a girl. I told Robert I was ripping right along; he praised my industry. At the end of the month, I indeed had something to show for my time there. I had gained ten pounds. As for the novel—well, I had some choked, meandering pages about that boy and that girl. A dozen or so such pages.

Back on Jones Street the pages soon became sooty, but I refused to give up on them. I added more, gnawing at the story I wanted to tell, which

seemed hidden from me, but bravely I poked at and worried with and pushed and strained over it until I had more than fifty pages by the first of 1960. That was a real hunk, a respectable amount, and I typed them up on fresh paper and gave the bundle to my agent, who knew how much this meant to me. He praised it and sent it to the publishers of my first book, asking for an advance, something to help tide me through to finish it. I waited in fearful suspense, and my worst fears were confirmed.

The publishers, in gentle language, conveyed their distaste and disappointment over what I'd written, and their disturbance at the notion of advancing me any money to pursue it any further. Over a posh lunch they said how much they loved me anyway and wanted to publish my next *non-fiction* book. An editor said that from what she'd read she didn't think I'd finish that novel, but of course I was free to go on and try—though not at their expense. A week or so later a younger editor of the house, himself a poet, returned the orphan manuscript to me and suggested over several martinis that since my talent was in journalism, if I insisted on writing a novel I should try one with a "topical setting." Like what? I asked. Well, like a novel set against the background of the Cuban Revolution. Castro was newly victorious. Thanks for the idea, I said.

My agent, acting quickly to save my writerly self-respect and cracked confidence, showed my effort to an editor friend of his from another publisher, who professed to like what he read and offered a contract. I thanked him but couldn't accept. It was as if the original publisher—"my publisher," as I was taught to think of them—had shot the book from under me. It lay there inert, not even gasping.

It was dead, and with it, very nearly, my dream of being a writer of novels. But I couldn't accept that verdict on myself, though I knew it was the real professional opinion of the people who had been "my publisher."

I stopped discussing "my novel," returned to the necessary journalistic assignments that paid for my subsistence, and in my head, postponed the dream. Postponed, not abandoned, though that would have seemed the practical thing to do. Perhaps even the "mature" response; to accept one's limitations.

Postponement, though, ironically fit the texture of my life at that time, for being a child of my age and a victim of its fads, follower of fashionable panaceas and respecter of society's Gods-of-the-moment, I was, like so many of my New York friends, "in analysis." (Today, of course, I believe in astrology.) For myself, and so many other people I knew, analysis served mainly as the Great Postponement. While one was "in it" and not yet "through it," one was not supposed to make

any vital life changes, such as getting married, changing careers, or of course, leaving town (thus fleeing the treatment). One result this had for me, and others I knew, was the Postponed-life Effect. Since the assumption was that after the analysis had been completed one would be a New Person, mature and fulfilled and capable of meeting all emotional and mental challenges, there was no use really to brood morbidly about the present, but to wait, like a prayerful acolyte, for the gleaming day when all would be well. Then, transformed, one could marry the mate of one's dreams, have a fine, healthy family, and soar benignly to the top of one's profession, whether it was law or medicine, engineering or writing.

I had not gone into analysis because of any writing problems (indeed, didn't yet know I had or would have any), but for equally common and mundane mid-twentieth-century concerns: suicidal tendencies, sexual fears and guilts, insomnia and nightmares, the usual stuff. Some things seemed to improve, some deteriorate, and new problems crawled out of the worm can of the unconscious; in general, things seemed to be going on much as they would if I weren't in analysis at all. I began to have doubts about the treatment, mine specifically and others' whom I knew, girls in their seventh year who still had the same nightmares and hangups they had brought to the couch on their first hopeful day, men approaching their middle thirties afraid to take a job in California or go to Paris on a year's fellowship because their anal-

ysis was not yet completed, even though it had been droning on for five or ten or, in one case I knew of, twelve years.

Out of some sense of disgust or boredom or self-respect, I decided to spring myself. When I returned to the couch after the summer psychiatric vacation of 1962, I announced to my inscrutable doctor that I was not going to spend my life at this, was not going to become another professional analysand; that I had faithfully followed the prescribed treatment for four years, and that at the end of the next one, for better or worse, healthier or sicker, I was getting out.

"Yes, go on," he said.

And, thank God (with apologies to Freud), I went.

During that final year, though, the psychoanalytic year of September '62-July '63, I decided to quit postponing things, to gather myself together and do the work I needed and wanted to do. I would make myself do my journalistic research and writing in the evenings; in the afternoons, from one until five, I would write my novel.

I was now living in somewhat better digs on Twelfth Street off University Place (though the soot was still a menace, a constant foe), and I had my long worktable piled with the clippings and notes and magazines and books and manuscripts of my journalistic pursuits. I wanted to get away from that clutter, have a fresh, clear, quiet place in which to create the novel, and I found one. A former love and still dear friend



had a small, bright apartment on Perry Street, looking out over those small, enclosed backyard gardens of the Village; a real tree scraped at her third-floor window.

Every day, after the *ennui* or anger of the analytic session, I would return to Sheridan Square, get a sandwich and container of milk at a nearby delicatessen, and go to Jane's. She worked during the day, and I had the place to myself. I set up a typewriter on a shelf at the window, looking out at the gardens and the backs of buildings and that personal, immediate tree. Jane left a fresh pot of coffee for me every day, and I would drink three or four cups during the course of the afternoon and smoke leisurely cigarettes, stare out the window and start things going on the typewriter, patiently waiting for some of the clogged pages to break free and come to life; trying with all I had to force the needed book into birth.

Those afternoons were some of the happiest I have known. I can still remember the exact feel of the place, the calm, the quiet, the peace it brought to my own head, partly, I am sure, because in that room I was trying to do what I so wanted to do, and though it hadn't yet begun to flow, I felt close to it, as if I could reach out and touch it; touch the dream. Maybe it was a delusion, my playing novelist by sitting every afternoon in that room where I was supposed to be writing and which gave me the physical and emotional circumstances for doing so—maybe it was like a kid playing Race Car Driver by sitting behind the wheel of his father's automobile and pretending to zoom down treacherous roads, while all the time the car was parked, and the key wasn't even in the ignition.

Jane never asked me about the novel, though every afternoon around five when she returned from work we would have coffee together and talk. I knew how much she wanted me to write it, knew she understood how vital it was to me, knew she believed in my doing it. And then one afternoon that winter after I had been spending the afternoons there for three or more months, she came in looking tense and shaken. Her entrance into any room was ordinarily a joyous event, a great burst of warmth and cheer, and I couldn't imagine what was wrong. Had she lost her job, had her romance broken up, her mother taken ill?

"Wake," she said, "I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"I did something I shouldn't have."

"What?"

"Well, last night, I'd been out to dinner, and had a lot of drinks, and when I got home I was kind of high, and I got a glass of wine, and I—"

"Yes?"

"Well, I read what you've been writing, and I spilled some wine on one of the pages."

We didn't look at each other. We both understood that she was not apologizing for spilling wine

on a page, but for looking at what I had written. There was no novel there in the precious manila envelope, not even a real beginning of a novel, only a jumble of pages, a jungle of false starts and repetitions and choked paragraphs; a scrap collection.

"It's OK," I said, when I could say anything.

After that I never left the telltale traces there of my "work," but took the package home every night to be hidden as it deserved. We never mentioned it again. I still worked there in the afternoons, but it wasn't the same. She still made the pots of coffee, still came in at five with her cheery news and funny stories and unspoken affection; but I knew she didn't believe anymore. Sometimes I wondered if I did, either, but I still came to that room, that peace, that place where I knew the whole story I had to tell was in the very air around me, if I only could grasp it.

* * *

"Why the hell are you batting your brains out to write a bloody novel," Sarel asked me as we ordered the baba au rhum for dessert at one of our frequent dinners of bachelor musing and general complaint at Eddie's Aurora restaurant.

"I just want to," I said, making everything clear.

"Want *what*?" Sarel probed. "Do you want to be like Fitzgerald? Like Hemingway?"

"No," I said truthfully, "I want to be myself. I don't want to be 'like' anyone because I'm not them, I'm me."

"Well, then"—still trying, Sarel pressed on—"do you want the novel to make you famous? Do you want people to say you're 'great'? Is that it?"

"That would be nice, but that's not *it*."

"Look, what do you want people to say about your novel? What would you most like someone to say when they finished reading it and came up to comment about it to you?"

"There's a guy in Camus' *The Plague*," I said, "who is always trying to write a novel, and someone asks him the same question. They ask him what he'd like people to say about his novel if he ever finished it, and he smiles and says, 'I'd like them to say "Hats Off."'"

"Hats Off"? Sarel grinned.

"Hats Off," I insisted.

I didn't mind Sarel's probings on the matter; he had written a novel himself that was published in England (and, for reasons I honestly never understood, was not brought out in the United States, though it was a truly successful satire of an Englishman in America), and he was trying at the time to write another and perhaps wanted the answers for himself as much as to learn about my own motivation.

There were other types of challenges.

"Why do you want to write a novel?" a friendly magazine editor asked me. "Everybody and his

brother writes novels. They're all the same anyway. You're doing a real kind of first-rate journalism that's rare and unique. Why mess around with a novel?"

In these sorts of questions, that line of challenge, was always the implicit and sometimes frankly stated notion that my desire to write a novel was nothing more than the old cliché urge of the journalist to be a "literary man," attain greater prestige by writing the more respected fiction rather than fact. Every reporter has a novel in his desk, ha ha, the poor dreamer. That sort of thing.

Those who would snicker this at you were, of course, impossible to argue with, but I knew they were wrong. At least in my case, and mine was the only case I knew. By accident I came across something that helped explain the deep urge better than anything I had been able to articulate myself, and I offered it as part of an explanation to those who I felt had a true and gentle interest in the Novel demon that was driving me.

I came across it in a paperback about the history of art. I may have altered and distorted it by now, but in memory it is this: that the first paintings, drawn on the walls of caves, were created not for some aesthetic purpose at all but from a very practical motive. The cavemen believed that if before you went hunting you could first draw the image of the animal truly enough on the wall of the cave, it would ensure your later being able to kill him. The arrow or ax delivered the final blow, but the beast was really done in by his depiction, the rendering of him by the hunter whose real weapon was his "art." Killing the beast; that was it. Wasn't the novel another way of doing this; a way of killing the beast inside you, of depicting so well those dangerous dinosaurs of dreams and of past experience that you would finally destroy them, finally be rid of them?

I felt some vein of truth in the notion, and yet again not all the explanation, for I didn't really think of the novel as a form of therapy, nor did I have any illusions that writers who had written the greatest of novels derived any sudden peace and equilibrium or achieved any psychic nirvana by the act. And yet I knew there must be some deep kind of relief in it, a sensation and reward in and of itself that did not necessarily affect one's other problems but made it easier to breathe.

Again though, my hunger was not for "therapy" or self-improvement or enlightenment, but for something that had to do with the beauty and mystery of the singing sentences that had struck me more deeply than music or painting or any other form of human expression ("I believe in the sentence," I told someone truly when they asked what my real faith was, or whether indeed I believed in anything at all), and of their arrangement and order in novels like those of Fitzgerald and Carson McCullers, Henry James and James Baldwin, Hemingway and Salinger and Styron. I hear them in my

head, now as then, like some people hear strains of melodies:

The town itself is dreary . . . You might as well go down to the Fork Fallas Highway and listen to the chain gang.

Them thats goin' get on the goddamn wagon; them thats stayin' get outa the goddamn way.

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

Either you hear them or you don't. And their linking and building into those realer-than-life stories, those books called Novel, seemed to me—still does—the most beautiful of all artifices.

As we sat in Ivan's garden in the early summer of 1963, after steaks cooked on charcoal and wine in the pleasant night, discussing my plans for a new assault on the novel, he said he didn't think my wanting to do it was out of the same kind of motivation as our friend X, who just wanted to do it because of whatever prestige or personal honor it would bring. Ivan said he felt it was different with me.

"I think," he said "you're in love with the form."

I think this observation was true, and know I was thankful for having him express it. Those things help keep the hope alive.

* * *

I sprung myself not only from analysis but also from the city I thought would always be my home, having tired of the soot and the groaning garbage trucks and the other people still in analysis, all that New York had come to mean in my own life as the city finally, after seven years, turned sour to me. I got a Nieman Fellowship in Journalism at Harvard, and spent most of that year in Cambridge reading and drinking and talking and, most basically, recovering—from analysis and deadlines and worries over paying the doctor and the rent and all the emotional and physical dues of living in the city that William Buckley so rightly described when he wrote to me saying he heard that I had left "our abattoir."

I didn't write on the Nieman, but the next year I moved to a cheap and pleasant house in New Hampshire in the midst of pine trees and in front of a pond. I started writing again, making not a frontal assault on the novel but a sneak attack from a side angle: short stories. One was long and had to be hammered and nailed and beaten into shape. The other poured out in three ecstatic hours one Saturday autumn afternoon when I simply felt good and sat down at the typewriter with a quart of beer and found myself writing a lyric kind of story I had not planned or known about. It was the first time I had ever experienced that kind of "natural" outpouring, as if some secret source in my brain had been unlocked and the words rushed forth as fast as I could put them down. When it was over, I read

it through and saw that I didn't have to change anything. It was like a trance or being possessed—or being *in possession*, not of something weird or foreign, but of myself, at last. I cried with relief and joy and opened another quart of beer in celebration.

Both stories were sold to magazines and published.

I had written fiction! I could do it. I had done it. Screw ye, o ye of little faith. What was a novel if not a short story told at greater length?

The sense and shape of the novel I wanted to write came to my mind, and one day I even wrote an opening chapter! But I couldn't work on it then. I was putting together a nonfiction book, and I was working against a deadline on it. When I finished, though, I'd have a little extra money, and there'd be nothing between me and the novel.

But when I finished the journalistic book I also finished my life with Alice, who had all year lived with me there by the pond, loving and fighting and crying and counting the pennies to stretch the limited dollars to stretch the time to write. She typed up my manuscripts with love and care, attentively and diplomatically setting my bad grammar right (it had to be done diplomatically not to arouse my ire at having my precious words come in for criticism); she performed the even more delicate and dreadful ordeal of getting me up in the morning and down to breakfast and into the study with a thermos of coffee, as I whined and moaned and bitched and groaned, starting off many a day by chanting some cheery thought such as "I want to die, I want to die."

In spite of the nightmares we shared and provoked in one another we had a lot on the credit side of our living-together ledger, but still I said I'd had enough, said she had to go, convinced her I had to be alone again, and so "for my sake" she went, leaving me in that solitude I wanted but of course couldn't stand. I soon fled into Cambridge and a large, empty apartment looking out over Memorial Drive and the Charles River, a swell place to live and work. I had cleared the decks, burned the bridges, nothing now stood between me and the novel as I sat down at my typewriter in the fall of 1965.

Lonely, bored, bereft, empty, I pretended to people I was writing the novel, spoke of first drafts, lied enthusiasm over my progress, and in reality, drank and watched soap operas on television and pursued a series of women I didn't really want, promising myself that next week I'd get going.

I set schedules, tricked myself to my desk, tried every ruse I knew to get working. But nothing happened. I felt like Fitzgerald's description of a certain state of mind in *The Crack-Up* when he spoke of being like a man on a deserted rifle range with his gun empty and the targets all down.

A benevolent chance came that set me free from

that self-made morass, hurtling me out of Cambridge and all over the country to write about the effect of the Vietnam War on the United States. I was moving and thinking and writing again, even if not fiction. Maybe when I finished the project . . .

* * *

"How's the novel coming?"

"Oh, fine."

"When do you think you'll finish your novel?"

"Pretty soon."

"Whatever happened to that novel you were working on?"

"Oh, it's coming along."

"Say, weren't you writing a novel once?"

"I still am. It's a very long one. Maybe it will be as long as *Ship of Fools*. I understand it took Katherine Anne Porter thirty years to write that book."

After a while your friends don't ask. Those who do ask are the ones with the sly grins, the knowing winks; the ones who hope to hell you don't write it because they never did write "it" or anything else themselves and begrudge every good book that sees the light, especially if they have an acquaintance with the author, who is certainly no better than they and who the hell do you think you are anyway? Certain kinds of book reviewers, certain kinds of editors who already gave up their own dream of writing the book they wanted, these are the ones with the long needles. Real writers don't ask you.

Here is a good piece of advice to anyone who wants to write a novel: don't tell anyone until you've done it.

As the years of not doing it pile up, how do you rationalize to yourself that it will ever be done? Fitzgerald wrote *Gatsby* when he was twenty-nine. When you pass twenty-nine, you try to forget about that and think of, say, Sinclair Lewis, who didn't write his first real one (*Main Street*) until he was in his thirties. Miss Porter's long travail is a source of great comfort. You are cheered by learning that Cervantes didn't write *Don Quixote* until he was in his fifties, and in jail! Now there's a possible strategy.

Go directly to jail. Do not pass "Go" . . .

* * *

Instead, I went to California. I finished the journalistic book on the State of the Nation in early 1968, did something like a jail term teaching at the University of Illinois Journalism School that spring semester, and fled to Los Angeles. Why Los Angeles, of all places? I had enough money to live anywhere

and write for about a year, and when you have the "freedom" to go anywhere, you don't know where to go. I was talking long distance one night that spring to Joan and John in Hollywood, and they said, "Why don't you come out here?" and I said, "Why not," and did.

By one of those chances that made me feel I was on the right wavelength I found a sublease apartment right smack on the beach in Venice. Plate-glass windows showing the ocean, out front, and the mountains of Malibu, to the side. Fog rolling in at night like mystery, and the lonely bleat of foghorns. This section of Venice was as yet uncommercialized, the beach was almost empty, the high-rises had not yet come; it was beautifully anonymous, like some forgotten port city in a foreign country of the mind.

I wrote at a table by the window, battering all summer at the novel, which essentially was spent in writing the first page over thirty or forty times. I began to identify again with that fellow in *The Plague* who had worked all his life on a novel but only had the opening line, which he still was changing, experimenting with. Sometimes I would abandon that precarious first page and plunge on into the rest of the opening chapter. I knew the shape and form of my story, knew the characters, but wasn't yet able to get it all going.

In the fall I brought to my beach a lady with whom I fell very much in love. She ended up staying for over a month, went to New York for a month, and then returned to the beach to settle in. Committed, we both got scared and angry, began hurting ourselves and each other. In the early spring of rains and emotional torrent between me and Ann I pressed the book forward—in spite of myself, ourselves—and reluctantly it started moving, like a slow, grudging train.

Almost imperceptibly, it picked up speed. At the same time, the love became more tangled and chaotic. In late May, with the book going well toward the halfway mark, the love crashed violently, and I cracked up a car, and packed up one suitcase, taking what clean shirts and socks I had and my half-born novel. I flew across the country and holed up in the basement of friends in Alexandria, Virginia, knowing for sure I would do the novel then in spite of everything or admit to a final defeat.

With my back as hard against the wall as I could possibly have got it, all Exit signs painted out, I behaved admirably. I got up every morning about nine, had a cup of black coffee, and went to the typewriter. I wrote steadily till five in the afternoon, then started pouring down enormous drinks, had one of the Kelleys' fine dinners, then drank again until I passed into sleep. That was the schedule for about five weeks. Neighborhood kids, told there was a writer in the house, came to peek in the win-

dows and stare at me. I was the madman in the basement.

Incredibly, the novel poured out. Fifteen, sometimes twenty pages a day. It was like automatic writing; like I was the secretary simply taking down dictation. It seemed the story was all there written in my head all the time, and I was finally able to see it, hear it, get the words on paper. It was lovely and scary at the same time. I essentially finished the book in that basement, wound up with a final rush in an apartment alone in Boston, laid it aside for a month, and then rewrote and had the final version in the early fall.

* * *

Yes, it was like a great burden lifted; I felt drained but much lighter, much less bound and gagged. Was the love a victim of the novel? Was the novel in part some psychic result of the love's attendant chaos and emotion? It is all rather scary to contemplate. But looking back I see that my two most creative years were ones of an emotional fury of love; in bored isolation I had done none of the personal kind of creation I wanted.

If you ask was it worth it, was the novel worth what may have been the personal wreckage it left in its wake, I can only answer that it wasn't a matter of choice at all. It was what happened. I do not have any illusion about having written the Great American Novel or the great any kind of novel, but I feel to my own satisfaction that I put into a book a vision of a certain time and place and way of life that was very important and meaningful to me and to many other people of my age and background. And in it I made some sentences whose sound I like to hear.

One added irony: now that I have finally written my novel, I am told by many literary observers that *The Novel Is Dead*, that journalism is *The Art Form of the Future*. Maybe so. I only know the novel was the one form in which I could have told the story I had to tell, that I hate to be categorized as this or that "kind" of writer, and intend to write journalism again as well as novels, and maybe try movie scripts and plays, as well. Who knows? And why not?

Whatever the literary fashion of the moment, I can only now say of my novel that I did it and I'm glad. In some weird way I would not have had the writing of it and the pain and doubt and relief of finally finishing it the way I wanted to hear it be any different. Fitzgerald me no Fitzgerald; Cervantes me no Cervantes; this was my song, my own way of groping and thrashing and blindly finding the way to sing it in my own voice, out of my own dizzy life and distracted thought. □

SOMETHING MISSING

A story by John L'Heureux

After the fire in the school, reporters tried to find out all they could about the Goldfarbs. Information about the son, Isaac, was repeatedly self-contradictory and about Avram they learned nothing at all. He had come from either Hungary or Holland and was currently employed by a music publishing firm. That was all anybody knew. They were a quiet suburban family like any other. There was no story in them.

Avram Goldfarb was a child prodigy of seven, a pianist, when a drunken Nazi broke his hands. The soldier had been sent to round up the whole family, but the boy played Schubert so beautifully that the soldier took only the father and mother and left the boy behind, having first smashed his small hands with a rifle butt. At nine Avram had murdered a man who had threatened to reveal his hiding place, and at ten he escaped to Holland, where he grew up, married a German girl, and taught music. He was determined his son would be the pianist he himself could have been; when his wife became pregnant, therefore, they emigrated to America, where, everyone knew, opportunities abound. Thus Isaac Joseph Goldfarb was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Isaac was a child of extraordinary beauty. His large luminous eyes seemed always filled with tears, and his hair was a mass of glossy black curls. "What a beautiful baby! What is her name?" women would sometimes ask, and Karen Goldfarb would smile with pleasure. She had wanted a daughter. When he was three, he hacked a path down the center of his hair with his mother's scissors because the boy next door had called him a girl. After that Karen took him regularly to the barbershop.

As he grew, Isaac displayed a keen intelligence and great depths of emotion. Not only did he throw tantrums, he knew when not to throw them; he could delay his fury for hours until the time was right. "Temperament in an artist is good," his father said, and at once set him to the piano. Isaac's hands were long and white with an impressive open spread, and in very short time they flowed across the keys with a life and control of their own. The

boy's technical mastery was amazingly in advance of his years or his training, and his father held great hopes for him. With time the boy's technique became nearly flawless. Still, the father said, something was missing. Had he been more honest, he would have admitted that the missing something was genius; but his life depended on that not being so, and he spent much of his day trying to infuse his own genius into his angry, despairing son. Neither understood who the other was.

Isaac was persecuted by the other children at school. At first they hated him because he was beautiful and was cooed at and tickled by the teachers. Later they hated him because he was unlike them: he wore short pants and knee stockings; while they played baseball he practiced piano; he seemed to think he was somehow better than they. In short, he was a sissy. Finally they hated him out of habit. He didn't belong. They knew it and he knew it. Before he was twelve, he had been condemned forever.

And so it came as a relief to Isaac when, after that first disastrous year at high school, his father moved the family from Bridgeport to a small town outside Boston where he had been offered a job with a music publishing firm.

That summer was the happiest time of Isaac's life. Everything was beginning new. His father, busy with his new job, did not have time to hound him about his practice. His mother had given up hoping for a daughter and had stopped thinking of Isaac as a substitute. He was alone, and he spent long hours walking in the woods, sketching the pine trees by the reservoir, imagining a future in which there would be nothing to fear. The less he practiced piano, the more his sketching improved. He began to think he might give up music for painting. And then he discovered his voice. It was a thin sweet sound that seemed to come from somewhere outside him; a tone not of complaint but of intense sorrow, the legacy of thousands of years of exile. All that summer he sang in the woods, convinced that in fall everything would be different.

But in late August his face began to break out. By the time school began in September, his face and

neck swarmed with ripe pustules, three and four running into one another to form a sickening purple mass between his nose and his lip. Karen could not bear to look at him, her beautiful son, disgusting. Avram scarcely noticed, aware as he was only of the boy's absence of soul, his brilliant articulating fingers on the keyboard telling always of something missing.

The first day of school was everything he had feared. He had succeeded in registering as Joseph Goldfarb and had been careful not to speak unless spoken to, not to walk in that way people always made fun of, not to gesture with his beautiful hands. Despite his face, he would succeed as a man. His face, in fact, might be a help; no one would notice now the long curled lashes or the limpid eyes. The students nudged one another whenever he spoke, but that might be only because he was new and they had all been together for a long time. And at lunch he walked alone behind animated groups of three and four, but after all he must give the others a chance to get used to him. Yes. It was because he was new. He wouldn't force himself on anyone this time, wouldn't drive them away with his—whatever it was. He would eventually have friends and be like the rest of them. No one knew him here.

After lunch Isaac reported to the locker room for physical education class. He had trouble finding 2-A, not realizing that 2-A was a euphemism for the cellar, and so he came late.

The locker room was a cavernous cement affair that reeked of disinfectant. Jutting from the wall were six long benches, and built above the benches were racks for clothes and equipment. To the left was a wire cage filled with baskets, each marked with the owner's number, containing sneakers, socks, supporters, shorts, and whatever more elaborate equipment the boy might have—kneepads or ankle stiffeners or straps for eyeglasses. There was a window in the cage, and the coach, a short beefy man whose huge chest and stomach muscles had long since gone to fat, stood behind it handing out the baskets to their owners. To the right was a short flight of stairs leading to another cement room, this one smaller, equipped only with spigots on one wall and a huge rubber tray of disinfectant on the other.

Entering the room, Isaac stood dumbfounded. Most of the boys had on gym shorts by this time and were noisily comparing biceps or punching one another or pretending to. A few stood there naked, putting on athletic socks or supporters. Never having seen anyone naked before, he could not believe they all stripped bare this way in front of one an-

other. He blushed and looked around him, frightened.

"Hey, you!" Buck Carey, the coach, stood behind the wire grill. "You're supposed to be on time, you know. You ever hear of being on time?"

The noisy chatter fell off. Everyone was curious to see how he would react.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know where—" Isaac could hear his voice and knew it was too high. He stopped. The coach, studying him in evident disgust, said nothing. "I'm sorry. What do I do?" He hoped he would be sent away.

"What do you do?" He looked around and addressed the boys. "He wants to know what he does." They laughed as they were expected to. "You strip. First you strip."

Painfully Isaac began to remove his clothes. The blood had rushed to his head and he was so dizzy he thought he would fall over. No one said anything; he knew everyone was looking at him. Finally he stood before them naked, his skinny body exposed to their pity.

"Now what?" the coach asked him.

"Now what?" Isaac repeated.

"Now you put on your jock and your shorts. Unless you want to go out on the field like that." Everyone laughed.

"I don't have any. I didn't know."

"What are you? A freshman or something?"

"I—no—I'm new. I'm a sophomore, but this is my first year. At this school, I mean." If only he could cover himself, but that would be worse. They'd make comments.

"Next time bring your equipment. Today you can use common stock. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, Coach," he corrected.

"Yes, Coach."

"All right now. Name?" He scanned the class list; he knew every name but one.

"Joseph Goldfarb. Joe." He swallowed. He glanced around for reassurance but the boys avoided his eyes and he realized he was on his own with Buck Carey.

"Nope. There's no Joseph Goldfarb here. There's an Isaac Goldfarb. You sure you're not Isaac?"

"Well, Isaac is my middle name. The name I go by is —"

Ed LaCroix, quarterback and captain of the football team, made a show of looking at Isaac's privates and announced loudly, "Yeah, he's Isaac all right, Coach."

Isaac's explanation was lost in the tense uproarious laughter. Dimly he understood what Ed LaCroix knew well from association with the coach; only Isaac's humiliation would stop his badgering. It had to end that way. It always did. Isaac was assigned Box 169, since Buck Carey always had the last word, and the class jogged out to the football field united now in a strange comradeship.

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Before school let out, everyone had heard the hilarious story about the new boy's encounter with Buck Carey.

Two weeks passed during which Isaac was ignored altogether. He had thought this was what he wanted, but he found isolation more suffocating than insult; it was as if they were telling him he didn't exist. His skin became worse, glossy red bumps puffing up his lips and blotting his forehead, until at last the terror of facing school each day kept him constantly on the brink of hysterical tears.

Avram Goldfarb, ignoring the threat of tears, went on urging the boy to deepen his playing. "You have no soul," he would scream; "look at me, look at me: you have no soul." And shaking him violently by the shoulders, he would stare deep into the boy's eyes, where he saw nothing, nothing at all. He did not guess and would not have understood his son's terror of school. Karen suspected but said nothing; she was disappointed in her son, who was not manly and authoritative like his father. In school Isaac would sketch caricatures of his teachers and his fellow students, but usually of himself—his hooked nose and his long skinny body easily lending themselves to caricature—and at home he would walk in the woods singing in his pure sad voice. He was totally alone.

There were two people who had some inkling of what went on in Isaac's mind: Buck Carey, who felt an unreasoning hatred whenever he saw the boy, and Ed LaCroix, who felt guilty for what he had done. Both quietly resolved to do something about their feelings. It was Miss Connolly who gave them their opportunity.

Despite the locker room story, or perhaps because of it, the teachers continued to call the boy Joseph. They never knew what to make of him. He turned away from the few kindnesses offered him, and yet he seemed so lonely. And certainly there was no denying that he was terrible to look at, Miss Connolly thought. He was bright and sensitive. Somebody should help him. His essays, grammatically sound and well structured, were always the best in the class; they had what all the others lacked, a completely unfettered imagination, perhaps too unfettered, and it was on the pretext of talking about this—his imagination—that she kept him after school. Their conversation, halting and stumbling as it was, uncovered to Miss Connolly a depth of suffering and violence that frightened her. Nonetheless, she carried through with her original intention and told Isaac, before dismissing him, that perhaps he found his facial condition embarrassing and perhaps he should see a skin doctor. She felt it might help, she said, smiling with genuine kindness. Tears leaped to his eyes: it was a long time since anyone had smiled that way at him. When he

left, Miss Connolly reported to Mr. Gorham, the student counselor, that she was worried about the boy. Mr. Gorham promised he would look into it, but busy as he was with four hundred student profiles, each to be made out in triplicate, he did not get around to Isaac until it was too late.

Two more weeks passed, and Isaac stole the money from his mother and went to a skin doctor, who gave him a bottle of pink fluid which, when dry, covered his face with an opaque film. He used this each night and then one day worked up courage enough to wear it to school. It caused a sensation.

"Joe Goldfarb is wearing makeup!"

"Josie, you mean."

"Ike the Kike forgot his lipstick."

In the girls' room nobody talked of anything else, and in the boys' room each tried to make his comment on Isaac the funniest and the most obscene. Buck Carey—since there was no phys ed that day—had to wait until football practice to share his remarks with the boys he knew he could trust.

Isaac's makeup was the talk of the school, and so he was not surprised at the end of the day to discover on the main bulletin board one of his own caricatures of himself; someone had drawn a skirt on it. He was surprised, however, when Ed LaCroix pushed through the giggling crowd and without a word tore the picture down. The next day Linda Davis, Ed's steady girl and a sophomore like Isaac, smiled at him and did not turn away.

Linda Davis had smiled at him and meant it. All during the day Isaac turned this over in his mind. Perhaps it was still possible. Perhaps he could still have friends and be like all the others. Perhaps. Please, God, yes, he found himself saying, though he did not believe in God and had never prayed. Please, yes.

When phys ed period came, he skipped it. Filled with excitement at the possibility of a new and happy life, he could not face the hard eyes and ugly tongue of Buck Carey, and so when the bell rang he slipped down the side stairs to the glee club room. It was another cement cavern, rendered nearly soundproof by the boiler, which stood between it and the locker room. Nobody ever came here except the glee club and the band, so Isaac knew he would be safe. He sang to himself for a while, thinking of Linda, and then he played a Schubert sonata, but softly, very softly.

Buck Carey, having saved choice comments for Isaac, was not pleased to find he was absent.

"You, LaCroix," he said. "Go check the office and see if your friend has been excused. And then check the study hall and auditorium, see. And bring him back here in ten minutes." He had heard about LaCroix's taking down the picture.

Ed LaCroix shifted his weight from foot to foot. "My friend?"

There was an unspoken understanding between

them regarding how much liberty one could take with the other. Ed, after all, was a very good quarterback.

"Goldfarb, I mean. Go check the office, would you?" His tone was different now.

"Yes, I'll go."

He took a shortcut through the boiler room, and passing the glee club door, he thought he heard music. He pushed open the peephole as Joseph began the sonata. Ed LaCroix, pleased for some reason that he himself did not understand, listened for five minutes and then returned to the locker room.

"He's been excused. He hurt his foot or something."

"Foot. My foot. I'll get that fairy yet."

The next morning Isaac found on his desk a note telling him to report to the principal's office. Mr. Millar studied him for a moment as if he were something under a microscope—he had heard unpleasant reports about this difficult, high-strung young man—and then coldly summarized: "Coach Carey will see you after school in the locker room. If you are not there, Mr. Goldfarb, you will be suspended from this school. Is that clear?" And he dismissed him.

When he returned to his desk he did not notice Linda's smile. A feeling of doom hung over him all during the morning, and at lunch period, unable to eat anything, he walked by the river letting his eye follow the curve of branches where they bent to the water, pretending to himself that the other world of cruelty did not exist.

"I'll survive him," he told himself. "I'll survive them all."

The afternoon was clear and windy, with just enough nip in the air to be perfect football weather. Buck Carey sent his team, jogging in their bulky uniforms, out to the field for calisthenics while he lingered behind with Isaac. The boy's pimpled face disgusted him.

"OK, Ikey. You decided to show up today, did you? Huh? Decide to show up?"

Isaac stared at the cement floor. Three hours from now all this will be over, he thought.

"I'm talking to you!" He grabbed the boy's skinny shoulder and pressed his thumb painfully into the joint. "Nothing to say, huh? Nothing to say to the coach?" He brought his face close to Isaac's, and his voice was intense. "Well, listen to me, boy. I'm gonna run your ass right off. Now get out on that field."

Isaac in his T-shirt and gym shorts looked like a pygmy among giants as he went through the iron gate and joined the uniformed football team. No one acknowledged him and he was grateful for that; humiliation became somehow easier as it became less personal. He felt now almost like an anonymous

viewer at his own execution. "Oh, God, let it be quick."

And then Ed LaCroix approached him.

"Listen, you want a ride home afterwards? I'll give you a ride home. I'm going to meet Linda in 24, so if you get out first, go to 24. And don't let Carey get you down."

Before Isaac could even acknowledge his offer, Ed LaCroix disappeared into the crowd of milling athletes.

"OK, men. Everybody in position. Come on. Come on. You, Goldfart, I want you in the front row over on the side." The coach seemed in good humor this afternoon. "We're only going co-ed for this afternoon, men, so don't get worried."

He paused for the ripple of laughter which came, though begrudgingly. To the team this sort of persecution was unfair play, and, though they had seen it in Carey before, they did not like it. Yesterday's incident had been enough bullying to last them for a while. Besides, they all knew how LaCroix felt about it and LaCroix—well, even some of the teachers backed down when Easy Ed disagreed with them.

"OK, then, let's go, let's go. Jog in place, ONE two, ONE two, IN place, IN place. ONE two. Keep up with them, Goldfart."

For over an hour he barked commands, his attention so fixed on Isaac's sit-ups and push-ups and deep knee bends that he was oblivious to his bored and tired team. He was astonished that the skinny sickly-looking boy did not collapse. He almost began to hope he wouldn't.

As the hour began to stretch into two, Ed LaCroix decided to risk interfering. "Hey, Coach, how about practice?"

Buck Carey, whose rough affection for Ed inclined him to approve anything the young man might say or do, approved his request for practice. But this time from a wholly new motivation. He saw himself as something more than a high school football coach; suddenly he was a savior. The little kike actually had guts enough to survive a calisthenics workout with some very tough guys. With a strong hand to guide and toughen him up, he might yet become a man. A Buck Carey creation. Buck, married eight years, had no children of his own.

"Practice, yeah. LaCroix, you take them through the offensive plays. OK, men, two teams. Break it up. And don't go easy on anybody, Ed."

The team broke and reassembled in two huddles as Buck ambled over to Isaac, who was bent in a crouch, one arm clutched around his stomach.

"Well, you think you're pretty smart, don't you? Don't you? Hey, I'm talking to you!"

"No, sir. Not pretty smart." Isaac was still gasping for breath.

"No, Coach."

"No, Coach."

"OK, now, stand up here with me and look at

those guys. That's what a real man is." He turned and watched Ed LaCroix spiral the ball with deadly accuracy into the arms of Jimmy Kelly, the end, who stumbled on his own feet and dropped it. "Come on, you punks, get on that ball. What the hell's the matter with you. Back up your man," he shouted. But to Isaac he said, "See that pass? That was more than thirty yards, right on target. That's what a real man can do."

Isaac by now had stopped panting and stood, triumphant almost, beside the coach. He had done something, he thought, had been given a physical test and passed it. He felt for a moment different toward the coach; he felt the way he did when he was first learning piano technique and his father would nod his head slowly in approval of his progress. *I did it, I survived them all.*

They watched in silence until Buck Carey was sure the boy had his breath back; like with horses, you train slow, he told himself, and you build strength on strength.

"OK, now, wise guy. Try a few laps around the field."

Isaac started off at a brisk trot.

"Not on the grass; on the cinder track, you horse's ass. And don't go so fast or you'll never make it."

Watching Isaac slow to the natural stride and rhythm of a trackman, Buck Carey nodded his head in approval. Yes, I'll make that fairy into a man if it kills him, he thought.

Practice was short that day and everybody was in high spirits returning to the locker room. "Nice going," someone said to Isaac. It was Jimmy Kelly, and he didn't stop, just sort of whispered it to the side as he jogged by, but at least he said it. Isaac was glad.

The noise in the locker room was tremendous. As they stripped and mounted the steps to the showers, they repeated all the ancient jokes about one another's physiques: from Whale Tail Kelly to Ryan, the Red Ball Express. They sang in the showers, and two of them were boxing; through the splashing and the tangle of legs and arms, it was impossible to see who.

"Knock it off, Ryan!" the coach shouted. It was usually Ryan who caused trouble anyway.

For the first time Isaac was not terrified by the locker room. He recognized in an obscure way that the rough talk and the shoving and the noise were a way of affirming a male companionship he had never experienced before. It had something to do with having struggled together, with having tested their bodies together and pushed them as far as they would go, with being naked together. He was at once conscious of his exhaustion and of an exhilaration at being a man among other men, naked and accepted.

He felt a hand move on his shoulder. It was not like the shoves and bumps inevitable in the packed shower room. It was gentle. He turned large frightened eyes up to Ed LaCroix's wide grin as the quarterback tightened his grip on Isaac's shoulder, shook him a little, and said, "Nice going, man. You done real good."

Isaac tried to answer and could not. He tried to smile but his face was frozen. He was aware only of the hand upon his shoulder and the wide grin with its small white teeth and the blond hair curling on Ed LaCroix's chest. He felt dizzy and looked down, brushing the hand from his shoulder. But it was too late. He had begun to stiffen the way he did in bed nights when he touched himself; and Ed LaCroix had seen.

Stepping out of the shower and into the footbath, Isaac foresaw everything. The coach would stare at him, there, and tell him to stay after the others left. He would be sent to the principal or the student counselor. Everyone in school would know. He could not face it. He had faced enough.

As Isaac stepped from the footbath, the coach stared at him, there, and held out a towel. "You'd better stick around after the others leave, Goldfarb." Isaac dried himself quickly, crouching so that no one would notice, but by now everyone had noticed and the loud horseplay had fallen off in the presence of the inexcusable. This sort of thing had happened before but in the context of a game or a boast, not out of . . . well . . . whatever Goldfarb's problem was.

When the others had left, Buck Carey called Isaac to his window in the wire cage. In a tone that offered sympathy for a family tragedy, he said, "Look, Goldfarb, I'm gonna have to report this to the student counselor. All these things get reported to the student counselor. It looks like you need some special help. Meantime, I think you'd better just forget about phys ed for a while. I don't want anybody getting in trouble around here, if you get me."

He spoke not unkindly and, as he told his wife that night, with a great deal of compassion when you take into consideration that perverts aren't really sick, they're just soft.

Isaac nodded. He knew it would get to the student counselor. It was his fate.

Slowly he climbed the three flights of stairs to Room 24. Linda was not there, nor was Ed LaCroix. He hadn't expected they would be. Who would wait around for a queer?

Isaac had never been in Room 24, though he knew it was the senior homeroom. On an impulse now he went from desk to desk, checking papers and books, until he found Ed LaCroix's. He sat down. The seat was low for him, but he stretched his legs out on both sides of the chair in front and slouched in that professional way the football players had. Then methodically he went through the

DEERHOUND

There are no deerhounds in Wales—
Or perhaps one; in Cardiff, loping
On an elegant lead in Llandaff Fields,
Exotic in Queen Street, posing
For photographs. But there are
No true deerhounds. Our fat corgis
Sit irritably in English country houses,
Our loyal colliers starve
Behind the doors of roadless farms.

We parade our terriers. Square
And bristling, the brisk wire-
haired fox terrier, the Welsh terrier
Indigenous black and tan, thin
Scars on head and legs, like a collier,
We like these dogs. I knew one
Curl herself over a drunk man's heart
On a moor filling with blizzard.
They grin at death with their teeth.

I would have a deerhound colored
Slippery as charcoal, running
Tactfully at the edge of eyesight,
Soft as dust after his great quarry.
Once, back of the ruined hills, I saw
A fabulous hare living on grass
Too small for sheep, thrusting
Through coal-spoil. He leapt
In my sleep for months.

With such small deer my hound
Would not soil his slobber.
In darkness, on the edge of terror,
He would run loose, he would run loose and
Noiseless. Black as nightfur, kicking
Into the black, what antlered
Game he would rip at, what
Terrible beasts drag back
Alive for my keeping.

by Leslie Norris

contents of the desk, tearing pages out of books, breaking the pencils that were not already broken, stabbing the ruined books with Ed's compass. After a while he took the compass and carved on the desk top, *I hate you*.

Isaac did not go home at once. He went instead to the glee club room, where he sat silent for a moment at the piano.

There were some music sheets on the rack; someone had transcribed a Bach cantata, scoring it for piano accompaniment. It was to be the glee club's Thanksgiving concert. Having struggled endless hours with the Art of Fugue, Isaac knew Bach, but his father did not like the cantatas and so he had never played them. Sitting down to Number 57, *Selig ist der Mann*, Isaac felt he was recognizing a piece he had learned ages ago. He played the cantata through, softly, tentatively, letting the music inform his hands. There were no words, just the music; but the four arias spoke through Isaac's fingers of exile and the desire for death, death's sweetness and its joy, delivery from the martyred body. He played the piece again and again until he knew it in his fingers and in his soul, and then he went home.

Karen was angry that he was late for dinner, Avram that he had missed his practice. Isaac, his voice brittle with exhaustion and determination, was stolid under their scolding. It was if he were already disembodied.

"Do you want to hear me play?" he asked. "Do you want to hear what you have been waiting to hear?"

"Yes, play, always play," his father said, expecting no miracle. It was too late for the soul to appear.

When Isaac finished the cantata, he turned to them and saying only, "Now you know," he walked from the room. He went to the cellar, and lugging the heavy can of kerosene, walked back to the school.

He did not know, though he suspected, that his father was sitting before the piano weeping with joy and fulfillment. "My son," he said, over and over. "Karen, my son. After all these years. After all my sacrifices, he plays. At last he plays. The something missing is there. My son."

His son entered the school by the door he had left ajar. He knew it would still be ajar; he had foreseen it. He climbed to the third floor, resting on the landings, changing the can of kerosene from hand to hand.

In Room 24 he splashed the kerosene methodically in a large circle, gradually narrowing the compass until he stood with the empty can at Ed La-Croix's desk. He put the can down and rested once more. After a moment he took the compass and gouged away *I hate you* and carved his name, *Isaac*, deep into the top of the desk. Now that it was nearly over, he was tired. He sat there staring straight ahead for a long time. □

HIGH SCHOOLS THAT WORK

Murder in the Schoolroom, Part III by Charles E. Silberman

There is clear evidence that elementary schools can be humane and free without in any way sacrificing intellectual development, and this is where the greatest change is occurring. But change is just as much needed in the high schools. Because adolescents are harder to "control" than younger children, secondary schools tend to be even more authoritarian and repressive than elementary schools; the values they transmit are the values of docility, passivity, conformity, and lack of trust. These unpleasant attributes might be tolerable if one could view them, so to speak, as the price to be paid for "a good education"—good, that is to say, in academic terms. Such is not the case; mindlessness affects the high school curriculum every bit as much as the elementary curriculum. And the junior high school, by almost unanimous agreement, is the wasteland—one is tempted to say cesspool—of American education.

Reform has been slower in the secondary than in the primary schools in part, at least, because the problems are more complex and the solutions a good deal less obvious. Teen-agers arrive in school with their interests, their likes and dislikes, and their values much more clearly formed. They are far less susceptible than young children are to the teacher's influence; one of the characteristics of growth, as Jerome Bruner of Harvard emphasizes, is the "increasing independence of response from the immediate nature of the stimulus." Moreover, teen-agers are subject to a far wider range of influences outside the classroom—influences from their own peer culture, as well as from the adult culture as transmitted by parents and the mass media.

The problem is complicated still further by the fact that adolescents learn in different and more complex ways than young children. The latter can deal easily with the immediate and the concrete—with what is before them, or what they have already experienced. They find it more difficult to handle

the abstract, for they do not yet have command over the mental operations that would enable them easily to go beyond the information they already have, to conjure up alternative possibilities that could occur.

During adolescence, however, roughly between the ages of twelve and fifteen, young people gradually gain command over the final stage of cognitive development. Adolescents learn how to think about their own thoughts, to think systematically about the future, to deal with concepts, propositions, and hypotheses as well as with objects, and to understand and handle metaphors.

The growth that occurs during adolescence makes possible substantial changes in both what is learned and how it is learned. Since their growing command over language, abstraction, and metaphor enables high school students to transcend their own experience and environment, high school is the place where they can come into possession of the culture, which is to say, the world created by the perceptions, discoveries, creations, imaginations, and thoughts of men. In a way and with a subtlety and sophistication that the elementary school cannot attempt, the high school can concern itself with the transmission of culture, which Matthew Arnold defined as "the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere."

The "best that has been thought and known" is embodied in large measure in the scholarly disciplines. What is crucial about the disciplines, however, is that they are not mere bodies of knowledge or collections of information; they are conceptual models, or paradigms, which men have constructed to give meaning to experience. A major emphasis must be to give students an understanding of the fundamental structure of the disciplines they study.

As Alfred North Whitehead insisted, "There is no royal road to learning through an airy path of brilliant generalizations." On the contrary, education involves "a patient mastery of details." But

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mastery of details is the means, not the end. Emphasizing structure means emphasizing the concepts that give meaning to the details, that enable students to distinguish relevant from irrelevant details, and to apply the discipline to new situations and problems. Respect for competence is one of the distinguishing characteristics of adolescence—hence the intense interest in sports and in driving a car, activities in which standards of competence are clearly defined. Adolescents should not be denied the satisfaction that comes from competence in intellectual and aesthetic activities as well.

If students are not to regard knowledge as dogma, they must also understand something of its ephemeral character and, even more, the degree to which the “truth” of a discipline is a function of its structure and its method of inquiry. They need to understand the different kinds of evidence and proof that different disciplines use, and they need to understand the ways in which conceptual structures produce new knowledge but themselves change in response to the knowledge they produce. In short, students need to study the grammar or syntax of the disciplines, as well as their structure and content.

But *which* disciplines? In what sequence? With what content? Taught in what way?

There is not, and cannot be, one curriculum suitable for all time, or for all students at a given time. To insist that there is, is to confuse the means of education with the end. But this is in no way to suggest that any one piece of learning is as good as any other. Knowing one thing is *not* the same as knowing another, and some things are more worth knowing than others. Surely a man cannot be considered educated unless he has at least some understanding of science. Nor can a man be considered educated unless he has at least some knowledge of the past, some understanding of the human condition, some knowledge of the nature and dynamics of human society, and some knowledge of language and the arts.

Certain skills or abilities are also essential to the educated man: the ability to learn for himself, to take hold of a subject and “work it up” for himself, so that he is not dependent upon his teacher’s direction; the ability to think for himself, “to ask the right critical questions and to apply rigorous tests” to his hunches, so that he is not dependent upon the ideas and opinions of others; the ability to respond to beauty, the beauty of nature as well as the art made by his fellowman; and the ability to communicate his ideas and feelings to others. The fact that

there is no one curriculum to be specified for everyone does not mean, therefore, that there should be no curriculum at all—that high school students should study only what happens to interest them.

The most frightening manifestation of the generation gap, as Paul Goodman has demonstrated in several brilliant articles, is the new generation’s rejection—at times, its inability even to understand—the authority of culture and the responsibilities that follow from it. “Their lack of a sense of history is bewildering,” Goodman says of the students he knows. “They do not really understand that technology, civil law, and the university are *human* institutions, for which they too are responsible”; they do not understand “that these institutions, works of spirit in history, are how Man has made himself and is.” But “if they treat them as mere things, rather than being vigilant for them,” Goodman worries, “they themselves become nothing. And nothing comes from nothing.”

It is absolutely crucial, therefore, to bring the young into contact with, and possession of, their culture. To do this, high schools must offer more than just a potpourri of courses. This is not to say that they should provide a single curriculum or sequence that every student must follow, come what may. Given the mood of the present generation, nothing would be more self-defeating, more likely to turn students away from the culture. Since the time of Socrates, at the very least, it has been a truism that a teacher must start with where his students are if he is to take them somewhere else. For this generation of students, it means starting with much more freedom than previous generations enjoyed.

Then to take them somewhere else, the teacher must have some convictions about where they should go, convictions about what is worth learning. The real conflict, therefore, is not between “freedom” and “restraint”; it is between rival judgments about what is most worth knowing. The conflict need not be resolved: it is not essential that teachers and students share the same educational goals, only that they *have* educational goals—goals that can be articulated into some coherent structure. For education, as Daniel Bell argues, “is a confrontation with a discipline, a confrontation with a teacher.”

Education is also a confrontation with oneself. “In fact, there is only one process,” the philosopher Marjorie Greene writes, “that is ourselves trying to make sense of things, trying to find significance in what would else be chaos. . . . Learning is a transformation of the whole person.” For this to happen, adolescents need a good deal of freedom for personal exploration and growth.

The kind of education we have been talking about is a necessary part of this process of growth and exploration, for the adolescent passion for self-defini-

This is the third installment drawn from the new book by Charles E. Silberman, *Crisis in the Classroom*, which will be published next month.

tion is a product of cognitive, not just sexual and physiological, maturation. The mental structures that emerge during adolescence, which a well-conceived curriculum is designed to enhance, make self-definition possible, for they enable young people to think abstractly—to reflect on the meaning of their own thoughts, experiences, and feelings, and to conjure up the full range of alternatives for the future.

In short, the proper kind of education gives meaning and direction to the search for identity, preventing it from being a mere exercise in narcissism. Indeed, the school has a special obligation in this regard: more than any other institution, it has the capacity, and therefore the obligation, as Edgar Friedenberg puts it, "to clarify for its students the meaning of their experience of life in their society." It does this by helping students develop the knowledge and skills they need to make sense out of their experience—their experience with themselves, with others, with the world—not just during adolescence, but for the rest of their lives.

Students at present are hardly permitted, let alone encouraged, to confront either their teachers or themselves. They are given little opportunity, and no reason, to develop resolute ideas of their own about what they learn, and in most schools they are actively discouraged from trying to test their ideas against their teachers' ideas. By and large they are expected to learn what the faculty wants them to learn in the way the faculty wants them to learn it, and no nonsense, please. Freedom to explore, to test one's ideas as a means of finding out who one is and what one believes—these are luxuries a well-run school cannot afford. As one student summed it up, "It's all a question of what they want to produce, not what we want to become." The result, at best, is to persuade students that knowledge has no relation to them, no relevance for the kinds of lives they will lead; at worst, it produces the kind of alienation, the rejection of authority, the rejection of the whole notion of culture, of disciplines, and of learning, with which we are now contending.

Fortunately, there are signs of change, in part as a response to student dissent, in part as a result of the growing distaste a number of teachers and administrators feel for the way schools are run, and their conviction that schools can be more humane, that students can handle and benefit from greater freedom and responsibility. Whatever the reasons, there would appear to be a growing ferment in high schools around the country.

The changes now going on fall into three broad categories:

- modest changes in school regulations designed to create a freer and more humane atmosphere outside the classroom;

- somewhat bolder attempts to humanize the schools as a whole—for example, by cutting the number of required classes, leaving students with a third or more of their time unscheduled, to be used for independent study, for taking more elective courses, for fulfilling some course requirements outside the classroom, or for relaxation and leisure;
- radical experiments involving changes of the most fundamental sort—reordering the curriculum and indeed the entire teaching-learning process, and in some instances broadening the very concept of what constitutes a school.

Most of the changes are of the first sort, in response to the growing student hostility to arbitrary or demeaning rules and regulations. Schools all over the country—some voluntarily, some in response to court orders—are abandoning codes governing dress and appearance, codes which usually are as inane as they are unenforceable. (Schools with dress codes, for example, may forbid girls to wear slacks on the grounds that they are provocative, while permitting the mini-est of mini-skirts; schools which forbid boys to sport beards have bearded teachers.) Inane or not, the codes are resented, and properly so, as invasions of the students' privacy and as exercises in arbitrary power. It is hard to persuade students that a school respects their rights and values their individuality when its rules specify, as does one fairly typical suburban school's, that "whatever, in the judgment of the faculty, is considered bizarre, unusual, eccentric or careless in personal appearance and dress will not be tolerated."

A good many schools, moreover, from Maine to Florida and from New York to Hawaii, are dropping the demeaning requirement that students must have a pass to go to the toilet, or get a drink of water, along with the insane regulation that forbids them from using the library without first getting a library pass. Some schools are going further, permitting students to use their unscheduled time as and where they see fit, instead of requiring them to be in a study hall or other specified place during so-called "free" periods, and in the cafeteria during the lunch hour. (One of the stranger school traditions is the one that treats first-graders, but not high school students, as capable of going home for lunch.) Here and there, schools are turning over some of the responsibility for formulating rules of conduct to the students themselves or to student-faculty committees. Some are even experimenting with freedom of the press, placing the responsibility for maintaining minimum standards, for example, avoiding offensive language or illustrations, on the student editors of school publications.

Like it or not, more and more high schools are going to have to make more and more such changes.

In California, New York, and Connecticut, as well as in a number of other states, schools that have tried to enforce codes governing dress and grooming in the traditional way—suspending the offending student or denying him “class privileges”—have had their codes overruled by the courts, on the grounds that dress and personal adornment are a form of self-expression subject to constitutional guarantees. Any regulations a school makes, California Superior Court Judge W. G. Watson ruled, “must reasonably pertain to the health and safety of the students or to the orderly conduct of school business. In this regard consideration should be given to what is really health and safety . . . and what is merely personal preference. . . . In a society as advanced as that in which we live,” Judge Watson continued, “there is room for many personal preferences.”

To be sure, a good many teachers, principals, and parents question the advisability of relaxing the rules in any way. There’s too much freedom already, they argue. As evidence, they point to high schools where there is a flourishing traffic in narcotics, with students using drugs freely in the bathrooms, cafeterias, and even the classrooms themselves. In some schools, a boy can hardly go to the bathroom without seeing other students sniffing or “mainlining,” that is, injecting heroin. Or they point to schools where authority has broken down altogether, with students disrupting classes, vandalizing or stealing school property, and generally terrorizing both teachers and students. For schools of this sort, it would be irresponsible as well as naïve to suggest that freedom is a panacea.

Whether or not it is a panacea, however, freedom happens to be a constitutional right; as the Supreme Court has put it, “neither the Fourteenth Amendment nor the Bill of Rights is for adults alone.” Moreover, the notion that students have constitutional rights which the school cannot infringe is no whim of the moment; it is firmly rooted in the law.

As far back as 1943, in fact, the Supreme Court made it clear that compulsory school attendance did not mean that students surrendered their rights at the schoolhouse door. The Fourteenth Amendment, the Court declared, “protects the citizen against the State itself and all of its creatures—the Board of Education not excepted. These have, of course, important, delicate, and highly discretionary functions, but none that they may not perform within the limits of the Bill of Rights. That they are educating the young for citizenship is reason for scrupulous protection of constitutional freedoms of the individual, if we are not to strangle the free mind at its source and teach youth to discount important principles of our government as mere platitudes.”

Now, as a result of a series of test cases, many of them brought by the American Civil Liberties

Union and its various affiliates, schools are being forced to recognize their own state education codes, which they have also been violating in wholesale fashion. It seems clear, for example, that the almost universal practice of “denying class privileges,” suspending, or expelling students without any kind of due process simply will not stand. As a minimum, a student has a right to receive notice in writing of the charges against him, with a summary of the evidence on which the charges are based, along with a formal hearing at which he (and his parent or guardian) may be represented by counsel, with the right of cross-examination, and a reasonable time in which to prepare the defense. It seems equally clear that students have the right to peaceful protest, as well as the right to distribute their own publications.

School officials who have freedom forced upon them may discover that it is a better solvent of disorder than repression. Certainly it is clear that repression does not work—that “cracking down” serves only to breed more defiance and disruption, which breeds more repression, and so on *ad infinitum*. And all the more so when “cracking down” is accompanied by the kind of arbitrariness, racial prejudice, assumption of student guilt, and general disregard of individual rights that characterizes “difficult” schools. In a war between faculty and students, the students are bound to win; there are more of them, and put to the test, they can be defiant in the most ingenious ways.

Since repression fails anyway, it may be worthwhile to try freedom. There is evidence that it can work—that even “difficult” and “disruptive” students can respond to an atmosphere of trust, particularly if administrators do not confuse trust in the students with sentimentality about them.

ITEM: A large (3000 students) comprehensive high school in a suburban city racked by racial and ethnic conflict had posted uniformed guards throughout the school in a futile attempt to maintain order. A new principal removes the guards, telling the students, in a series of meetings on the first day of the school year, that he has done so out of respect for their maturity and confidence in their ability to maintain order. While conveying empathy and affection for them, his manner at the same time makes it clear that he is no sentimental pushover. The principal also goes to great pains to win the respect and confidence of the leaders of the black and dominant white student groups, asking them to report instances of racial and ethnic slurs and tension so that he can take prompt action. The self-fulfilling prophecy works: despite enormous tension in the adult community, the school remains calm. Over Easter vacation, the students return the compliment, deluging a local radio station with some two and a half

million postcards to elect the principal "principal of the year" in an areawide contest.

Recognizing that a freer and more humane atmosphere is educationally sound as well as constitutionally necessary, high schools in a number of communities around the country—among them, Melbourne, Florida; Abington, Pennsylvania; Silver Spring, Maryland; New York City; Troy, New York; Green Bay, Wisconsin; Decatur, Illinois; Fullerton, California—have taken a variety of measures to humanize the school as a whole, and to put more of the responsibility for their learning on the students themselves. The John F. Kennedy High School in Silver Spring, Maryland, one of the more innovative of these schools, states its goals, "The purpose of the program . . . is to provide an environment which will focus on the individual—a climate where student responsibility is emphasized, where conformity is not imposed, where learners solve problems important to them, where interest is high, and where there is an active commitment to discovery and learning."

One of the ways in which high schools are finding it possible to inch toward greater freedom and responsibility for their students is through the adoption of so-called "flexible modular scheduling," a technique first developed, and advocated with missionary zeal, by Professor Robert Bush of the Stanford University Graduate School of Education and Dr. Dwight Allen, formerly of Stanford, now dean of the University of Massachusetts' School of Education. In most high schools, the day is divided into a fixed number of periods of equal length (usually forty to fifty minutes), so that every meeting of every class lasts the same amount of time. Flexible scheduling uses a shorter time module—typically sixteen, eighteen, or twenty minutes—which makes it possible to provide class periods of varying length—forty minutes, say, for a lecture or demonstration, sixty or eighty minutes for a seminar or small group discussion. The technique makes it easier for teachers to adapt their teaching style to the purpose at hand.

What should be emphasized, however, is that flexible scheduling is simply an administrative technique that makes possible, but in no way guarantees, a freer and less restrictive atmosphere. All too often, in fact, the technique turns out to be a kind of gimmickry in which nothing much changes but the length of the periods (and not always that) and the vocabulary with which the program is described.

ITEM: Nova High School in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, describes itself as "a preview of things to come, a prototype of daring unconventional educational concepts." The terminology is unconventional: students begin the day with a fifteen-min-

ute ADCOM (Administration-Communications) period in which attendance is taken and announcements are made; all that distinguishes ADCOM from what any other school would call "homeroom" is the fact that in this shrine to technological gadgetry, announcements are made over closed-circuit television instead of a conventional PA system. Needless to say, Nova uses flexible modular scheduling—not just any flexible modular scheduling, but rather, "the true modular scheduling as developed at Stanford University," which provides "three types of time, such as scheduled time, schedule of unscheduled time [sic], and unscheduled time."

But while Nova's educational program is "inspired by the enthusiasm of eager learners," each of the four administrative assistants to the Assistant Director for Administration of the Secondary Schools "is involved in discipline, with one of them specifically involved in discipline for class skipping. In our individualized plan for education," a promotional pamphlet explains, "this latter specific responsibility became a necessity." This concern with discipline extends beyond attendance, however; last winter, six students were suspended for five days and had their grades lowered by one point because they parked their cars in the faculty parking lot.

ITEM: Nova is not alone in managing the paradoxical feat of scheduling unscheduled time. The modular scheduling approach used by a Minnesota high school includes something called SOUST (for Scheduling of Unscheduled Student Time), whereby the computer is used "to schedule students into available study facilities during the 30% to 40% of their time that was previously unscheduled." The SOUST sessions are scheduled by subject matter, with a teacher supervising students and occasionally specifying what they are to study during their scheduled unscheduled time.





Photo by Karsh of Ottawa

Where migrating Canada geese converge from Hudson Bay en route to Mississippi and Atlantic flyways, Pete Hughes, long-time bush pilot, professional hunter, waits and watches the sky.

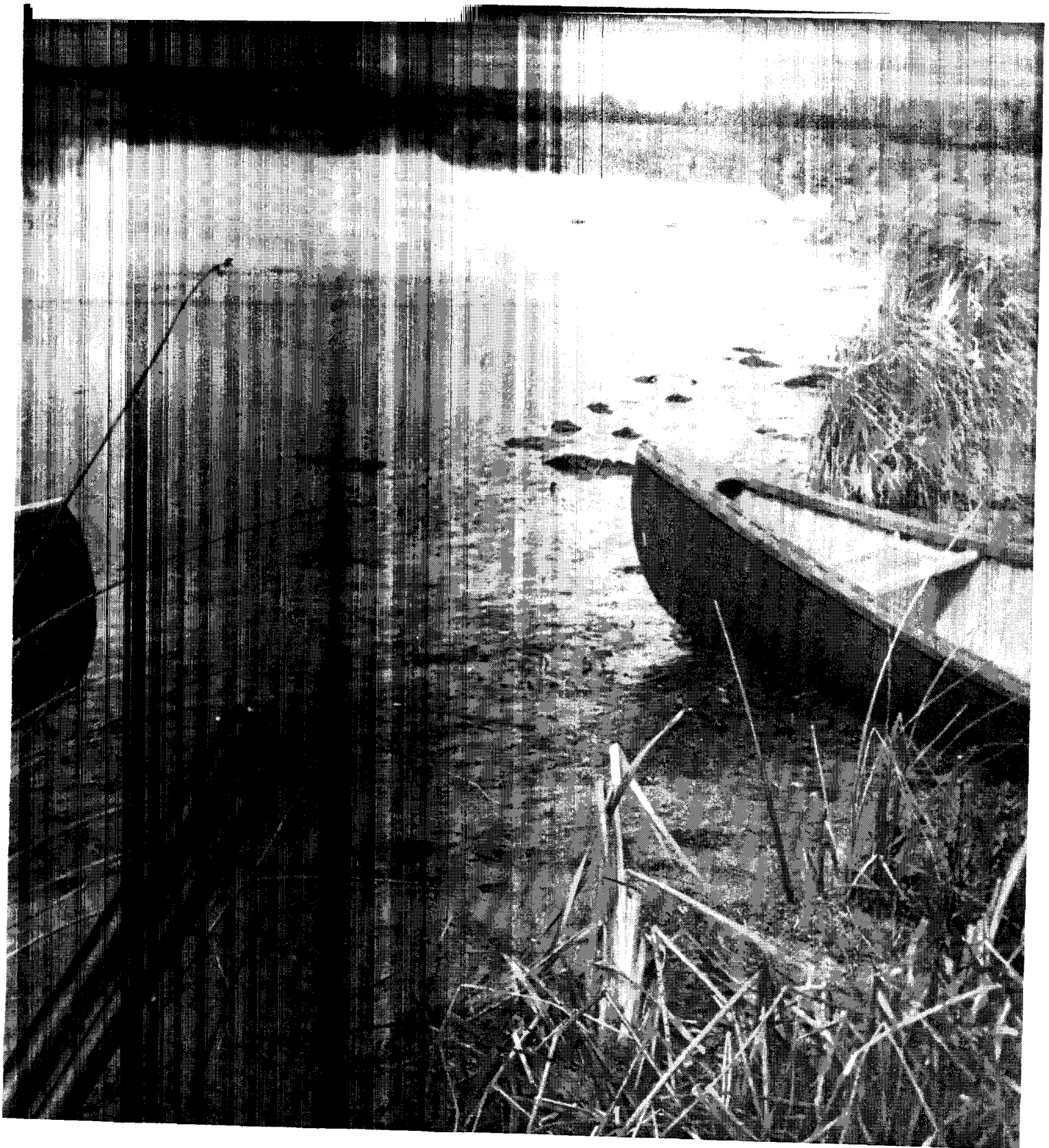
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However, a number of schools *are* using flexible modular scheduling to break out of the usual rut. A fairly common practice, for example, is to arrange programs so that scheduled lectures, discussions, and classes occupy only part of each student's week, with a substantial portion of his time—generally 30 to 40 percent—left unscheduled. In some such schools, students are free to use the time in any way they wish—for recreation and leisure, for independent study projects, or to complete assignments. In others, students are technically free, but are expected to use the time mainly to do work assigned by their teachers or to probe more deeply into some aspect of a course. In most, teachers and administrators find it hard to let go of the traces. Even so, such schools are a lot more humane than most, since students have the freedom of the building during their free time; they can work in the library, a study hall, a lounge, or what have you, instead of being herded into a supervised study hall where talking is forbidden and a pass required to go to the john or get a drink of water.

ITEM: At Abington, Pennsylvania, High School's North Campus, students have about 30 percent of their time unscheduled. During these periods, students may use the library, which includes a typing area and audiovisual room, or one of two "study centers"; or they may go to a "learning resource center" (one for each of the major subject areas: English, foreign languages, math, science, and social studies), which has specialized collections of books, magazines, and journals, as well as a good bit of technological gadgetry, such as video-taped lectures and science demonstrations, tape recorders, 8 mm. cartridge loop viewers. Students may also use the gym, the photography darkroom, or greenhouse; they may just relax in the student lounge or the "talking commons"; or they may take a short noncredit course which they or the faculty may devise. (The reduction in the number of scheduled classes gives teachers the time to offer such courses, as well as the time to confer with students or colleagues, to prepare their lectures, to take in-service courses, or even to relax.)

To make sure that they use their "free" time "productively," students attend a weekly "freshman orientation seminar" during the first of the two years (ninth and tenth grades) they spend at the North Campus. The seminar aside, the school keeps fairly close tabs on how and where students spend their time. Nearly half the time, officials report, is spent in the library and learning centers and about one third in the study centers, with little more than 10 percent of the time spent in the areas set aside for relaxation. Students who seem unable to use their time productively—never more than 3 percent of the enrollment of 2000, according to school records—

are required to spend their unscheduled time in carefully supervised study halls for a two-week interval, repeated as deemed necessary.

ITEM: Lakeview High School in Decatur, Illinois, encourages students to use their unscheduled time for a variety of activities, distinguishing carefully between individual study and independent study. If students are working by themselves but doing work a teacher assigned, the process cannot honestly be called independent. Hence the faculty distinguishes four "levels" of activity students may engage in during their unscheduled time. Level I is conventional homework—a specific assignment that is due, on a specific date, usually the next day or two. Level II—"Project Work"—is homework in which students have some discretion in the choice of topic, and generally a somewhat longer period of time in which to complete it. Level III—"Contract Work"—involves proceeding through a course at the student's own rate; class attendance is optional, and the student takes tests as he is ready for them, with the teacher, however, remaining responsible for evaluation of the work that is done. Level IV is true independent study—work which a student initiates, plans, and evaluates on his own, drawing on the faculty for advice or evaluation as he sees fit.

A happy by-product of this kind of flexibility is its tendency to stimulate examination of a good many other traditions. One of the most deeply embedded traditions, for example, one that James B. Conant has reinforced with his studies of the American high school, is the notion that educational quality can be measured in terms of time rather than knowledge. "Improvement would come about almost automatically in most schools," Dr. Conant declared, "if seven years of English and social studies were required and if, instead of a two-year course in a foreign language, a sequence of four years of at least one foreign language were offered."

Maybe; but students can be, and usually are, as illiterate in a foreign language after four years as they are after two; it would make eminently better sense to judge the quality of a school's language offerings by some measure of competence in reading, writing, and speaking the language. And whether a school is improved by offering another year or two of English and social studies depends, of course, on what it is that the students learn during that extra time.

ITEM: Students at John F. Kennedy High School in Silver Spring, Maryland, may elect to fulfill course requirements on their own, outside the classroom; in the 1968-1969 school year, some 40 percent of the student body chose to do so

for at least one course. The student is expected to take the initiative; he and his teacher then determine what it is that he will do to satisfy the requirement, whether he will simply cover the assigned material on his own, or whether—the more usual approach—he will do a more intensive study of some concept or problem that interests him. Student and teacher also decide in advance what materials will be covered; whether or not the student will come to class; and how often, how frequently, and in what ways his work will be evaluated: for example, via research papers, essays, oral reports, or discussions. When agreement is reached, a “contract” is drawn up which the student, his parents, and the teacher sign.

Some schools are also questioning the notion that a course has to last a minimum of one semester, offering “mini-courses” of varying lengths, particularly in areas of interest to the students.

ITEM: At the Hamilton-Wenham Regional High School in Massachusetts, thirty miles north of Boston, all classes for seniors were suspended for a two-week period at the end of the 1968 school year to provide time for courses sponsored, organized, and in many cases run by the seniors themselves. A member of the student council sent seniors a questionnaire asking them what they would like to study during the period, and then circulated the tabulations among the faculty, many of whom discovered that students wanted to study subjects which they had always wanted to teach but had never been able to fit into the curriculum. Departmental lines were crossed as teachers began volunteering their services for the various mini-courses—such things as film criticism, film-making, poetry writing, the plays of Eugene O'Neill, and marine ecology, along with more mundane courses in Home Mechanics for Girls, Cooking for Boys, and the like.

The program was a great success, affecting the faculty as much as the students. Teachers were surprised to find that students they had regarded as slow or apathetic appeared bright and eager when they could study what interested them. “Freed from the stigma of homogeneous grouping,” Robert R. Hayward, a member of the English department, writes, “many of our not-bound-for-college seniors elected the more intellectual mini-courses. (Used to their apathetic performances in general classes, we were amazed by their sophisticated handling of difficult subjects in mixed discussion groups. They sometimes outdid the brightest seniors in their penetrating observations about Bergman’s *The Virgin Spring* or his *Smiles of a Summer Night*.)” As a result, the school has continued the program for seniors and expanded it for other students, bringing in

volunteer experts from the community—several ministers, an artist, a disc jockey, assorted psychiatrists, lawyers, social workers—to teach part or all of a number of the courses. Now the experience is seeping into the regular curriculum: teachers are beginning to involve students in planning courses and are starting to question the wisdom of homogeneous grouping, letter grades, and other school practices.

The question of grades and their impact on the teaching-learning process is receiving increasing attention, with a growing number of students and teachers proposing modification of the present system, or its elimination altogether.

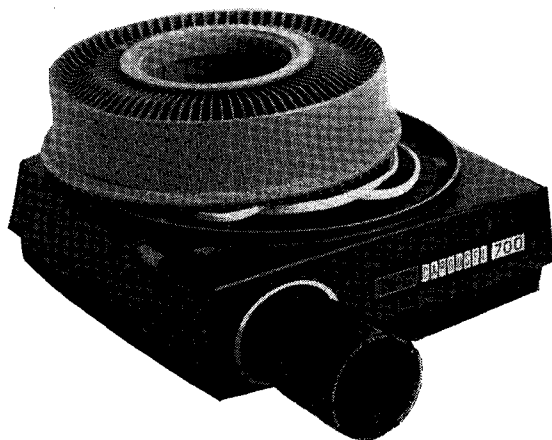
ITEM: In the high school equivalency program Professor Arthur Pearl of the University of Oregon runs for high school dropouts—mostly Negroes from the streets of Portland and other Northwest cities, Mexican-American and Anglo migratory workers, and American Indians—he has dropped the usual grading system altogether. Teachers and students share a mutual responsibility, Pearl argues. If a student does not learn, the teacher may be to blame as well as the student; both should hold themselves accountable. Hence teacher and student negotiate a contract at the beginning of the course, setting target dates at which the student will take the exam for each unit of work. If a student feels that he’s not ready for the test when the date comes around, he can renegotiate the contract with the instructor—after discussing why he’s not ready. When he does take the exam, the student receives one of two grades—“pass,” or “has not passed yet,” in which case the contract is again renegotiated. The grade itself can also be appealed if a student feels he has been marked unfairly. Once there is a means of adjudicating grievances, Pearl argues, the student-teacher relationship can change from the usual adversary relationship to one of partnership—essential, in his view, if students are to become responsible, self-directed learners.

Teachers and administrators retain their authority; “it would be the cruelest of deceptions,” Pearl says, “to suggest to students that they have unlimited decision-making powers.” But that authority, he insists, must be exercised responsibly, which means that no more rules should be promulgated than are absolutely necessary, and that those promulgating rules must be willing to defend them in terms of their purpose.

Only a handful of schools have been willing to go this far, fearing that any drastic modification of the traditional grading system would handicap their students in the battle for college admission. The fear is greatly exaggerated. Colleges are much more

flexible than students or parents—or high school principals and guidance counselors—realize; and for the most part, the more prestigious the college, the more flexible it tends to be. Some schools, therefore, are trying to tinker with the grading system in an effort to offset or reduce some of its adverse effects.

The real problem, however, is how to make evaluation serve the ends of education, instead of being



an end in itself. What is wrong with the present system is not the use of grades per se, but the fact that the awarding of a grade has been divorced from the larger function of evaluation, thereby preventing it from fulfilling its proper educational function.

And evaluation is an important part of the teaching-learning process. Tests, examinations, term papers, projects—the familiar instruments of evaluation—are useful to students, teachers, and administrators alike. They provide teachers, for example, with a means of determining the degree to which they are achieving their objectives. A well-constructed examination enables the teacher to judge the effectiveness of his teaching, since it reveals, sometimes traumatically, just what it is that the students have learned, and what they have not learned, or have misunderstood. A good exam may also reveal weaknesses in the curriculum and suggest ways by which it, too, can be improved. Exams can be useful to school administrators as well, providing a means of evaluating the effectiveness of the institution and the soundness of the assumptions on which its curriculum is based. But teachers and administrators rarely use examinations in these lights; if a student does do poorly, the reflection is on him, not on the teacher or the school.

Evaluation is even more important, of course, to the student himself. Tests should provide a storm signal to indicate when he is falling below minimum standards of performance. More important, examinations should make it possible for a student to test his knowledge and competence by giving him an opportunity to apply them in a new

way or to a new situation or problem. This in turn can help the student discover what he knows and what he has failed to understand or to learn. The feedback must be prompt, however; the student must discover quickly where he went wrong if an exam is to help him improve his performance. Since students will have to judge their own performance after they leave school, it is important, too, to provide as much experience as possible in self-evaluation.

Schools rarely use tests for any of these purposes, either, except, perhaps, as a storm signal. It is a rare high school, for example, in which a student ever sees his final examination paper again, once he has handed it in; in most schools, there is no feedback at all. (If evaluation were the goal, teachers would give their final examinations well before the end of the semester, to allow time to return the exams to the students with detailed comments and suggestions.) The current procedure thus makes it clear to students that the purpose of testing is not evaluation but rating—to produce grades that enable the school to rank students and sort them in various ways for administrative purposes. The result is to destroy any interest in learning for its own sake; what is worth learning, the students quickly realize, is what will be asked for on the exam. Hence the inevitable question that chills the conscientious teacher's soul: "Will we be responsible for this on the final?"

One of the measures of how far we have to go in reforming the American high school is the fact that the changes we have been describing can be considered as major steps forward. Compared with the repressive, almost prison-like atmosphere of most high schools, the schools which we have been talking about are bastions of freedom and trust. And to the extent to which they have put more of the responsibility for learning, for seeking out, for probing, on the students themselves, they are affecting a basic part of the educational process.

For the most part, however, these schools have not addressed themselves to the question of educational purpose. Indeed, the changes they have introduced, important and welcome as they are, sometimes have the effect of avoiding the really hard questions. Independent study, for example, is an important means; it is not an end in itself.

Only a few high schools are engaged in that kind of attempt—among them, the Parkway Program in Philadelphia; the Newton, Massachusetts, High School, in its Murray Road Annex; and John Adams High School in Portland, Oregon. None as yet can be judged as a success; they are all still too new and too tentative and experimental (the oldest, at this writing, is in its third year of operation, the youngest in its first) for any such judgments to

be made. They demand close study nonetheless, because of the seriousness with which they are raising the most fundamental questions about both the means and the ends of education.

The architects of the Parkway Program in Philadelphia—the “school without walls,” as it is sometimes called—are questioning virtually every one of the traditional assumptions about what constitutes a school, and what constitutes an education. The starting point, in fact, is the conviction, expressed by the program’s director, John Bremer, a forty-two-year-old Englishman, that “it is not possible to improve the high school; it has reached the end of its development. We need a new kind of educational institution.” Under the auspices of the Philadelphia Board of Education, and with funding from the Ford Foundation, Bremer is attempting to do precisely that—to fashion an almost totally new kind of institution.

Parkway departs from tradition in a number of respects. One of the most striking is the absence of any building or campus. “Learning is not something that goes on only in special places called classrooms, or in special buildings called schools,” Bremer writes; “rather, it is a quality of life appropriate to any and every phase of human existence, or, more strictly, it is human life itself.” Hence “the spatial boundaries of the educational process in the Parkway Program are co-terminous with the life space of the student himself.” The program is designed to “help the student live learningly within his present life space,” and to help him expand that space.

In a sense, then, the “school” is the city of Philadelphia itself. Parkway has its own faculty, to be sure, composed of teachers transferred from other Philadelphia high schools, plus a number of university interns. It also has its own headquarters on the second floor of an old building in downtown Philadelphia, three blocks from City Hall, with offices for the faculty, student rooms, and a general area for students to hang out in during their spare time. Learning is not confined to classrooms, however, or to the conventional school day or school year. The courses offered by the regular faculty may be held almost anywhere—in a meeting room in a public library, a museum, a Y, a university or research institute laboratory, a school building, or a teacher’s home.

ITEM: A Spanish class meets in a building in Spring Garden, the Spanish-speaking section of Philadelphia. After an hour or so of classroom instruction, the students walk around the neighborhood, practicing the language by striking up conversations with storekeepers or passersby. “It’s really amazing because you realize how many flaws you make in your speech patterns much better than any record player could tell you,” one student, who had been failing in Spanish in his

former school, observes. “You don’t have to sit in the classroom and fold your hands and say you will not learn. You learn by experiencing, by doing different things, by really going out.”

ITEM: A geometry class learns “by really going out,” too. The students meet in the teacher’s apartment for formal instruction, then go about the city, trying out what they’ve learned. “We had one class in Logan Circle, where we tried to figure the diameter of the circle itself,” a student reports. “That’s something new; you know you have to get certain measurements and everything—not just that you’re told you have a circle of such and such a distance. You couldn’t waste your time finding irrelevant facts, because you were going to get soaked by the big fountain there if you did. You actually learn by going out and doing what you’re learning in theory, which is something I never did before.”

In addition to the courses offered by the Parkway faculty, students are expected to choose at least one “institutional offering”—a course or activity offered by a member of the scientific, business, cultural, and journalistic institutions concentrated along and around the Benjamin Franklin Parkway, from which the program’s name derives. The offering may be a formal course, a work-study program, a research-assistantship or apprenticeship, or simply a chance to hang around and watch, or to participate in the institution’s activities in any way the student or the cooperating “teacher” may see fit. Cooperating institutions include the Philadelphia Zoo, which offers a course on “The Animal Kingdom”; the Franklin Institute, one of the best science museums in the United States; the Museum of Art; the Insurance Company of North America, which offers a course called “What’s the Risk?”; Smith, Kline & French, a leading drug manufacturer, which gives a course in “The Modern Corporation”; a local television station (KYW) and newspaper publisher (the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and the *Inquirer*); the police department and District Attorney’s office, members of which teach a course on law enforcement; and the Philadelphia chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, where students take a “course” in law and civil rights by helping the director in investigating complaints and preparing cases. The object is to reconnect the schools with the larger community, not through the conventional field trip, but through some continuing experience. What matters, in Bremer’s view, is less where the student is than that he “have enough time to find out what it is like to live in that place, to be a real part of it, and for it to be a real part of him.”

Students are also encouraged to work in one of these institutions—for some, as a means of social service; for others, as a source of income; for still others, as a means of clarifying their thinking about

a career after school; and for all, as a way of testing some of the skills acquired in the classroom. "The skills acquired should always be tested by something outside the educational system," Bremer argues. "If a student cannot do something—in an office, on a train, at the airport—somewhere, that he could not do before, it is highly doubtful that he has learned anything; it is certain that he has not learned anything useful. To incorporate this kind of 'reality-testing' is very important because it helps the student to develop his own feedback system."

In effect, then, students plan their own education, subject to the constraints of the state education law, which specifies minimum "Carnegie units" in English, math, social studies, language, and so on, for a high school diploma. They are helped in doing so by assignment to a "tutorial group"—fifteen or sixteen students, a teacher, and a university intern—which meets for two hours three times a week. The tutorial group is responsible for counseling and support and for continuing evaluation of the student's program and performance; while students receive only two grades, pass or fail, evaluation is regarded as an integral part of the educational process. "Our students have to learn to be responsible for their own education, to make choices, and to face the consequences of those choices," Bremer believes.

The program is designed to provide the maximum opportunities for students to learn what *they* want to learn. As Bremer sees his function, it is to find and establish "starting points for learning"—to help the student discover where he can begin to learn, so that he can take over the responsibility for his own education. What he then learns is his own business. What Bremer *hopes* the student will learn is how to live—with others, as well as with himself.

It is too early to make any firm judgments about the Parkway Program and its applicability to other situations; more experience is needed at Parkway itself, and in other cities. One has to wonder, for example, whether the program is *sui generis* to Philadelphia; as the Parkway Program's introductory booklet observes, "The unique and specific importance of the Parkway institutions lies in the unparalleled wealth of material and human resources which they bring to a very small area of the city"—a wealth and a concentration which few cities can match.

One has to wonder, too, whether museums, newspapers, business firms, universities, and social service agencies would be willing to cooperate if a substantial proportion of Philadelphia's high school students were enrolled in something like the Parkway Program, as Bremer proposes. Since the program was experimental, it began with only 143 students in the spring of 1969, expanding to 500 in the 1969-1970 school year. The students, who were chosen by lot from a much larger number of applicants, represented a cross section of the city's

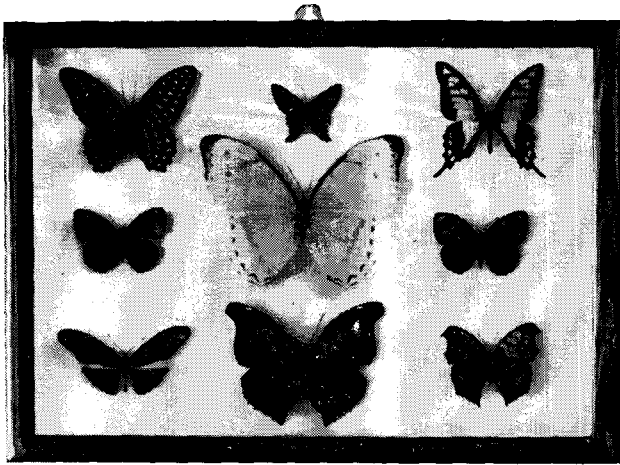
high school population in terms of race and academic ability. Each cooperating institution has had to accommodate only a relative handful of students. If they were asked to find room for hundreds or thousands of students, the institutions might very well change their minds.

The visitor cannot help being impressed by the excitement Parkway has generated among its students, and the seriousness with which they seem to be thinking about their education. The significance of the Parkway Program lies in the kinds of questions it is asking, and not necessarily in the answers it has tentatively suggested.

The most important experiment in secondary education may well be the one being tried at the new John Adams High School in Portland, Oregon. Adams is a district high school, to which all students living in its district are assigned. The great majority of the 1280 students come from working-class or lower-middle-class families; 25 percent are black; and if past experience is any guide, only a third or so are likely to go to college.

What makes Adams so important is not only the size and nature of its student body, however, but the fact that it is also the most comprehensive and systematic, and perhaps the most carefully thought out, attempt to create a new kind of secondary school. The Adams experiment had its genesis when, in the fall of 1967, a group of secondary school teachers in their final year of doctoral study at the Harvard Graduate School of Education began meeting regularly to discuss the possibility of establishing a new kind of high school.

Their thinking was influenced by a number of sources, apart from their own experiences and their work at Harvard. One was their fascination with the way in which teaching hospitals like Massachusetts General combined the diverse, and sometimes contradictory, functions of patient care, education and training of new doctors, re-education of experienced doctors, and basic and applied research. Another was Robert J. Schaefer's Deweyan notion of "the school as a center of inquiry." "The school must be more than a place of instruction," Dean Schaefer argues in his little volume, published as the Harvard group was formulating its plans. "It must be a center of inquiry—a producer as well as transmitter of knowledge." For one thing, our ignorance about teaching and learning is so massive that university scholars cannot produce the necessary knowledge working alone; they need the help of the schools as well. But the schools also need the university. "When divorced from appropriate scholarship," Schaefer writes, "teaching resembles employment as an educational sales clerk." Thus, schools must be made into centers of inquiry for teachers as well as students if they are to attract teachers as well as students to the life of the mind.



The result was a formal proposal by Robert Schwartz (now principal of Adams High) and his colleagues for the creation of what they called a "clinical high school," in which "the instruction of children and youth, pre-service and in-service teacher education, basic and applied research, and the development of curriculum materials" would all take place, with senior faculty members holding university appointments. With the help of Dean Theodore Sizer and several other members of the Harvard faculty, the proposal was circulated widely among school superintendents and deans of education schools throughout the country.

After talks in five cities, the group decided on Portland, which was in the process of building a new comprehensive high school intended to be a center for curricular innovation. The superintendent, Dr. Melvin Barnes, and the board of education offered the new school as the setting for the experiment, and Oregon State University, the Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, and the Teaching Research Division of the Oregon State System of Higher Education offered joint appointments to the senior members of the clinical school faculty. In August of 1968, therefore, Schwartz and three other members of the Harvard group moved to Portland to begin planning for the clinical school, which opened in September, 1969.

In a sense, then, Adams High is really two schools—a comprehensive high school and a professional school concerned with the education of teachers, its own and others.

In a number of respects, the school resembles those we have been describing. For example, students have a great deal of free time, and a great deal of freedom in deciding how they use it, being scheduled for only half of each day. During the other half, they may receive tutoring in math, reading, or some other basic skill, work on an independent study project, participate in a tutoring program of a "work-experience" program, take one or more elective courses, or just relax. The electives include a full range of vocational training courses as well as

a traditional college preparatory program. And students, in conjunction with their parents, may decide whether to receive conventional letter grades in their required and elective courses, or to take them on a credit-no credit basis. In short, the freedom to be conventional is respected as well as the freedom to experiment.

The emphasis on free time, independent study, elective courses, and breaking down the barrier between school and community and schooling and life are the characteristics that make Adams resemble Parkway. What distinguishes Adams, however, is not only its size, but equally significant, its principal's conviction that these changes, while important, are also secondary. "The critical issues in secondary education have less to do with free time," Robert Schwartz argues, "and more with reordering the curriculum itself, and with involving both teachers and students in the process."

The most important part of the Adams High day, therefore, is the morning, when every student takes a required three-year sequence in general education. The high school is subdivided into four "houses," each containing 320 randomly assigned students, a guidance counselor, a guidance intern, an administrative aide, and its own instructional staff. The staff consists of interdisciplinary teams of teachers, drawn from English, social studies, math, and science, which design, implement, and evaluate a general education program for their house. Since each team is autonomous, it must grapple with the gut question of what ought to be learned, as well as deciding how it should be learned. While the program varies from house to house, it tends to be problem-oriented; the curriculum for the opening week, for example, was created by racial incidents that occurred on opening day. Schwartz's hope is that students and teachers will move from the problems that evoke their interest to a study of the intellectual disciplines needed to illuminate and deal with them—that the general education course, in short, will have serious intellectual content.

The risks are large. For the moment, at least, Adams High is committed to heterogeneous grouping in the general education program; one of the questions being tested is how—or whether—the entire spectrum of student ability and interest can be contained in a single class. The answers are unknown. There is a risk, moreover, of intellectual flabbiness; the young, swinging faculty pride themselves on their ability to relate to their students, and at the beginning tended to pander to them, turning "general education" into a three-hour daily bull session. "I hope the intellectual bankruptcy of that approach will become apparent," Schwartz confessed, early in the first semester.

He is relying on more than hope. In the last analysis, what distinguishes Adams from other schools is the conviction, as Schwartz's planning

team wrote, that "the proper place to ask the fundamental questions about the nature of teaching and learning is the school itself," and the consequent attempt to organize the school so as to encourage the teachers themselves to ask those questions. Asking, of course, is not enough; teachers need help in trying to find the answers. Hence the teaching teams work under the guidance of a staff of "curriculum associates," holding joint university and public school appointments. These senior men are expected to "bring a combination of professional competence and skills in scholarly inquiry" which will enable them to provide a kind of leadership and guidance not usually found in secondary schools.

Moreover, the school's clinical character—its attempt to combine the instruction of adolescents, teacher education, research on pedagogy, and development of new curricula—means that a number of tensions and conflicts are built into its basic structure. Senior staff are responsible to at least two constituencies, the university and the community, with conflicting interests. The expectation, at least, is that the conflicts will be quite fruitful—that "the university will keep the school intellectual and serious, and that the community will keep it relevant and honest." Anyone concerned with reforming secondary education must watch the Adams High experiment with the closest interest.

The problems of the public schools run deep. What is wrong with elementary and secondary education—or for that matter, higher education, journalism, television, social work, and so on—has less to do with incompetence or indifference or venality than with mindlessness.

If this be so, the solution must lie in infusing the schools, and the other educating institutions, with purpose—more important, with thought about purpose, and about the ways in which techniques, content, and organization fulfill or alter purpose. We must find ways of stimulating educators—public school teachers, principals, superintendents, and school board members, as well as college professors, deans, and presidents; radio, television, and film directors and producers; newspaper, magazine, and TV journalists and executives—to think seriously about what they are doing, and why they are doing it.

To be educated to the point where one can educate himself or others means to think seriously about the *consequences* of education as well—about the way education shapes and molds the people being educated. To be an educator is to understand something of how to make one's education

effective in the real world, of how to apply knowledge to the life one lives and the society in which one lives it—in a word, to know what is relevant—and how to make knowledge relevant.

In this sense, teaching is the ultimate liberal art, something many of the rebellious college students understand better than their professors. One of the ways in which some college students have sought relevance and purpose, one of the ways they have tried to relate education to life, has been to go out and teach—in the urban slums and ghettos, in the underdeveloped nations of Africa, Asia, and Latin America or the underdeveloped rural areas of the United States.

What these students are discovering is what the faculty should have known: that while one cannot be an educator without having received a liberal education, the converse is also true—one cannot be liberally educated without becoming an educator, of others as well as of oneself. For if one cannot teach a subject to others without really knowing it, neither does he really know it unless he can teach it to others.

The education of educators should be a central purpose of the college or university. The first step would be to make teaching a normal part of the undergraduate experience for every student, not just those who plan to teach. This would represent a major step toward reforming the education of everybody, educators and laymen alike. The teaching might take a wide variety of forms: in the classroom, teaching fellow students, or youngsters in the public or private schools; in Peace Corps- or VISTA-like programs; or perhaps in work experience related to the students' career interests.

In addition to teaching itself, the study of education should be put at the heart of the liberal arts curriculum, not at its margins. For the study of education is the study of almost every question of importance in philosophy, history, and sociology. There can be no concept of the good life or the good society apart from a concept of the kind of education needed to sustain it.

The remaking of American education will not be possible without a new kind of synergistic relationship between the colleges and universities and the public schools. The schools cannot be transformed unless the colleges and universities turn out a new breed of teachers educated to think about purpose, teachers who are themselves, in Dewey's phrase, students of teaching. But the colleges and universities will be unable to train the kinds of teachers we need unless they, working with the schools, create classrooms that afford their students models of what teaching can and should be like. □

LIFE & LETTERS:

DIRTY MOVIES—HARD-CORE AND SOFT

by David Denby

Movies have always carried a powerful charge of sexual scandal—it's one of their principal attractions. But the quantity of sexy material is obviously much higher than ever before; when the anti-smut people said that the Supreme Court decisions would release a flood of sex and pornography in movies, they were, of course, correct. The age of flamboyant promotion has returned, and every week brings a fresh marvel. Something called *Love and the Animals*, for instance, a full-length documentary of "uninhibited and unashamed" animals copulating in natural habitat, blew into Los Angeles in February, grossed over \$100,000 in a week, and disappeared. And there is the current offering of The Institute for Adult Education, also of Los Angeles, a movie called *Black is Beautiful*, which turns out to be a "fascinating scientific study" of the "strange and erotic practices which made the Modern Black Man the happiest, best adjusted of all humans," including the tribal rites of "Jarawa . . . Kwango, and Mungong."

The Silent Majority has been regrouping its forces, and the resistance is beginning to show: by early spring there were almost 200 pieces of obscenity legislation pending in state legislatures all over the country; most of these bills would tax or regulate theaters showing movies which have received the X rating from the Motion Picture Association of Amer-

ica, the self-policing organization of the major film companies and theater owners. The MPAA designed the code ratings specifically to protect the film-makers and businessmen from a resurgence of censorship and local harassment, so naturally it is embarrassed by these developments. One of the problems with the code has been that the X rating was a catchall for sexy films of all different grades. Recently, the rating board began to function as critics; that is, they began to distinguish between serious movies with sexual content (for example, *Women in Love*), which they rate R, and straightforward exploitation movies, rated X. This sensible improvement may infuriate the vigilante groups, however, since it has the effect of making *Women in Love* available to younger audiences. To some degree harassment goes on without legislation, as local police forces, encouraged by opportunistic city officials, arrest theater operators and occasionally patrons with elaborate publicity when they know the cases may never come to court. I doubt that these measures will work. Pornography is on the verge of becoming a permanent part of mass culture. It's a fabulously successful business (the estimates for yearly gross sales of hard-core printed matter begin at half a billion dollars and go up), and in a time when almost everything else in Hollywood is uncertain, dirty movies look rock solid.

Of course, an immense quantity of material is never submitted to the MPAA for a code rating—stuff showing at theaters so sure of their audience, they can do without the notoriety of an X. In San Francisco, where the genres are highly developed, about thirty establishments are devoted to hard-core pornography, including converted stores and bars that have lost their liquor licenses for allowing prostitutes to hang about and God knows what other offenses. The outside appearance of the most "advanced" theaters is remarkably bare, a powerful come-on for the knowing: no pictures, no gleaming slogans in green tint, no pitchmen with pencil-line mustaches; just a plain marquee with the words "Adult Movies," and inside, a friendly young girl with soft blond hair, granny glasses, and perhaps a baby or a boyfriend sitting behind her. She sells you a ticket for five dollars. There are five movies on a program (about seventy-five minutes of screen time), and they hold the theater for a week, sixteen hours a day, until blessed Tuesday, when the show changes. It doesn't matter when you get there; the movies play over and over without interruption.

On screen, couples walk into bedrooms or into the corner of a room where a mattress lies on the floor, disrobe, and plunge away until the camera runs out of film; the more generous include what we once quaintly called the "unnatural" acts,

or a quick run through the *Kamasutra*. Typically, there is no sound, editing, or titles; there is music, formerly Muzak but now rock or jazz, but it plays aimlessly through the theater's sound system without any relation to what's going on. In one film I saw, someone cut in shots of people walking around on the streets, as if to comment on the sterility of ordinary life while such passion and beauty were unfolding, but this bit of redeeming social significance produced no more audible reaction in the audience than anything else on the program; neither did a few moments of dialogue at the beginning of another episode, which developed the idea that repression of "erotic" films was the inevitable first step toward fascism. The audience? Drifters, men with gray zipper jackets and toothpicks, executive types in three-piece suits; also an occasional hooker with a client, and a sprinkling of hippies and college students. One of the most prosperous houses in the city, which may be trusted to know its business, offered for a while a free "businessman's lunch" from eleven until two; the place was packed. But a pornographic movie theater is not a place one goes for sociability; even a crowded house will have the audience spaced out into every other seat, and that in-between seat is a sacred place. Men would rather stand up in the back of the theater than sit in it.

In a time when the legal situation is chaotic and someone on the other side of town may be going further than you are, rapid production is invaluable. The most enterprising theaters produce their own movies, and after playing them for a week, sell them off to the other theaters. Finally, the whole crop is shipped east. Healthy competition produces rapid change: the theaters now showing close-ups of sexual congress were exhibiting films only a few months ago which featured a mere total nudity—a curious genre in which a naked couple writhed around on a bed for a while without actually touching each other and then fell back violently, as if exhausted by the final satisfaction of all desire. The women in this interim genre looked like prostitutes or aging models, the men like tenderloin veterans: in the new movies the couples are always very young and often rather scrawny

and beaten up. Hippies in particular find work this way, and they get paid about \$60 a couple. The producing theater may clear \$5000 on a good week; the twelve leading pornographic entrepreneurs in San Francisco are said to divide about \$1 million a year.

Going to these theaters produces a heavy depression hard to shrug off: the shabbiness of the material settles on the audience like ash, and prurient fascination struggles against distaste at oneself for not being out in pursuit of the real thing. At ordinary bad movies one can talk back to the screen, create an instant community of wise guys and complainers, and have a good time that way; at dirty movies a muttered complaint would destroy the concentration of a hundred men lost in the pornographic trance, a unique state of being which requires silence, isolation, and passivity. And even if one gives oneself over to the trance, the movies often fail to justify their only excuse for existence: keeping the viewer aroused. In Steven Marcus' excellent study of Victorian pornography, *The Other Victorians*, the author remarks, "Language is for pornography a bothersome necessity; its function is to set going a series of non-verbal images, of fantasies—and if it could dispense with words it would. Which is why, one supposes, that the motion-picture film is what the genre was all along waiting for." But actually, words are more effective: they outline a situation, and then release the imagination to fill it out with ideal shapes and acts. Pictures imprison one in the actual; the imperfections of human forms, the clumsiness of the actors, the ugliness of the lighting and shooting—all eliminate the freedom of fantasy and depress desire.

Never before in movie history has low-grade material with such a feeble capacity to entertain been exhibited in theaters. At least the crummy and violent gangster movies that play the bottom of the bill in old-fashioned grind houses and drive-ins are more fun. These movies are now made with a lot more nudity and sex than before and fall into the range of our survey, too. My recent favorite among this type: *Erotique*, a French-made quickie about vice and drug rackets, with gangsters named Big Frankie and George, and ugly assassins lying around hotel

(Advertisement)

August Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



Midsummer is a good time to publish novels, we think. We hope that in the relaxed atmosphere they may attract more attention than if they were published in the flood around the fall and spring equinoxes.

THE CANNIBAL ISLE is the third novel by William Stevens, whose business novel, *The Peddler*, and whose war novel, *The Gunner*, brought him praise from such fellow craftsmen as Harry Mark Petrakis, Jesse Hill Ford, David Ely, Brock Brower, and James Jones. The protagonists of his passionate, tragic love story settle year round on one of those summer islands we all dream of escaping to. Having read the novel, we would advise you against islands.

PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN NUCLEAR CHEMISTRY: A NOVEL, by Thomas McMahon is, we think, as original as its title. (There is no such thing as American Nuclear Chemistry—or Bessarabian Biology, for that matter). Written by a young physicist, it portrays a group of scientists inventing the deadliest weapon of World War II and tells of the excitement (both sexual and intellectual) that go into its making, as well as the corruption it leaves behind. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. has called it "brilliant and important." As non-scientists, we agree.

THE CANNIBAL ISLE
by William Stevens

PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN NUCLEAR CHEMISTRY: A NOVEL

by Thomas McMahon

\$6.95 and \$5.95 respectively
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LITTLE, BROWN

rooms all day, naked except for revolvers strapped to their chests. For a hero, instead of the traditional cop or private eye, we get one of those incomparable Rod McKuen figures now common in bad movies of all sorts, an Exquisitely Sensitive Young Man. This one lives in a deserted Nazi bunker on a Normandy beach, recites poetry at night, and plays bits of Schubert on a grand piano for the local sheep. Perhaps he represents Art. When the heroine performs a composition that he has forgotten, they fall in love, and he saves her from the white-slave trade.

Every pornographic movie with substantial money behind it has a "redeeming" intention sticking out like a flag: one may be sympathetic with the pornographer's struggle to escape legal sanction, but that doesn't make the movies any less absurd.

There are the sex hygiene and instruction films, with organs pumping away under brilliant light like the ship's engines in *Potemkin*; the previously mentioned *Love and the Animals*, which the radio promotion guarantees will bring you information about "the evolution of the species," while under the announcer's voice you hear aroused elephants trumpeting through the jungle; and the inept and hilarious *Without a Stitch*, which has something to do with a girl overcoming sexual inhibitions. After visiting a sex researcher who straps her to his examining table and works her over, she takes a trip through Europe, empty diary in hand, to experience life. Everything turns out happily except in nasty Germany, where she is exposed to the brutalities of the Reeperbahn and degenerate barons; fortunately, the doctor's reassuring voice plays through her head whenever things get a bit too kinky. In imitation of the decrepit Edwardian whimsy (some of it composed in the last ten years) which continues to be popular in pornographic fiction, the heroine narrates her adventures in *cov double entendres*, and everyone smiles idiotically at everyone else. The whole thing may be a spoof, but at this level it doesn't matter what it is.

The stately and portentous documentary form may be ideally suited for anxious pornographers; "redeeming social commentary" is built into the structure, no matter what the

subject. Alex de Renzy, one of San Francisco's leading pornographic *schlockmeisters*, has made a full-dress report on Denmark's first pornography fair in Copenhagen, October, 1969, and this film was the top money-maker in San Francisco in March and April. Tricked out with all the documentary apparatus—quotes from experts, man-in-the-street interviews, even shots of ducks in the imperial gardens—*Pornography in Denmark* is disingenuous and trashy, but it should get by in court. The film is extravagantly generous with information about Denmark's consumption of pornography (re-cited over shots of representative samples), but what I remember best are several inadvertent expressions of the essential mood, the familiar trancelike stupor. One sees it in the men at the fair, standing quietly with eyes glazed while only a foot away on the other side of a restraining rope naked women embrace; in a teen-age girl who makes her living by appearing in pornographic movies and is depressed because she and her boyfriend failed to "relate" to a prostitute who performed with them the previous week; in three women grunting and screaming in fake ecstasy in a Copenhagen nightclub. And this is a movie which celebrates the freedom and joyousness of it all.

Most movie pornography is spiritless and ugly, but I have no moral objections to the stuff so long as children are not subjected to it. Like many others these days, my notion of the obscene has very little to do with sexual behavior or modes of expression relating to sex; in most cases it seems to refer to human beings using others for some selfish purpose of their own—what used to be called exploitation, although I wouldn't narrow it to economic matters. Despite its X rating, Allen Funt's *What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?* isn't in the least pornographic; but it's far more offensive than anything discussed so far. Funt is a nuisance and a fraud, a manipulative and rather cynical sideshow entertainer posing as genial amateur sociologist and lover of mankind. The techniques and assumptions of the movie have been successful for years on television; where once his camera victims would have found cement in their hamburgers or mice in the bread box, here they are confronted with

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naked men or women, an interracial couple kissing, or some other sexual provocation. Some of the people are dismayed or frightened, while others are lewdly amused and grin wolfishly to themselves, but I felt embarrassed for them no matter how they reacted. On principle, anyone using a hidden camera is doing something dangerous and cheap (and this includes social scientists, too): dangerous because it increases the already widespread notion that another person's privacy is legitimately available if you have any damn reason at all for stealing it, and in this case the reason is simply to make money; cheap because it's so easy to entertain this way, and neither Funt nor we in the audience suffer the slightest risk of involvement while others act out our foolishness.

The usual retort is that the people filmed have to sign releases for the material to appear, and if they don't mind, why should I? Well, it's noteworthy that Funt rarely uses business executives, professionals, or intellec-

tuals as subjects, but instead, housewives, laborers, students, and old people, all of whom need the money he pays (once their privacy is photographed, it becomes a commodity), all people without power or fame. And for the powerless, the media may be irresistible; the media make values and life, and chance exposure in them is an unexpected blessing. When Funt goes through his routine of revealing himself (and what voluptuous pleasure he takes in the act!) he is received as a king among grateful subjects. He embodies the imperial powers simply because he once was on television every week—it doesn't matter that he didn't do anything; contact with him raises one to a higher state of being.

Perhaps this doesn't bother you at all, whereas pornography strikes you as the final outrage. Each person's concept of the obscene is as private and eccentric as his feeling for beauty. But when Funt starts up with his good-natured fun, I want to hide my head.

waves of trendy younger men. In any case, he may, by the time he's forty, be considered a has-been in certain advanced critical circles, with resultant damage to his invaluable self-image and to his perhaps otherwise intact—and still growing—gift as a writer.

John Updike is a case in point; he has been through a good deal of this process. His verse and short stories were early and widely published and widely praised. His second novel, *Rabbit, Run*, established his reputation beyond doubt; his third, *The Centaur*, won him the National Book Award in 1964 at the age of thirty-two. It seemed self-evident from his first five prose works (including two collections of short stories) that Updike had developed a diction and a sensibility that combined to throw new light on our country and our condition, that he was indeed, as the *New York Times* perhaps predictably said, "the most significant young novelist in America."

But something there is that doesn't love a wall, particularly the rising wall of a young writer's reputation. Already in the middle sixties, some of Updike's critics and his peers were beginning to look askance at him, to see a void beneath the polished surface of his work. Norman Mailer, sizing up his competition for the title of Top Novelist in one of his periodic *Esquire* surveys, laid into Updike, remarking, if I remember rightly, that "his style stinks of stale salami," whatever that means, and that Updike might well confine himself in future to the subject of sex, a subject of which, in Mailer's undiffident opinion, he might become a master.

When, presumably not on Mailer's advice, Updike explored sex at length in *Couples* (1968), the perhaps inevitable storm broke. Almost unanimously, the reviewers condemned the book with one hand, holding his entire literary reputation up to question with the other. This happened in part, I think, because *Couples* genuinely failed to achieve its adventurous purpose in certain particulars: the characters seemed sometimes flat and even indistinguishable, the long descriptions of sex were often too floridly lyrical, and Updike's religious thesis seemed insufficiently integrated with the novel as a whole. But it also happened, I'm pretty sure, because Up-

JOHN UPDIKE: MIDPOINT AND AFTER

by L. E. Sissman

BECH: A BOOK
by John Updike
Knopf, \$5.95

Over the last fifty years in America, we've developed a bad habit of trying our young writers by fire and ice. In the beginning is the fire. A first novelist in his early twenties, filled with a delicate balance between confidence and insecurity—a balance that should be labeled DO NOT DISTURB—is suddenly thrust into the limelight, lionized, publicized, enriched, and adulated to gratify the machinery of publishing. If his head isn't turned, if the humble doggedness that took him successfully through his first novel isn't dissipated, if he isn't marginally corrupted by his first taste of love and money, then he must be an unusually strong and wise young man. And after the fire, comes, in too many cases, the beginning of the ice: the sophomore jinx of a second novel, with mild reviews or bad reviews or no reviews at all.

But let's suppose that our young

writer keeps the respect of the critics and the public through his second novel and his third. Let's suppose that he wins his share, or even a little more, of the going literary awards and trophies in his twenties and early thirties. Is there anything even then to protect him, assuming he continues to follow the direction mapped out in his first book, from a capricious souring of critical judgment, from a falling away of critical loyalty to his original aims? Too often a novelist who is simply proceeding to explore new ground he has broken for himself is accused by disaffected critics of rewriting himself, or re-playing the same old tune, of flogging into the ground an exhausted style and viewpoint. Sometime between ten and fifteen years after his first novel, a writer can almost expect a turning of the tide against him and his work. And the likelihood of this reversal is heightened if he does in fact produce a book in any way inferior to his earlier ones, or if he is the unlucky victim of a change in the literary vogue, of the onset of new

dike's whole style and viewpoint had become anathema to a school of critics who had very recently opied for crudeness, spontaneity, black humor, and reckless experiment in prose. Since Updike was everything the new writers were not—fluent, polished, workmanlike, judicious, careful of surfaces and calculating of effects—it must have been relatively easy for his reviewers, high on the *outré* excesses of the younger novelists, to reject him.

So John Updike, to revert to my earlier figure, has tasted a good deal of fire and, lately, some little ice. His gift, I think, survived the fire intact; how has it fared after the ice? For at least the beginning of an answer, we can turn to *Bech: A Book* (Knopf, \$5.95), his first work of fiction since *Couples*. *Bech* is not a major work, but it may be a book of considerable significance to Updike's development in the second half of his career. It is a collection of seven stories with a central character: Henry Bech, a Manhattan-based Jewish-American novelist (born 1923), with a moderate avant-garde reputation and a monstrous writing block. Though it will perhaps be dismissed by the critics as a "little *jeu* of a book," something it calls itself in a sly preface supposedly written by Bech himself, this would be an injustice. The book contrives, while entertaining us all the way, to say a great deal about an artist's relations with the world—relations with women, with fellow writers, with critics, with publishers, with foreign *littérateurs*, with youth. In following Henry Bech on a cultural-exchange junket to Russia, Rumania, and Bulgaria, on a pot-sampling vacation on Martha's Vineyard, a reading tour to Sweet Briar, a prepublication visit to London, and an appearance as an inductee of the National Institute of Arts and Letters (or something very like it), we accompany an ever-thwarted and ever-hopeful man on the journey of his life, an odyssey both grave and comic. There are exceptionally funny moments—a Rumanian nightclub sequence, a London dinner party, an abandoned evening on the Vineyard—and exceptionally touching ones, including Bech's frustrated encounter with a Bulgarian poetess and his consummated meeting with a British gossip columnist.

Though the stories, written over a period of time, differ in weight and

texture, they add up to both a caricature and a characterization of Henry Bech and of the world he moves in. The book begins with "Bech in Russia," a slight but sharply observed account of Bech's Soviet travels whose plot turns on his efforts to dispose of his frozen royalties in a country where consumer goods are virtually nonexistent. It moves on to "Bech in Rumania," the farcical tale of a failed cultural exchange, and "The Bulgarian Poetess," one of the best and most moving of all Updike's stories, in which his hero establishes a fleeting, fumbling, but real communication with the poetess of the title. In "Bech Takes Pot Luck," the scene shifts to the Vineyard; farce reigns again as Bech changes mistresses. "Bech Panics" at Sweet Briar, surrounded by radicalized beauties with Deep South accents; "Bech Swings?" in a giddy London, where he is taken up by his handsome columnist and put down by an *Observer* interviewer who most resembles a Graham Greene American: apparently humorless, abstemious, industrious, and blank. Finally, in "Bech Enters Heaven," a malice-tinted comedy, he is welcomed to the bosom of the august literary institute by the very titans he first saw there as a child. But the book does not quite end with the seventh story. It has two codas: Appendix A, Bech's journal of his Russian trip, and Appendix B, a mean and funny bibliography of Bech and his commentators, whose entries form a very knowing burlesque literary history of postwar America and a fitting final ending to a highly literate and literary book.

I should add that Updike handles his material with mastery in *Bech: A Book*. There is, if anything, a gain in his evocative powers, as in this crystalline passage from "The Bulgarian Poetess":

Despite the decay of his career, Bech had retained an absolute faith in his instincts; he never doubted that somewhere an ideal course was open to him and that his intuitions were pre-dealt clues to his destiny. He had loved, briefly or long, with or without consummation, perhaps a dozen women; yet all of them, he now saw, shared the trait of approximation, of narrowly missing an undisclosed prototype. The surprise he felt did not have to do with the appearance, at last, of this central woman; he had always expected her to appear. What he had not ex-

pected was her appearance here, in this remote and abused nation, in this room of morning light, where he discovered a small knife in his fingers and on the table before him, golden and moist, a precisely divided pear.

Bech, then, is a good and craftsmanlike and funny book. It is relaxed, not intense; slender, not massive, either in its physical volume or in the specific gravity of its contents. Yet it can tell us several things about Updike's directions and purposes in the second half of his career, which he declared officially open in *Midpoint*, his recent book of poems.

First, I think we can say that *Bech*, at least in part, represents a reprisal, and a healthy one, against the literary establishment. It is not a polemic of protest, but an effective and artful send-up. I'd suspect that Updike has accomplished his retribution for recent wrongs and is now free to move on to other fields.

Second, as I've suggested, his mind and viewpoint seem as clear, his style as fluid and flexible, his lyric tone as elegant, as they ever were; perhaps more so. This augurs well for his next books.

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Third, Updike has explored the range of humor more widely than ever before in *Bech*. Always a master of high social comedy, he has now broadened his comic media to include farce and burlesque. I think—and hope—this new concern with humor will continue.

Fourth, he has moved, in *Bech*, out of the rather insular and largely autobiographical world of his earlier books—a world of cities like Alton and suburbs like Tarbox—and into the greater world beyond it. Even when they are caricatures, the people and places in this world seem more real, more objectively seen, more engaging than the people and places of *Couples*. And they are treated with a new detachment, a distancing, that enhances their uniqueness and reality.

Fifth—and this is really an extension of my fourth point—the character of Henry Bech is, I think, the first Updike protagonist who is a wholly original creation, in the sense that he shares little or none of the personal history of his author. Rabbit, Piet, and Peter Caldwell were all, in some sense, versions of John Updike; Henry Bech is someone else again.

This new objectivity in character and setting argues a new phase in Updike's fiction. When, in *Midpoint*, he arbitrarily severed the first half of his life from the second, declared a line of demarcation between his past and future, he may also have redefined the aim and purpose of his art. If so, I think we may soon see John Updike flourish even as he has not in his brilliant past.

creature out of Southern fiction, Miss Emily, Miss Amelia, Miss Verena. Zelda.

She was all of these and, mysteriously, none of them, nothing at last, her name alone. Zelda. This is the saddest story.

What there was was largely the creation of Scott Fitzgerald. The Patou suit is more than a symbol. When she arrived in New York to marry him, equipped with the useless ruffled organdies, he sent her off with a friend to be properly dressed. Poor Galatea. She should probably have married one of her local beaux, an athlete like one "Red" Ruth, and been allowed to become what she was. But then, of course, there would be no biography now, a biography all too remarkably demonstrating that she became and will always remain a part of the complete works of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

At first this was the fate she yearned for. "Don't you think I was made for you?" she wrote sometime before their marriage. "I feel like you had me ordered—and I was delivered to you—to be worn—I want you to wear me, like a watch-charm or a button hole bouquet [sic]—to the world." Almost literally, certainly shamelessly, he took her at her word, and the result was an eerie confusion of literature and life. Recasting his unsuccessful first novel into *This Side of Paradise*, he redrew the outlines of his heroine from Ginevra King to Zelda Sayre (he must have had a thing about girls' names!), and then, in actuality, she tried to fill those outlines.

In that first novel he incorporated passages from Zelda's private writings, a diary she had shown him and which he apparently appropriated, as he would incorporate the most intimate letters that she was to write him. Thus a succession of heroines of which she was at once the prototype and the imitator: Rosalind, Gloria, Daisy, Nicole—these are only the major examples. The fact that they were fatal females, profoundly destructive, would have its own backlash of irony in the way things worked out in life. If he at once made her his subject matter, she would later, for a time, make him her subject. The irony positively reverberates in his repeated reference, in letters to her and in his fiction, to the princess immured in her tower. The allusion, prophetically

ZELDA; OR, WHAT'S IN A NAME?

by Mark Schorer

ZELDA: A BIOGRAPHY
by Nancy Milford
Harper & Row, \$10.00

I cannot be alone in having often wondered about her name, which gave her some special quality, a mist, a blur, a haze of romance—Zelda: exotic in a camp way, appropriate to a photoplay siren of the twenties and earlier, Nita Naldi, Pola Negri, Theda Bara, et cetera. And yet, when I recently asked the only woman I have known who really is named Zelda how her parents had come by it, she said that it was her grandmother's name, that it is very common in Yiddish, frequently come upon in Eastern Europe, about like Mary or Jane. So there went another illusion, a pink balloon drifting away on the neutral air. But the legend continues: the New York *Times* reports that in Mary Quant's new collection, shown in April of this year, "the only naughty number . . . was a black jersey mididress called 'Zelda.' It was left unbuttoned in the back nearly up to the waist."

Now we learn from Nancy Milford's new biography that Zelda Sayre's mother, whose name was Minnie, had indeed exactly some such extravagant notion as mine

when she named her last child (one of six) after a Gypsy queen in a late-nineteenth-century sentimental novel. And how obligingly the principal seemed to slip into her name, in whatever role: first the young spoiled hoyden, reckless, arrogant, thoughtless about the state of her middy blouse; then the belle Fitzgerald thought he saw, ruffles and tulle, organdy and ribbons and big leghorn hats, and the orchidaceous setting; then the created New York worldling, Patou suit, champagne popping, confetti flying, fountains playing, Vincent Youmans, big bands, grand hotels; the flitting international figure in a ghostly romance with a uniformed Frenchman, lolling at the Ritz Bar and sunning on the *plages* of the best resorts, laughing before silver vases stuffed wantonly with dark red or yellow roses, aspiring to the ballet, then to literature, writing out of a fractured sensibility, alone, her incoherent, image-drenched, drowned prose; not least of all, the final person, the abandoned eccentric in a small Southern city, swamped in a muddled, self-centered religiosity, wearing weird costumes of her devising, bringing on the awed stares of children in the street ("You see there, there's that crazy woman . . .")—a

enough, always left her uneasy. In 1922 Fitzgerald wrote Edmund Wilson with equally sharp self-knowledge that the most important influence on him was "the complete, fine and full-hearted selfishness and chille-mindedness of Zelda."

From the start they both assumed that somehow he had a natural right to her life and person as his *material*, so it is not wholly surprising that once he observed (to Malcolm Cowley): "Sometimes I don't know whether Zelda isn't a character that I created myself."

What was that material in itself, if we can forget for the moment the lovely, desperate masks (of Rosalind, Gloria, Daisy, and the others) that Fitzgerald drew from it? Some people report that she was beautiful, but some of their friends (his friends, really; Zelda never had any of her own; very early she had said that "youth does not need friends—it needs only crowds") did not think so. Dorothy Parker was blunt: "I never thought she was beautiful. She was very blond with a candy box face and a little bow mouth, very much on a small scale and there was something petulant about her." Rebecca West said that "she was very plain. . . . I would almost go so far as to say that her face had a certain craggy homeliness. . . . Her profile seemed on two different planes." She was "inelegant." It is true that she habitually chewed gum; that much, at least, is certain.

Rebecca West said further that she felt something "frightening" about her. "Not that one was frightened from one's own point of view, only from hers." It has long been said, of course, that Ernest Hemingway, on first meeting her, declared that she was mad. Now it appears that, even earlier, John Dos Passos, remarking on the jerky incoherence of her talk, the way "she would veer off," thought to himself "suddenly, this woman is mad." Their intimate friends, the Gerald Murphys, observed from the first the same quality of mind: "Somehow we always felt that her mind made different connections than most people's"—but they attributed it to a greater psychological complexity in her than any that Fitzgerald himself was ever able to recognize.

One's point is only to indicate the wide divergence of opinion as to what she was like, what she *was*. She

seems always to elude us, to "veer off." She is clear only in those roles that Fitzgerald thrust her into in his stories and that she tried in turn to play in her life. This was a weird symbiotic phenomenon, complex and relentless, and cruel because it kept her in a limbo of *nonbeing*, and no less cruel because it was at first what she thought she wanted. Before their marriage, she wrote him: "Both of us are very splashy, vivid pictures, those kind with the details left out, but I know that our colors will blend, and I think we'll look very well hanging in the gallery of life." Pictures, not people.

When their marriage began to fall apart (in 1926, it would seem), her role-playing also, and necessarily, did, since it had been her collaboration with him. Once she had written him, "I seem always curiously interested in myself, and it's so much fun to stand off and look at me—" She would "stand off" no longer; the final phrase should be "look for me"; and it was no fun. The old charge of her "competitiveness" proves to be simply inadequate to the appalling facts. This was a woman who was fighting and fighting madly, in a double sense, not to "have a life of her own," as we say (and she), but to *live*, to *be* at all, to become a human individual. The horror lies in the fact that the harder she tried, the less she became: her very effort seemed to drive her into *nonbeing*, into lunacy.

In 1927, twenty years too late, she began her ballet lessons. Her efforts were nothing less than ferocious. Fitzgerald was patronizing and impatient and derisive, but he did not really try to stop her. She was not now living in his life at all; indeed, she was thoroughly neglecting it, and him, as for some time he had neglected her; and yet, perhaps still, she was contributing to its "material"; how could he know, bogged down as he was in a novel for which he could not find the focus, and would not, until her own misguided effort bogged her life down at last? And she became Nicole.

For three years she seemed to live for nothing but her ballet ambitions, driving herself with absolutely maniacal determination (anyone but he, had they attended at all, would have known that she was already mad), and driving herself at last into a state of collapse that abruptly and

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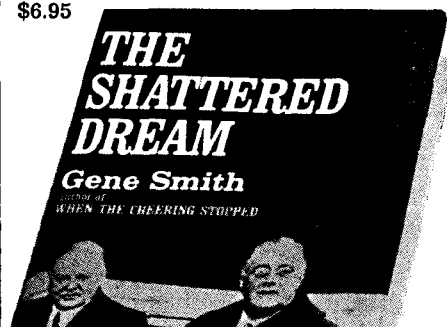
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forever ended her hopes for that kind of public grandeur.

Dancing out of the question, she turned back to writing. With his encouragement, she had tried it ever since 1922, and with a few small successes, even though his name often appeared with hers and, at least once, his instead of hers. Now, in and out of clinics, and with a new secretiveness, she returned to it. She would let him know that she was writing, but most of what she was writing she did not let him see. In three months, with the same kind of frenzied concentration as had gone into her ballet lessons, she completed her strange autobiographical novel, *Save Me the Waltz*, jagged and redolent as the crystal fragments of smashed perfume vials. Without letting him see it, she sent it directly from her sanatorium to Fitzgerald's editor, Maxwell Perkins at Scribner's.

What is most difficult to understand in this whole tangle is Fitzgerald's response, his sense of outrage: she (with her pathetic little talent!) had *stolen* his material (her own life), stolen shared episodes that he needed, indeed stolen the very rhythms of his prose, and seriously jeopardized the success of the novel on which he was at work and which, because of her illness, he said, he had been forced to put aside over and over for how many years! He insisted on certain deletions and revisions, and the novel was, of course, published, with no damage whatever to him, and alas, with small satisfaction to her. But then, in a fantastic joint interview with her analyst, he insisted that she write no more fiction, and for that matter, nothing at all that pertained to psychiatry, the Riviera, Switzerland; "and whatever the idea is, it will have to be submitted to me." She turned then, if

one can believe her, to writing "a study of Aristotle"! Really, she turned her face to the wall.

And something like that is what Mrs. Milford's book makes at least this reader want to do, too, protesting, "No, no; no more!"

Mrs. Milford has brought together an astonishing amount of new material to qualify the Fitzgerald saga, and generally she trusts to the extraordinary detail of that material to speak for itself. One may complain that she robs her account of the utmost plausibility by treating Zelda Fitzgerald's fictional writing as if it, like letters or diaries, were documentary fact; autobiographical as it clearly is, it is still fiction, and a good biography should not be shot through with such material, as if it had just been discovered in the vaults of some provincial bank. Over and over, Mrs. Milford will say something like, "Later Zelda would write . . .," and then one plows through the not very usable notes and finds that she was saying it in *Save Me the Waltz* or in the unpublished *Caesar's Things*, and it becomes very tiresome. Nevertheless, this book makes quite clear the general outlines of the total disaster, and they turn out to be harrowingly plausible.

Harrowing, really, because through it all the Fitzgeralds had a continuing and desperate need for one another.

What one is asked to experience here is the increasing shame of intimacy when it becomes more and more a style of life only, a finally empty but compulsive form of conduct. At the same time, there were bloody recriminations on both sides, but chiefly on his, and when he made his psychological break with her at last, it was in a web of lies to their

daughter, lies that one can only suppose he had come to believe. Once, watching her at tennis, he made a cool note about "the regularity of her wrongness." That was probably fair enough if not exactly kind. But this later self-deceit is another matter. Still, he had to learn to go on at last without her, who had been so intimately a part of him, and that took some very brutal slashing.

He was fortunate in dying first. Although she attempted suicide repeatedly, she limped and staggered on for eight more years, admonishing acquaintances like Wilson and Gertrude Stein, not to say her daughter, to seek their salvation. Once she had written, "I believed I was a Salamander and it seems that I am nothing but an impediment." In mythology a salamander lives in fire; she died in a fire, trapped at the top of a madhouse.

A strange thing happens in this story. Her first letters from the clinics in which she was confined are heartbreaking, her pleas to him to let her out, to take her home. She suffered horribly, much of the time from appalling attacks of eczema, presumably psychosomatic. She made constant *outré* observations and reflections ("I have cat thoughts that chase the mice thoughts and sometimes they will get all the mouse thoughts caught and I read Aeschylus to put myself to sleep"). But soon all this ceases to be very interesting, and the sad thing (really what makes this the saddest story) is that she also ceases to be interesting. She observed, with curious insight, "It is impossible to feel sorry for crazy people since their realities do not coincide with our normal conceptions of tragedy etc." Some years earlier, Fitzgerald, contemplating the deterioration of his life, thought about the meaning of the word *dissipate*: ". . . to dissipate into thin air; to make nothing out of something." This is what happened to her.

As one goes on reading these mournful documents and that fanatical last attempt at a novel to be called *Caesar's Things*, she recedes and recedes, and one's sense of her, never sharp, grows dimmer and dimmer. Madness is the final dehumanizing condition—short of death itself, the ultimate anonymity.

Suppose she *had* been named Mary or Jane or both, but not Zelda?

JADED APPETITE

by Felicia Lamport

Though the prevalence of bafflement with youth
In those of us who're longer in the tooth
Has increased,
At least
It's cured us of our hunger
To be younger.

BALLET

JUDGMENT IN MOSCOW

by Agnes de Mille

In June, 1969, I found myself, to my delighted stupefaction, where I never in my wildest dreams thought to be, on the working side of the Bolshoi footlights. I was regrettably not dancing, but I was there, staring straight at the red and gold Imperial box under Alexander II's crystal chandeliers. The house was crammed; standees at the back of the boxes, behind the spotlights, behind the great cameras, the last row of heads brushing the painted ceiling. The audience consisted of the Soviet government, all the embassies, diplomatic representatives, world press, international visitors, retired Russian ballerinas crammed in a box like birds in a nest, the writers and artists of Moscow, the dancers and staff of the great Soviet theaters, Kirov and Bolshoi, and general enthusiastic population.

In the center of the stage was the Soviet Cultural Minister, Mme. Fourstova, a ranking cabinet minister. Flanking her were Galina Ulanova, ex-ballerina, a figure of legendary importance, and Igor Moiseyev, the head of what in my opinion is the best folk-dance company in the world. Stage right were twenty judges from fourteen countries, the Japanese in full ceremonial regalia; stage left, twenty-six dancers from eighteen countries, the Japanese in full ceremonial regalia.

The occasion was the giving of prizes for the first International Ballet Competition, a state recognition of some very fancy dancing. The Soviet Union looks upon ballet as its own thing, with such conviction, ostentation, advertisement, and expenditure that the world tends to accept its evaluation. But this appraisal dates only from the court of Alexander II in the 1860s when the Paris Opera started on its prolonged era of decadence, Italy began losing care and pride, England, Germany, and America reaffirmed their traditional attitude of indifference. Ballet, established in the two great schools of Moscow and St. Petersburg, flourished as the special

toy of the Imperial court. Strangely enough, revolution wrought no changes in attitude. This expression of exquisite, artificial life was taken over intact by the new regime and cherished, and today the Russians adore it as no other people in the world do.

The government spends untold sums on its two great companies and their contributories. The two greatest theaters in the land, permanently and lavishly staffed, are at the service of ballet. The schools turn out unapproached dancing athletes. A system prevails throughout all the Russian and satellite countries that is analogous to our bush leagues—anyone with aptitude and a strong body has a chance at a big career, government-endowed. Accordingly, when a Soviet soloist takes the stage, he can do what is almost not possible to do and do it with an exuberance, childish in its purity and unalloyed joy, the added zest that comes when one knows that one is essential.

When the Soviet government announced an International Ballet Competition to be held in Moscow as a counterpart to the Tchaikovsky Music Festival, it was more or less taken for granted elsewhere that they would hold the competition in exactly what they excel in, and that, understandably, there would be more of them present than any other nationals. England sent no one (Sir Frederick Ashton disapproves of competitions, and, in any case, the two Royal companies were busy); Canada sent no one; Denmark no one official; West Germany, which has brilliant dancers in the Frankfurt, Berlin, and Stuttgart companies, sent no one from any of these groups; Sweden none. There were plenty from Bulgaria, Rumania, Cuba, East Germany, and Hungary. From the United States came one boy, Helgi Tomassen, born and trained in Iceland, and two unknowns from Minneapolis. In respect to representation the competition was weighted. But in every other way the hosts were scrupulous in

their attempts to preserve impartiality. Worldwide invitations had gone out. It was not their fault if we, for instance, took no official notice. Igor Moiseyev sent the invitations—all expenses to be paid by the Soviet government, the judges to be guests with an honorarium in rubles.

The chairman of the judges was Galina Ulanova, who is treated by the Soviets like an amalgam of Eleanor Roosevelt, Mother Cabrini, and Sandy Koufax. We have nothing in our culture like her. She gets decorous, respectful deference given heads of state. Ringed with cameras wherever she goes, she receives flowers from strangers on the street, gifts, salutations, applause. She is everywhere recognized even as she walks about informally. Postage stamps have been struck in her honor, statues cast, porcelain figurines fired, and boxes enameled; and even after retirement her picture has been in the papers more than that of any other living stage personality. She is considered an immortal.

"Why, she is treated like royalty!" I said to Toya, my interpreter.

"Indeed, she is not," Toya replied briskly. "Royalty can be replaced. There is only one Ulanova in all time."

Ulanova has not the aspect of anyone who has appeared publicly. She is a small woman with a slender figure and the upright resilience all dancers command. Like most Russian women, she does not wear makeup. Her clothes are simple, in lovely soft colors, her jewels choice but subdued (beautiful jade in gold and one large diamond). Her feet are small and her legs girlish and straight. There is not a hint of the musculature that drove those legs through the greatest leaps since Taglioni's or those feet through flights like birds'. She walks about tinily and neatly, a middle-aged woman in good condition, with fading ash-blond hair and a cold eye. The steel in Ulanova's Jane Austenish deportment made itself known, I am told, in arguments which she always won, and in performance.

I have seen her in incredible rippling runs on point, her featherlike jumps and gambols, her bracing of back and leg in the overhead lifts, where she moved like a branch or a banner, defying all gravitational risks. She has retired from performing and now works hard coaching

the young stars, organizing, judging, and advising.

Maya Plisetskaya, also a judge, stepped into the awesome spot vacated on retirement by Ulanova. She is altogether different. There is nothing gentle or reserved about this girl. She is wild, magic, Amazonian, a lady unicorn. Hers is possibly the most beautiful neck in the world, supple, and forward thrust with the tilt of eager exposure and yearning. Her mouth is large and either held shut in decision or open wide in that flashing smile which lights up theaters. It would seem masculine because of its vigor were it not Plisetskaya's and altogether feminine. Her hair is bronze and tied at the nape to fall in a rope down her back. Her body is straight and lean, and she wears miniskirts, an affectation almost unique among Russian women, who are surprisingly conservative. Plisetskaya dares to follow Western mode in foreign-bought clothes, and she dares wear makeup. She dares anything she wishes.

Maya is the aurora borealis of the dance world, Galina the crepuscular pre-dawn.

The Cuban, Alicia Alonso, another judge, starred twelve years with the American Ballet Theatre. It is fifteen years since I have seen her. Yet the effect of time is all but unnoticeable. The body is unchanged. Only a sharpening of features and a jutting of the nose with its large and passionate nostrils speak of the years of unrelenting effort. Her glorious great dark blind eyes still command one's first attention. Afflicted at the beginning of her career with a detaching of the retina, neither surgery nor the most obedient discipline has been able to stay the ghastly progress of the disease. Her eyes now are almost useless. She cannot read. She cannot see my hand, for instance, as I extend it to her across the table. She has no peripheral vision, none at all. She is not aware, except vaguely, of anything to the side. She watches the stage from the front row with powerful binoculars.

This blind woman leads the National Ballet of Cuba and has made of it a ranking company. She is a brilliant teacher and can conduct rehearsals with dispatch and effect. More than this, incredibly, she maintains her status as an active prima ballerina and still dances Giselle,

rehearsing with a careful partner who holds her very life in his hands. This is barely understandable, but who can explain how she manages solos when she must launch herself, leaping and twisting, into blurred space, without guide as to direction or distance? Her reputation as dancer remains undimmed in Russia and South America. She had the most beautiful feet in the business. These days they bear not only wings but laurel for valor.

At the appointed hour, Ulanova summoned her aides and the rest of us, and we proceeded in a group down the great stairs—our interpreters carrying our notebooks and pencils—four ranking ballerinas, five international choreographers, Khatchaturian, the composer, eight heads of theaters and schools, and critics from everywhere. People stood jammed together. The members of the Bolshoi Company, whose home it was, were forced to crowd behind the boxholders, or the great moving-picture cameras. We entered in lines. There was applause as Ulanova, her arms now full of peonies and roses, led the parade. A table stretched across the front row with spaced lamps and national flags. Behind each of us sat our personal interpreter and assistant ministers of culture. Behind them the honored guests and behind them the writers and critics of Russia and the solid masses of Moscow citizenry.

Straightaway on a bare stage to the tune of one piano, we saw five "Bayaderes," four "Corsaires," seven "Giselles," three "Black Swans," three "White Swans," one "Bournonville," and one classic variation by Anton Dolin for Helgi Tomassen. This drew great applause, possibly because of the welcome novelty.

There was no thought of balancing the program or entertaining. Sometimes we saw the same variation three times in a row. The "Corsaires" and "Bayaderes," danced by Arabs, Japanese, Tartars, Bulgars, and Czechs, were taken by the crowd with the rapt attention given a bullring. They knew every deviation from the original and saluted each tiny modification of technique that made the stunts harder or more unusual. They knew after eight bars the quality of a performer; they knew the likelihood of achievement, so that applause came on the downbeat just as the *olé* ends the bull's rush.

The competitors stood backstage, nerves taut. They waited in full makeup and tights through the several renderings of the solo they were themselves about to do. That wait in the wings must have been rather like the sweating out in a cancer clinic. But they endured and hit the stage like pigeons shot out of cages. They performed the bravura pieces abruptly—naked so to speak—with none of the usual choreographic or dramatic buildup to frame the big piece. They performed to the accompaniment of some rather bad piano playing and to an audience already jaded. There were tears, I'm told, and a spectacular rage from one Hungarian boy; but that none collapsed outright is astonishing.

In spite of the repetitions, it was in certain ways an invigorating and enlightening experience. There were several good men, a heartening surprise. Little boys in our country are not encouraged to go to ballet school. There being no such prejudices in the Balkans and, of all places, Egypt, the youngsters acquitted themselves brilliantly and with virility. It was instructive to see how far the influence of Russian culture was stretching, through the Arab countries (the Russians not only have built the Aswan Dam, but have given the *fellahin* Don Q), into outer Mongolia, forcefully into Japan, where the teaching of Asof Messerer's sister has produced what amounts to an extension of the Bolshoi school.

There were splendid dancers from several countries (among them Helgi Tomassen of the United States, the crowd vociferously adoring him despite the persistent anti-American feeling) but plainly the Russians were best at the stunts for which the contest was set up. The Russians performed with unbelievable and unequalled verve. I stood up and yelled with the rest. Plisetskaya laughed aloud at my excitement.

"*Harashoi!*" she cried out in her husky voice. "*Harashoi!*"

Plisetskaya and I could not speak a word of a common language, but we became quite chummy and gay, and as the pas de deux wore on, even ribald.

"Oh, dear," the Bulgarian on my left said, as translated by Toya directly behind me, "that boy's head is the smallest part of him!"

"I'm not sure. Don't translate,

**I speak truth, not so
much as I would,
but as much as
I dare; and I dare
a little the more,
as I grow older.**

—Montaigne



Merton M. Webb

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FAMILY PORTRAIT

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Toyol" I yelled. But Plisetskaya was already slapping my knee.

Ulanova, I think, never made any comment of any kind.

When we had marked our books, Toya, my interpreter, sitting beside me and bringing me cakes and advice, we turned them in to be analyzed. The decisions were made in a murmuring babble of fifteen languages which did not abate for a week.

Those competitors who passed the academic tests were called again to do modern works. The Soviets have seen very little good contemporary ballet from the West and no first-class modern dancing. Their chief models are still from the last century. It was hoped, I think, that examples of contemporary experimentation would be shown at the contest, and that the Soviet dancers could be exposed to new styles and ideas.

Moiseyev is aware of much, and so are those who have been allowed to see something of the West, although it is not easy, even for traveling Soviet artists. They are not encouraged to visit freely or take classes. The critics and public within Russia have seen even less—in effect, nothing. Moiseyev has traveled far. He is a man of taste and vision. I believe, but I am guessing, that he wanted to open a window.

The day of the modern pieces was, alas, mostly what might have been expected. The foreigners' dances were considered uninteresting by the Russians because they employed no stunts, relying solely on design and musicality. The bulk of the Russian pieces were about young lovers brave in revolution or war. They are best forgotten.

In the middle of this rather trying day, the two French representatives, Francesco Zombo and Patrice Bart, performed *Bhakti* by the Belgian choreographer Maurice Béjart. It was then a revolt occurred. The duet had style in the great creative sense. It was new, daring, vital, and strong; also it was erotic, and it cut through the proceedings like a knife. And how did the prudish and conservative audience respond? They screamed and yelled and clapped in rhythm, and they would not stop. They could not be made to stop. The pianist came out for the next piece. The house continued to roar in com-

plete pandemonium. Finally, the rebuking voice on the loudspeaker reminded all that this was a competition and must continue, that the next performers were being put in a difficult position, and, in short, please shut up. The obedient and fair-minded audience fell quiet instantly, but the next time Zombo and Bart stepped from the wings, there was a cry that jangled the crystals.

Flemming Flindt, the head of the Royal Danish Ballet, walked upstairs with me to the conference hall. "Now the fur will fly! The bosses will not permit this. This is the news of the competition, and they are going to snuff it out. You'll see."

"How can they?"

"You'll see."

We saw, the next day, at a public conference held in the ancient Hall of Mirrors, Dom Suyuz. Moiseyev introduced two retired dancers of great prestige, Constantin Sergeyev, the first Romeo to Ulanova's Juliet and presently director of the Kirov Ballet School, and Petr Gusev, a leading teacher in the Soviet Union associated with the Kirov. They spoke for forty minutes, and the gist of their message was "Vive Swan Lake." They were followed by Serge Lifar, honored guest, who spoke eleven minutes. "Vive Lifar." He dismissed all modern dancing and Martha Graham—all of America, in fact. Ballerina Yvette Chauvré of the Paris Opéra corroborated, "Vive poetry and beauty and never mind angles." She was followed by the Japanese, Madame Tani, who whispered, "Thank you—so—so honored," wept with emotion, bowed and sat down. Bulgarians and Rumanians were enthusiastic about Petipa (1810–1884). Fernando Alonso spoke at length in Spanish. "Vive Castro"—but he also liked Béjart and had *Bhakti* in his own repertoire.

Flemming Flindt was staring around wild-eyed. The Finn, Inar Einglund, was stabbing his pencil in his pad. Several Swedes were muttering, the Cubans biting their lips. Then Flindt, in English, brilliantly and forcefully made a plea for living ideas, new styles, experimentation.

The Establishment sat back, tucked in its chin, laid its ears flat, and shut its teeth. New ideas were a direct threat.

It is quite true. The Russians are prudish. They adore the orgies in

Spartacus because they do not work. *Bhakti* was erotic, and it works. That is a fact. Therefore out. It was also not derivative from Petipa. Therefore out. It was accepted by the public without permission. Bad sign. Flindt was eloquent and effective. No matter. If there were any there listening, they dared not speak up. I felt as though I were among fourteenth-century churchmen.

I finally asked to say something. Everyone was worn out, but I felt I must speak. I felt my contribution lay in explaining something of the American point of view.

THE WRITERS

David Denby reviews movies regularly for the *Atlantic*.

L.E. Sissman is a poet and an advertising executive whose second volume of poetry, *Scattered Returns*, was published last fall.

Mark Schorer in his distinguished career as novelist, teacher, biographer, and critic has been an astute observer of the American literary scene.

Agnes de Mille as a choreographer contributed to the emergence of American ballet as an art form comparable with its European counterparts. She is also the author of several articles and books, the latest being *The Book of the Dance*.

Edward Weeks recently received the Irita Van Doren Award, given annually in recognition of dedicated activity in furthering the cause of the book in American life.

Phoebe Adams contributes her short reviews regularly to this column.

Judith Rascoe (page 64) is a writing fellow at Stanford University Writers' Workshop.

Leslie Norris (page 84) writes his poetry in the English countryside of Sussex.

Felicia Lamport (page 106) is the author of *Mink on Weekdays*, *Scrap Irony*, and *Cultural Slag*.

We had two characteristics—one, our multiplicity, since we had come from everywhere and we were everybody, and two, our right, our privilege, and our persistent need to question. We were compelled to do this constantly. Every hundred years there had been a basic searching that shook up the community to its roots. Now we are once again in a great testing. It's happening in our streets, on our campuses, in our homes, and in every expression of our art.

This is why our theater is so chaotic. A great many of the new experiments are dreadful, but some show genius. All we can do is to proceed with passion and courage, knowing that what is good will be absorbed into the mainstream of classic development. The rest will disappear with all waste. But it is a law of continuing life that we cannot produce greatness without daring.

Such talk is straight heresy in the Soviet Union, and I knew it. I shook all over as I spoke, and I spoke quickly because I grew excited. The young translators upstairs said later they could not keep up with me, and several people just put down their headphones and looked bewildered and bored. I don't believe the point of my message was translated at all. But the Danes looked at me with shining faces, and a Swedish lady embraced me, and there were some Russian writers present of note who, I am told, understood very well. But, of course, they said nothing.

The next day, there were four more hours of discussion, and all the Iron Curtain countries were heard from. True blue. People yawned without masking it. Moiseyev kept silent.

That was Monday, and that night we voted. Every day our marks had been put through a computer machine so the finalists were mathematically beyond question. It was absolutely honest, but it was a foregone conclusion that the Soviet dancers would get top prizes! Quite simply, they were the best present for the requirements.

We had refreshments and drinks, and then we settled down to wait for Ulanova, who was off with the computers doing sums. We waited three and a half hours.

The chandeliers had been turned off in the great upper foyer, but light streamed from our conference room and the windows were blue with the

undark June night. Bodies were strewn on the carpets. The Bolshoi house attendants moved quietly downstairs in the lighted back passage and around the samovars. No union rules for them.

Finally, a door opened, a babble of voices came up the stairs; Ulanova and her advisers arrived triumphantly. They had worked out a system fair to all, they said. They had worked it out, mind you; we hadn't. But it did prove fair and shrewdly designed. Had any juror objected I don't know what would have transpired. No one did.

The first prizes for partners went to Nina Sorokina and Yuri Vladimirov (Soviet Union) and Francesco Zombo and Patrice Bart (France), the Béjart team. The first soloists, male and female, were both Soviets. There was to be no silver medal since the drop in score was sharp after the top winners. But after the voting, after we had all gone home, and without permission of the jury, the two next highest were raised to silver standing—the Japanese wonder boy, the feather-floating jumper, Fukugawa, and Helgi Tomassen of the Harkness Company, USA. (Our Embassy phoned me the news in the morning.) Then came the bronze prizes, but no cash awards.

So far, so good, but it was now 4:30 A.M. and the prize for the choreography had not been decided. The judges would not recognize Béjart. Impasse! Breakfast coffee. It was now 6 A.M., and the sun stood center-sky. Solution? No prize—a letter of polite thanks to all competing choreographers.

This procedure repeated what had happened three years previously in Varga, Bulgaria, when the Alonsos from Cuba had presented Jerome Robbins' *Afternoon of a Faun*. It had been the success of the week. But Robbins got only a letter of thanks, and the Alonsos returned empty-handed and sardonic to Havana.

It did not matter to Béjart that he received no prize. He will continue to do his work whether or no. But what of the young gifted Russians who would like to depart from hundred-year-old pedantry and step out? There is not a theater or a school or an orchestra they can use for their experiments. The medieval hierarchy closes them out. They would never even know of our long arguments.



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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

FUTURE SHOCK
by Alvin Toffler
Random House, \$8.95

"Rising calm through change and through storm" are the last words of "Fair Harvard," and as they sang the words reverently at the last Commencement, some few of the alumni must have wondered what new and portentous changes would descend on this, the most staid of our universities in the year ahead. Some part of the answer will be found in what is surely the most prophetic, disturbing, and stimulating social study of this year, *Future Shock*, by Alvin Toffler.

In his introduction, which is as clear as a bell and in which the author explains why he feels free to make so many prophecies without hedging or qualification, Mr. Toffler defines the term "future shock" as that stress and disorientation which all individuals suffer when they are subjected to too much change in too short a time. Future shock, he says, can make us ill, physically and mentally; it robs us of the power to decide, deprives our children of the roots we took for granted, and it has ruptured marriage.

The changes which have assailed those of us who are older than this century have come with dizzying speed and diversity, and as Kenneth Boulding, the economist, says, "The world of today . . . is as different from the world in which I was born as that world was from Julius Caesar's. I was born in the middle of human history, to date, roughly. Almost as much has happened since I was born as happened before." Mr. Toffler is an omnivorous collector of startling statements, and he begins with this Olympian view: ". . . if the last 50,000 years of man's existence were divided into lifetimes of approximately sixty-two years each, there have been about 800 such lifetimes. Of these 800, fully 650 were spent in caves." But it is the eight hundredth with which Mr. Toffler is chiefly concerned, and as he describes the bruising perplexity with which we have survived, he keeps cheer-

fully reminding us of the changes which are impending and of how we shall probably respond.

He and his wife have read and interviewed an amazing number of technical experts, and the quotations of each are pithy and, as I have said, disturbing and penetrating. "Yes," we say as the arrow goes in, "that is right, only I didn't have the sense to think of it."

The argument is more cohesive and cumulative than can be suggested in a brief review, and it is not without hope. "The super-industrial Revolution" (in which we of the West are involved), says Mr. Toffler, "can now be seen for what, in large measure, it is—the advance of human society to its next higher stage of differentiation." But individually we pay a price for the acceleration. The family cycle, "one of the sanity-preserving constants in human existence," is in jeopardy. As the cycle speeds up, we grow up sooner, leave home sooner, marry sooner (trial marriage while in college?), have children sooner, and change partners sooner—all of which leads to what the author calls "serial marriage," which he recognizes as a pattern for today and increasingly so for tomorrow.

He is equally astute in his study of education. The rigid curriculum of yesterday has gone by the board, and in fighting to update education Mr. Toffler argues that instead of imposing "a single all-purpose, permanent new curriculum," the review groups "must invent sets of temporary curricula—along with procedures for evaluation and renovation as time goes by. There must be a systematic way to make curricular changes without necessarily triggering bloody intramural conflict each time."

Employment, like education, will be subject to constant revision. Mr. Toffler foresees a society in which the ability to learn a variety of new work methods quickly will be of far more importance than learning through training, or long experience, in a single job.

It is the final convergence of three

factors—the factors of transience, novelty, and diversity—which will produce the future shock. But we have it in our power to shape change; we may choose one future over another; the thing we cannot do is maintain the past.

A QUIET VOYAGE HOME
by Richard Jessup
Little, Brown, \$5.95

Richard Jessup, whose novel *The Cincinnati Kid* is one of the two best stories of a poker game I have read, has made a bold parlay in his new book, *A Quiet Voyage Home*: he has parlayed the ever-present danger which occurs when a plane is hijacked into the more inflammatory take-over of an ocean liner. There are 1600 kids aboard the S.S. *New York* when she sails from Le Havre: weirdies, junkies, squares, and toughs crowded together in tourist class, and with them but above them is "The Indian," the rebellious young son of a Midwestern farmer who has studied anarchy at the Sorbonne, practiced it in the Paris insurrection of 1968, and who, in his cool arrogant way, is ready to whip the world while others do the fighting.

The Indian, so called because of the Apache headband he wears about his black mop, has stripped himself of loyalties; he has deserted his French mistress, who is three months along with his child, to carry his brand of nihilism to America; and to capture the ship with an army of students is his idea of a rehearsal for the bigger revolution to come. He is said to know nothing about ships, which is one of the several implausibilities the reader must swallow to get the narrative going, for as the Indian roams the decks finding his lieutenants, sneaking into first class, spotting the vulnerable points, and helping to provoke the resentment which will soon burst into flame, it is clear that he knows only too well what he is doing.

He bides his time until the ship is well out to sea, beyond reach of the English Coast Guard, and the provocation, when it occurs on the second morning, seems innocent enough: a demonstration against the allegedly bad eggs being served in the students' restaurant. But now the cats have been turned on, and by the time Captain Coldwater has locked

up the Indian in the brig, "the Action Council" of the "North Atlantic Students Redress Assembly" has drawn up its five preposterous demands and the weirdies are literally stripping themselves for action, first in a naked theatrical production and then in their nighttime invasion of the swimming pool. It all sounds coldly planned and orgasmic.

In this story Mr. Jessup is playing with a marked deck and the cards are stacked for the guerrillas and against the Establishment. The breakdown of hippies into many splinter groups opposed to each other was actually taking place at the time this story describes, and I cannot believe that the Indian would have welded together such a violent, monolithic force in so short a time, if at all. I cannot believe that the Czech refugees would be the only students to resist the destructiveness and mass fornication which he inspires. I am equally suspicious of those who try to control the ship, the vain and weary Captain Coldwater, Colonel Algernon Peterson, the Green Beret who is stunned and cowed, and Dr. Jaca, the refugee without hope from Castro's Cuba. Any passenger ship, even a small one, has in its First, Second, and Third Officers, as in its Engineers, men of proven competence and hands that can be trusted, but they are never mentioned. There is one brief flash, in his confrontation with the colonel, in which the Indian comes clean. But before and after this exchange, he is the cool prompter of the demoralized, both young and old.

HORACE LIVERIGHT: Publisher of the Twenties
by Walker Gilmer
David Lewis, \$8.95

Walker Gilmer has written an accurate, fairly judged biography of Horace Liveright which will be read with nostalgia by those who, like myself, lived through the exhilaration of the book world in the 1920s. New York City was our capital, and the exuberant outpouring of Sinclair Lewis, Dos Passos, Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and Cather, and the newfound popularity of poets like Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Stephen Vincent Benét, and Archibald MacLeish, cut us free forever from our protracted depen-

dence on British authors. Publishing was an exciting business, and there were three newcomers, Alfred Harcourt, Alfred A. Knopf, and Horace Liveright, who brought style and adventure to it.

Liveright was a handsome gambler, with his hawk features and piercing dark eyes, and Mr. Gilmer has done full justice to the open-handed, magnetic way in which he built up his distinguished list of authors. Here are the letters which tell the story of how he acquired the later novels of Theodore Dreiser by literally pressuring Jimmy Walker in Albany to change the book censorship law; of his long loyalty to Eugene O'Neill; of his generosity toward Sherwood Anderson; of Hemingway's calculated rudeness to both Liveright and Anderson; and of Horace's failure to appreciate Faulkner. Liveright had two staunch backers in his father-in-law and in Alfred Wallerstein, his advertising agent; he was saved again and again by his unexpected best sellers: *Potterism* by Rose Macaulay, *The Story of Mankind* by Hendrik W. Van Loon, Emil Ludwig's *Napoleon*, to name but three; but his infatuation with the theater and the stock market siphoned off what he made from his books. His first production on Broadway, *The Firebrand*, was a success, but the plays that followed were mostly failures, and by 1929 his plunges in the market had led him far down the road to bankruptcy. In publishing he was well advised and loyally supported by T. R. Smith, his editor, and by Julian Messner, Dick Simon, and Manuel Komroff, but in the deeper water there were no such advisers, and he was betrayed by his impulsiveness and then by his desperation.

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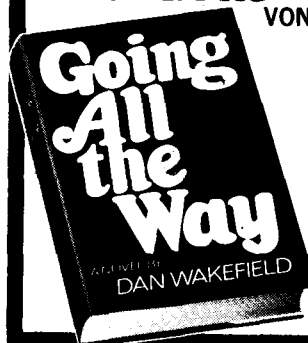
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Percy Perkins, who is in short pants when the narrative begins and graduating from high school when it concludes, and his grandfather, Captain Peaslee.

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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S EXPENSE ACCOUNT by Marvin Kitman. Simon and Schuster, \$5.95. When Washington refused a salary for commanding the Continental Army and settled instead for payment of his expenses, he struck gold. He also kept careful books. Mr. Kitman has much irreverent fun with the oddments meticulously itemized for congressional payment, and with the sweepingly unitemized bills for things like reconnoitering Dorchester Heights. In his determination to make Washington father of the padded expense account, Mr. Kitman carefully avoids comparing expenditures handled by Washington because there was nobody else to do it with those that would today be dealt with by the Pentagon. The boys down there have not been lucidly economical, either.

SCAPEGOATS by George Mandel. Delacorte, \$5.95. Another attempt to use the race problem to give artistic respectability to a wheezing sexual

melodrama. This sort of thing will be the ruin of decent pornography.

DUTY, HONOR, EMPIRE by John Lord. Random House, \$10.00. Colonel Richard Meinertzhagen, the subject of this biography, was born in 1878 to a prosperous English financier and his frostbitten wife. Raised in the heyday of expanding empire, the boy joined the army in time to decorate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade, where he smuggled along a camera and took the old lady's picture. This was totally against precedent and orders; he got a dressing down and caused much uproar, but survived. It was all entirely in character except the picture, which proved to be a close-up of his horse's ears. Through twenty-five years of service in India, East Africa, and the Middle East, Meinertzhagen was to continue as he had begun—wily, efficient, eccentrically resourceful, devoted to duty, enormously useful to the army, and frequently a thorn in its side. He was a military professional straight out of Kipling, with a trace of P.C. Wren. Less well told, his story would be plain unbelievable, but Mr. Lord's accomplished writing and careful reconstruction of Edwardian history and manners make the colonel as solid as the rock which he resembled whenever he was not, as head of various frontier intelligence offices, resembling quicksand. There is no attempt to examine the man's private life (his mother's enmity and his wife's death in a "shooting accident" remain mysterious), but his professional life, full of violence, intrigue, and famous names, is enough to keep any reader with a taste for action happily absorbed for hours.

THE CRYSTAL CAVE by Mary Stewart. Morrow, \$7.95. Mrs. Stewart's latest novel is gracefully written, makes no demands on intellect or emotion, and concerns the youth of Merlin the magician, which seems to have been pretty hectic.

THE ROCK by John Masters. Putnam's, \$6.95. "A novel about Gibraltar," according to the dust jacket. Bosh. The book consists of descriptions of conditions on and around Gibraltar from the Stone Age to 1985, accompanied by illustrative short stories. It is as long as the

Amazon and as shallow as a wading pool, of interest chiefly as evidence that even a reliable old pro like Mr. Masters cannot win them all.

THE BLOCK by Herb Goro. Random House, \$8.95; paper, \$3.95. Mr. Goro spent a year in a slum inhabited by the black and the very poor. He took photographs, talked to the residents, interviewed police, teachers, and street cleaners. The result is a distressing chronicle of misery and waste, less because living conditions in the East Bronx are frightful than because so many of Mr. Goro's slum dwellers reveal themselves as intelligent people, capable of doing far better than society has permitted them to do.

PRISON JOURNALS OF A PRIEST REVOLUTIONARY by Philip Berrigan. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95. Father Berrigan was jailed for destroying draft board records in protest against the Vietnam War and militarism in general. His discussion of the ethical problems confronting a Catholic priest who undertakes active political dissent is subtle and interesting and forms the core of the book. Father Berrigan is too modest a man to compose calls to the crusade. He hopes rather to be the still, small voice of Christian conscience, although he would probably think it pretentious to put the matter that way.

CHAGALL by Jean-Paul Crespelle. Coward-McCann, \$7.95. Filling in the gaps left by Chagall, whose autobiography was selective as well as delightful, Mr. Crespelle writes with affection and a notable gift for evoking place and period style.

ENQUIRY by Dick Francis. Harper & Row, \$4.95. Mr. Francis is a wizard to rank with Owen Glendower. He lays all the essential clues to his horse puzzle baldly on the table, while directing the reader's hypnotized eye to the chandelier.

THE GREAT FUR OPERA By Ronald Searle and Kildare Dobbs. Stephen Greene, \$4.95. A "backstairs history" of the Hudson's Bay Company, comic but far from uninformative, with gloriously absurd illustrations by Mr. Searle, who can draw anything, from a sad seal to Charles II thinking about money.

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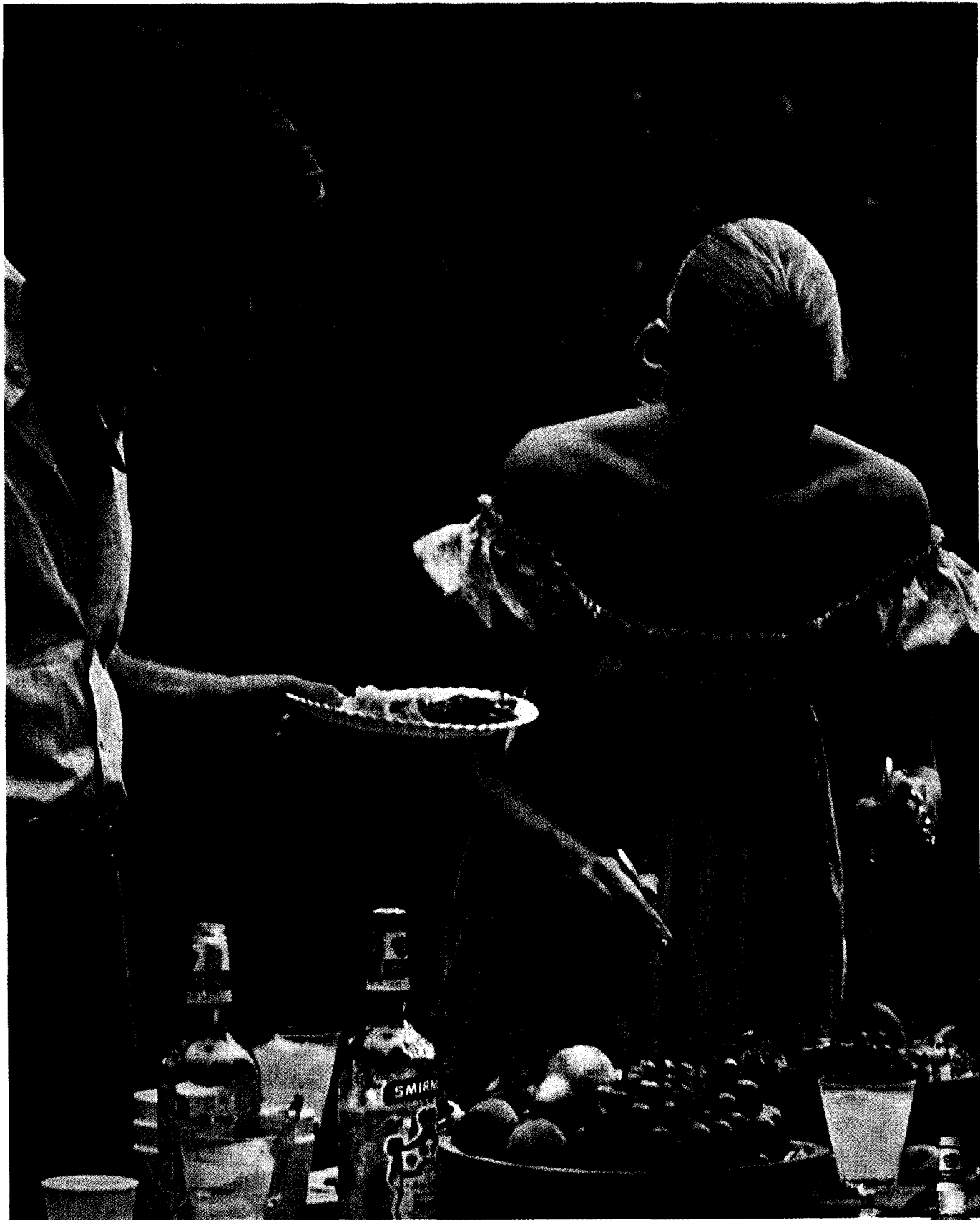
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